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JUNE 19, 1948
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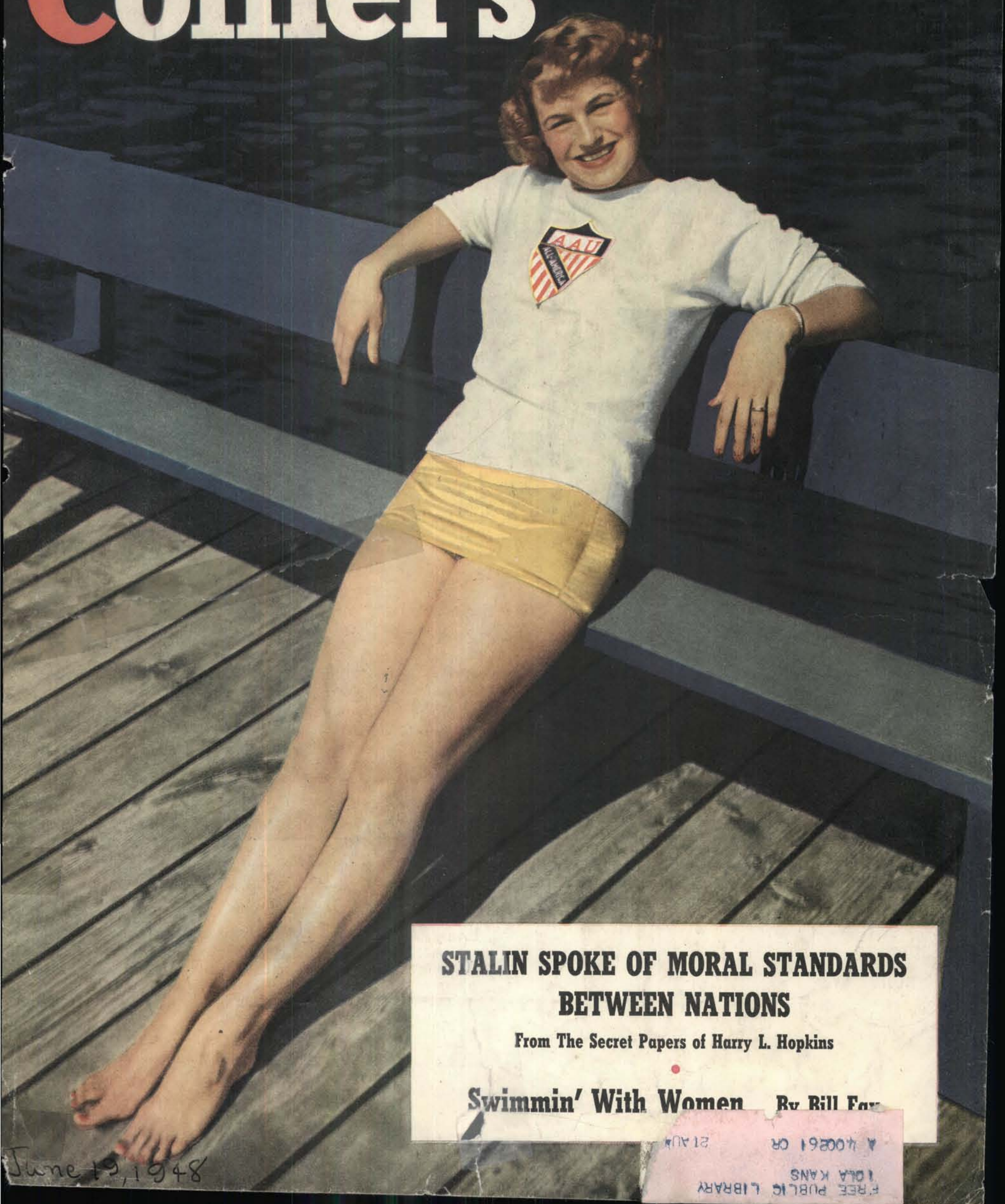

STALIN SPOKE OF MORAL STANDARDS BETWEEN NATIONS

From The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins

Swimmin' With Women By Bill Fay

June 19, 1948

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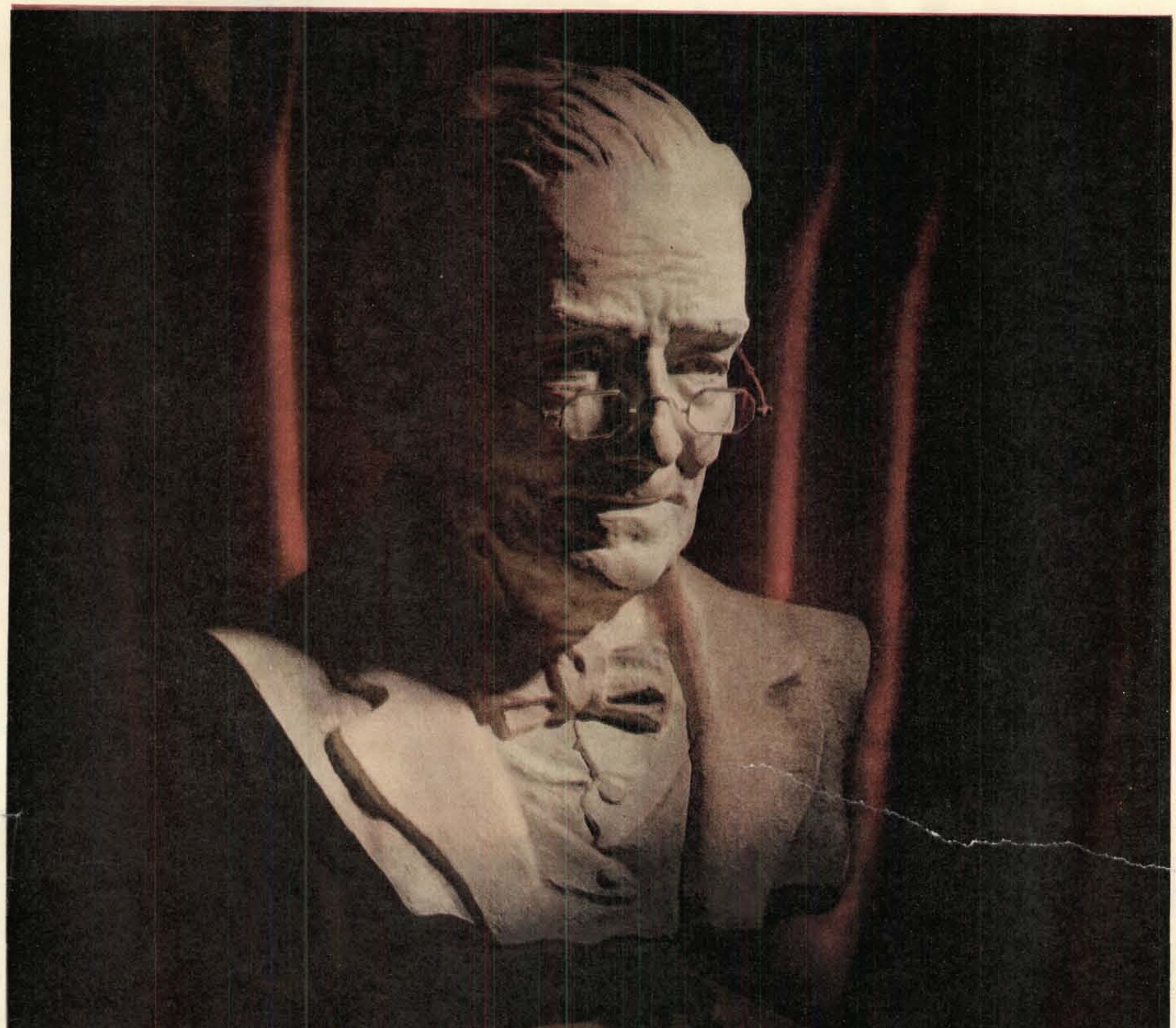

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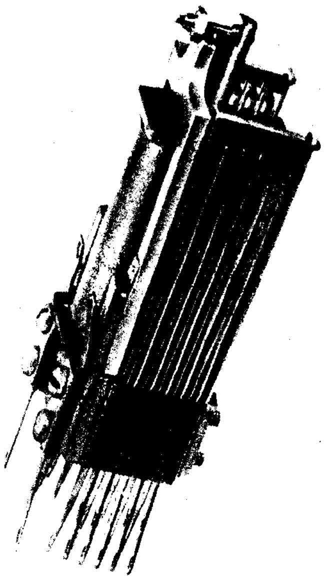

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

DARK HORSE RACE

DEAR EDITOR: "Doping" out this Presidential race is so similar to handicapping a race for two-yr.-olds, which is a handicapper's headache, that I just couldn't help but let you have the consensus around Bay Meadows. To date here's how it should "dope."

Weather cloudy; track slow.

4 Yrs. *Purse $75,000 per yr.*

P P	*Entries*	*Prob. Odds*	*Comment*
1	Truman	5-2	Will miss his old jockey
2	Eisenhower	5-2	Drops in class, doubtful starter
3	Stassen	5-2	Workouts show ready
4	Dewey	4-1	Gave warning last out
5	Taft	6-1	Likes muddy going
6	MacArthur	10-1	Been away too long
7	Wallace	20-1	Fence jumper
8	Martin	20-1	No line on this one
9	Vandenberg	20-1	Class if gets in

TOM JORDAN, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

"E" FOR EFFICACY

DEAR SIR: While sitting here thinking of our good old America, I chanced to get one of your magazines that came aboard today on a transport that just pulled in from home. Of all of your many fine articles and fiction I like most of all The Week's Mail. It sort of gives us fellows who are keeping the peace a large amount of pride to see what has been gained by our duties abroad.

Keep up the good work, for in its small way, to us it spells what we fight for, "Democracy."

It's that little item the world needs so badly, even at home. So I send you my personal "E" for efficacy.

D. E. ROBINSON, U.S.S. Atlanta,
Moored in the Wang Po River, China

FACE TO FACE WITH THE FACTS

DEAR EDITOR: This is a picture which I snapped at random of Danny Wright, 1025 Jackson St., San Francisco. Note topknot and resemblance of the two babies.

JIM KURTZHAL, San Francisco, Cal.

FICTION DEPT. JR.

DEAR SIRS: My name is Laura L. Bentley and I live in Olinda, Calif I am 11 years

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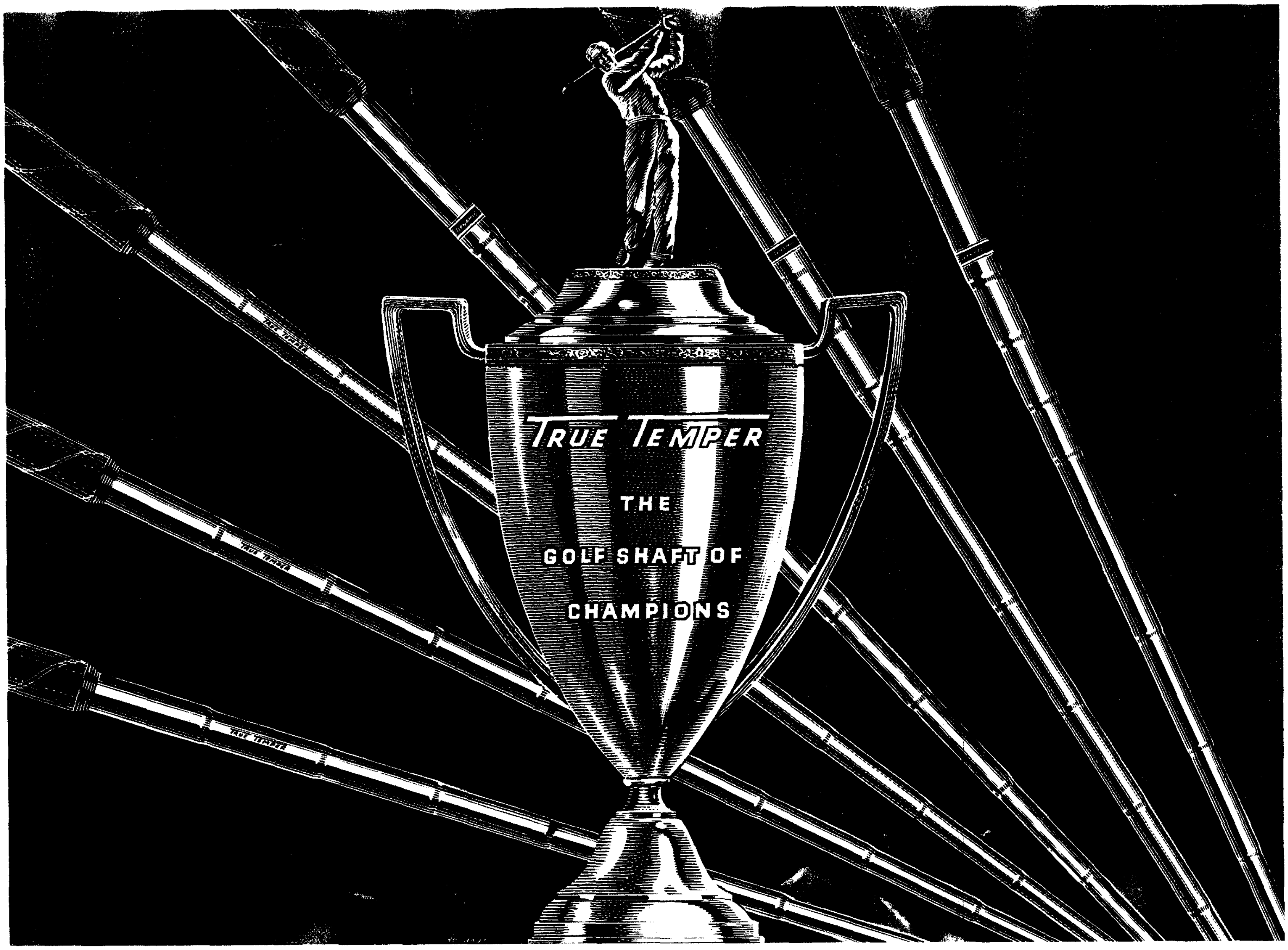

Championship winner unequalled in the world of sports

In 1947, for the 12th year in succession, every major golf tournament was won by a player whose clubs were fitted with True Temper Step Down Golf Shafts. Here's a partial list:

- AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL
- AUSTRALIAN OPEN
- BRITISH AMATEUR
- BRITISH OPEN
- IRISH OPEN
- PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS OF AMERICA
- UNITED STATES AMATEUR
- CANADIAN OPEN
- MASTERS
- NORTH & SOUTH
- UNITED STATES OPEN
- WESTERN OPEN
- CANADIAN AMATEUR
- NATIONAL COLLEGIATE AMATEUR
- BRITISH WOMEN'S
- CANADIAN WOMEN'S
- ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOSED
- UNITED STATES WOMEN'S
- WOMEN'S INVITATIONAL
- WOMEN'S NATIONAL OPEN
- WOMEN'S WESTERN AMATEUR
- WOMEN'S WESTERN OPEN

In addition, all players in the Ryder Cup Matches and the Walker Cup Matches used clubs with True Temper Shafts, as did the winners of more than 50 sectional and state tournaments not mentioned here because of space limitations.

JUST as the champions do, you, too, can get longer drives, straighter shots and better scores when your favorite make of clubs is fitted with True Temper Dynamic or Step Down golf shafts.

For these shafts are drawn to exact precision dimensions from seamless tubes of finest alloy steel.

Power that steps up distance and gives better control of direction is built in by True Temper's exclusive design and construction.

To meet the requirements of your swinging speed, True Temper Shafts are made in various degrees of flexibility so that whether slow, medium or fast, you can be perfectly fitted.

In 1948, America's Great Golf Club Makers offer you the finest golf clubs ever made. Ask your Pro or dealer to fit you with a set of these vastly improved 1948 model clubs—True Temper shafted—and play with the ease and confidence of a champion, because True Temper is the golf shaft of Champions. The American Fork and Hoe Company, Cleveland, Ohio, makers of True Temper Products.

Dynamic - Step Down

GOLF SHAFTS OF CHAMPIONS

LOOK FOR THE BRAND IN THE BAND—*True Temper Shafts have always been identified by their distinctive "Step Down" appearance. Imitators are copying this appearance. However, they cannot copy the quality, value or performance of genuine True Temper Shafts.*

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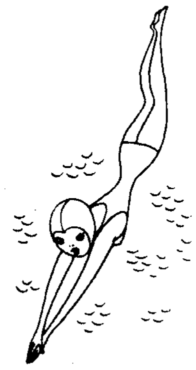
LOOK FOR THE BRAND IN THE BAND

COLLIER'S SPORTS

BLIND-SWIMMING SUE

BY BILL FAY



SUE ZIMMERMAN views soaring sanitary standards in American pools with grave misgivings. Everywhere Sue swims, she encounters newly painted ceilings and sparkling tile side walls. That's all very nice for people who swim on their stomachs, but Sue swims on her back with such ease and celerity that year after year she has annexed the national championships at 100 and 200 meters.

"I never feel at home in a pool until I find a crack in the wall or a spot on the ceiling," Sue says. "Backstrokers can't see the finish. They come in blind. Spots and cracks are landmarks—tell you whether or not to take that extra stroke near the finish and sometimes it's the stroke you didn't take that wins."

Example: Sue battled champion Gloria Callen evenly down to the finishing stroke of the national 100 meters in 1942. Then, Sue recalls: "Gloria reached and I grabbed (started another stroke). Gloria coasted in and won by two inches. I banged into the end of the pool at full speed and got a dandy headache."

Sue's parents haven't decided whether she grew up in Lake Grove or Lake Oswego. Lake Grove is a town near Portland, Oregon. Lake Oswego is a lake near Lake Grove. The Zimmermans banned competitive swimming until Sue completed the first year of high school. She finished at 3:30 P.M., June 1, 1940, and reported to Coach Jack Cody at the Multnomah Athletic Club in Portland at 7:15.

Since then Cody has concentrated on teaching Sue to swim in the straight line, which is the shortest distance to the Olympic backstroke championship. "Just maintaining a balanced stroke isn't enough," Sue says. "You've got to stay in the middle of your lane by watching the ropes out of the corner of one eye while you watch for your landmark with the other eye."

Flagpoles and women's hats make the best outdoor landmarks. Sue will be looking for both at London, where she hopes to finish first, but not head first. There's a nice distinction among backstrokers.

CURE FOR COALTOWN

Coaltown owes his racing life to a flannel blanket. When the brown colt collapsed after a Chicago workout last summer, Calumet trainer Jimmy Jones realized a cure would have to be found for the promising two-year-old's chronic throat ailment.

First, Jimmy wrapped a blanket around Coaltown's neck. Trainers have a technical name for blanket wrappers—throttle hoods. The hoods sweat off fatty tissue. Next, Jimmy started to paint Coaltown's throat with iodine. Three months of throttle-hood and iodine treatment reduced Coaltown's throat glands, and he was able to work hard without choking up. Finally, Jones changed the colt's running style.

Before the collapse, Coaltown ran with neck held in close to his throatlatch and jockeys rode him with a short hold on the reins. Jones ordered the exercise boys to use a long hold on the reins, and this encouraged Coaltown to run with his head extended.

Jones continues the iodine treatments, even though Coaltown shows no signs of the old throat ailment. The blanket stays on, too. You can always find Coaltown when you visit the Calumet shed row. Just look for a horse with a scrap of yellow flannel wrapped around his neck.

Sue Zimmerman comes in blind, for backstrokers can't see the finish. Sue picks a landmark in the ceiling to guide her

CHARLES SAWIN

DUGOUT DICTAPHONE

Them Senators play ball like they're all under civil service. . . . And I say you can't fake a spitter by wiping sweat off your forehead . . . you gotta use slippery elm for a spitter and your fingers got to be so slick you can't feel the ball come off . . . sweatballs don't break more'n a inch . . . real spitters jerk halfway across the plate. . . .

Ought to get time and a half for batting against Detroit pitchers—Newhouser and Houtteman and Hutchinson—best in the league. . . . That four-eyed Trout ain't bad either—like Dizzy says nobody hits a man who wear glasses. . . . Not that blonde . . . the one at the cigar counter. . . . If Williams could hit to left against the shift he'd hit to left . . . nobody'd be dumb enough to pass up a five-hundred batting average . . . not even Williams. . . . So Trout arrives in spring training when Cochrane's managing the Tigers, and the first time Mickey sees Dizzy, Dizzy's riding around the outfield on a beat-up motorcycle. . . .

There's only one job tougher than outfieldin' for the Brownie pitchers and that's caddyin' at a drivin' range. . . . Finally Dizzy roars past Mickey and yells how'm I doin' and Mickey yells back fine . . . keep right on goin' and pitch the opener at Toledo . . . and Old Dizzy doesn't get another chance in the big leagues for four years. . . . Another reason Newhouser's better is he's quit that crybaby stuff—when somebody boots one he just pitches harder instead of feeling sorry for himself. . . .

Maybe York is pretty bad but I still say Zeke Bonura was the worst-fielding first baseman this league ever saw. . . . You think the prices are high up here . . . lissen . . . down at Milwaukee last year they give us four bucks a day for eatin' . . . I have doughnuts for breakfast and a hamburger for lunch and at supper I ask for the best three-dollar dinner in the house and the waiter asks how do I want it . . . on rye or whole wheat. . . . But that Zeke never lost his pepper. . . . I remember the time he kicked three in a row . . . didn't bother Zeke . . . he just banged that big glove and yelled come on, gang, let's settle down out here. . . . Okay, you ask her. . . . I'll ask the redhead from the coffee shop.

RIDE 'EM, VARSITY

When John Wilkinson and brother Bill left Colorado A&M to help with the spring chores on their dad's ranch, the gloom around the old Aggie corral was what you might have found at Notre Dame last November if Zygmont Czarobski, the scholarly Hibernian tackle, had departed for Chicago to cube steaks in Papa Czarobski's butcher shop on the eve of the Army game.

The Wilkinsons were top hands. Give them enough rope and they'd hang first-place points on the scoreboard. Without them, Colorado's cowboys tumbled to sixth place in the

(Continued on page 78)

ZENITH ALONE

gives you these glorious

Twin Triumphs in Tone

Exclusive Cobra Tone Arm

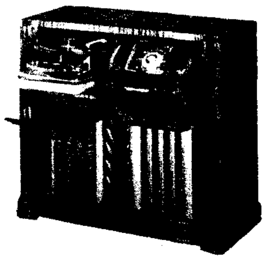
Brings out glorious new beauty of tone—beauty you've never heard from records before. Invented by Zenith, perfected by Zenith, and found in no other radio at *any* price. Reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. Over 700 AM and FM radio stations use it to broadcast records. Eliminates *all* annoying noise and scratch. Keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays! And Zenith's Silent-Speed Record Changer gently, quietly changes 10 and 12 inch records *intermixed.*

Exclusive Zenith-Armstrong FM

Gives you glorious new fidelity . . . sharp non-fade tuning, not possible with imitation FM. Only Zenith combines *genuine* Armstrong FM with Zenith's exclusive "power-line" FM antenna. Result: static-free FM *without an aerial* . . . on *both* FM bands, to protect you against any future changes in FM wavelengths. Just plug in—and play! Plus Radiorgan Tone Control and other "exclusives" assuring Zenith perfection in *every* kind of radio reception.

Zenith "Classic" console combination, shown closed above, open at right. Twin triumphs in tone. Cobra Tone Arm and Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands. Standard Broadcast. International Short Wave. Intermix Record Changer. Radiorgan Tone Control. Oversize Concert Grand Speaker. **$395***

**West Coast prices slightly higher. All prices subject to change without further notice.*



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LONG DISTANCE RADIO

COMPARE—and you'll see that Zenith gives more quality per dollar in every way. Enjoy a demonstration at your Zenith dealer's today. Choose from the many beautiful Zenith radios, radio-phonographs, and portables from $26.95 to $675.*

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . SUN AND WIND** sure do wreck a man's hair! Look at that mop! It's all dried out . . . dull-looking . . . and full of loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp, all right! Buddy, you'd better get wise and try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

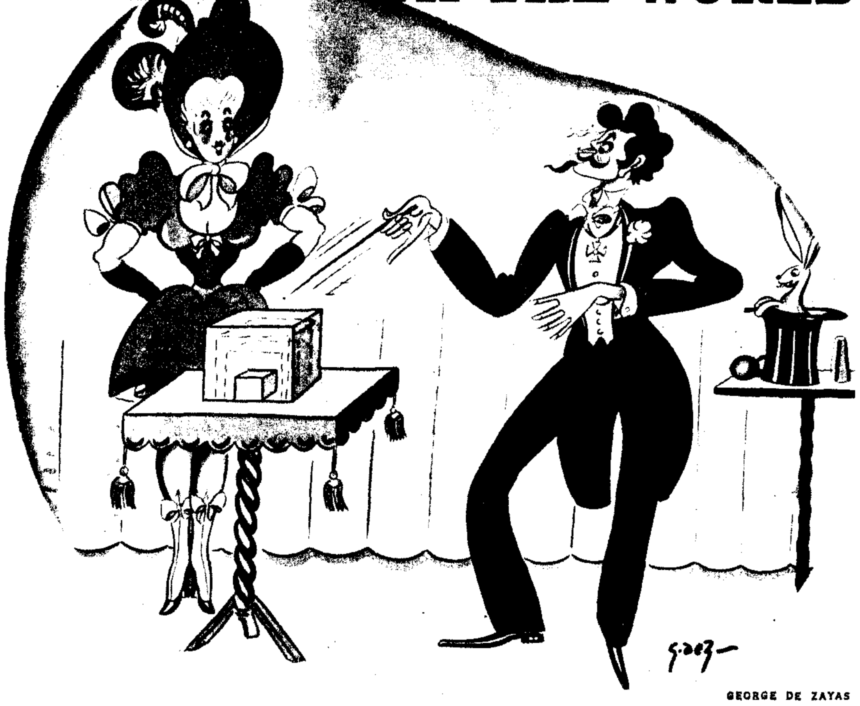
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

NO MORE DULL-LOOKING hair, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops a day help. See the difference... hair looks well-groomed, and stays that way all day long . . . checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

A trick of magic whose secret was never disclosed nor discovered was The Expanding Cube, perfected in the 1890s by Buatier de Kolta, celebrated French conjurer. On a bare table in the center of the stage, he would place a solid eight-inch cube and then make it grow slowly into a three-foot cube, or to 91 times its original size.

No musician ever played the jew's-harp with a technique comparable to that of the German virtuoso, Charles Eulenstein (1802-1890). Despite the fact that this instrument has to be held between the teeth and its tone modulated by movements of the mouth, Eulenstein often played, at one time, as many as 16 jew's-harps in different keys, fastened to a stand on a level with his mouth.

A standard Bible has never yet been adopted by the Christian world. The ten different Bibles still in use are the Syrian, Samaritan, Protestant, Abyssinian, Roman Catholic, Latter-day Saints, Egyptian or Coptic, Armenian or Gregorian, Episcopal and Lutheran, and the Orthodox Greek Catholic.

Studies of birth records show that human fertility is highest when the outdoor temperature is around 65 degrees F. and that the conception rate declines proportionately with temperature increases and decreases. Hot weather in particular affects fertility so drastically that a severe heat wave may cause temporary sterility.

A relic of the witchcraft hysteria that swept through 16th-century Europe still stands today in the public square of Oudewater, a village in The Netherlands. It is a scale which was erected by the unsuperstitious town officials to save the lives of women accused of being witches. The suspected sorceress would be marched to the scale, weighed and then exonerated—by the announcement that she was too heavy to ride through the air on a broomstick.

An odd characteristic of chickens is that the color of their eggshells is directly related to the color of their ear lobes. For example, in the Brahma and other Asiatic breeds, the lobes are red and the eggs are dark brown; while in the Leghorn and other Mediterranean breeds, the lobes are white and the eggs are white. As the Plymouth Rock and other American breeds were developed through the crossing of Asiatic and Mediterranean varieties, their lobes range from light to dark red and their eggs from light to dark brown.—*By Caroline Hamilton, Fort Worth, Texas.*

Having the dresses of bridesmaids resemble the one worn by the bride is a custom that originated centuries ago when it was widely believed that evil spirits were likely to harm anyone who was extremely happy. Therefore, the bride's attendants were dressed to look like her so she could not be distinguished by these spirits on her wedding day.

As bloodhounds have trailed the wrong man at times and have thus shown they are not infallible, bloodhound evidence is not admissible in the criminal courts of some states. In the other states, it must be supported by additional evidence and supplemented by documents proving that the dogs in question are reliable.

Recently issued by a Paris firm, The International Traveler's Guide, is the first publication of its kind. Having 380 pages, it is printed in both French and English and contains the timetables of the main railroads, air services and steamship lines of all countries, thus enabling persons planning tours through various parts of the world to schedule their connections before leaving home.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

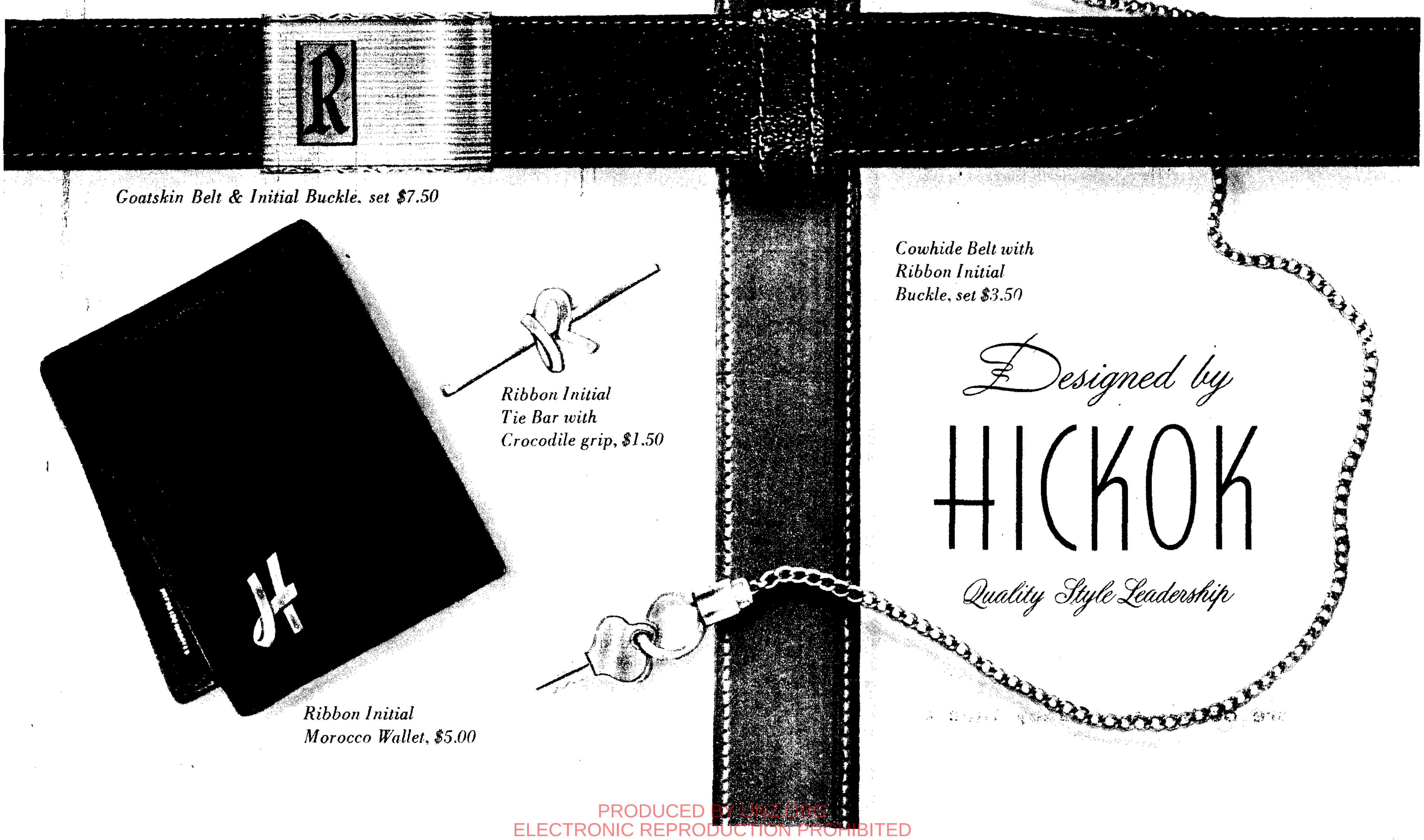
Forget-me-not on FATHER'S DAY

Of all the 366 days in '48, this one is especially Dad's . . . and you can make it a day he'll never forget, if you remember him with one or more of these handsome gifts by Hickok.

Nugget Knot Tie Bar & Cuff Links, set $5.00

Ribbon Initial Extension Tie Bar, $2.50

Key chain, $2.50 up



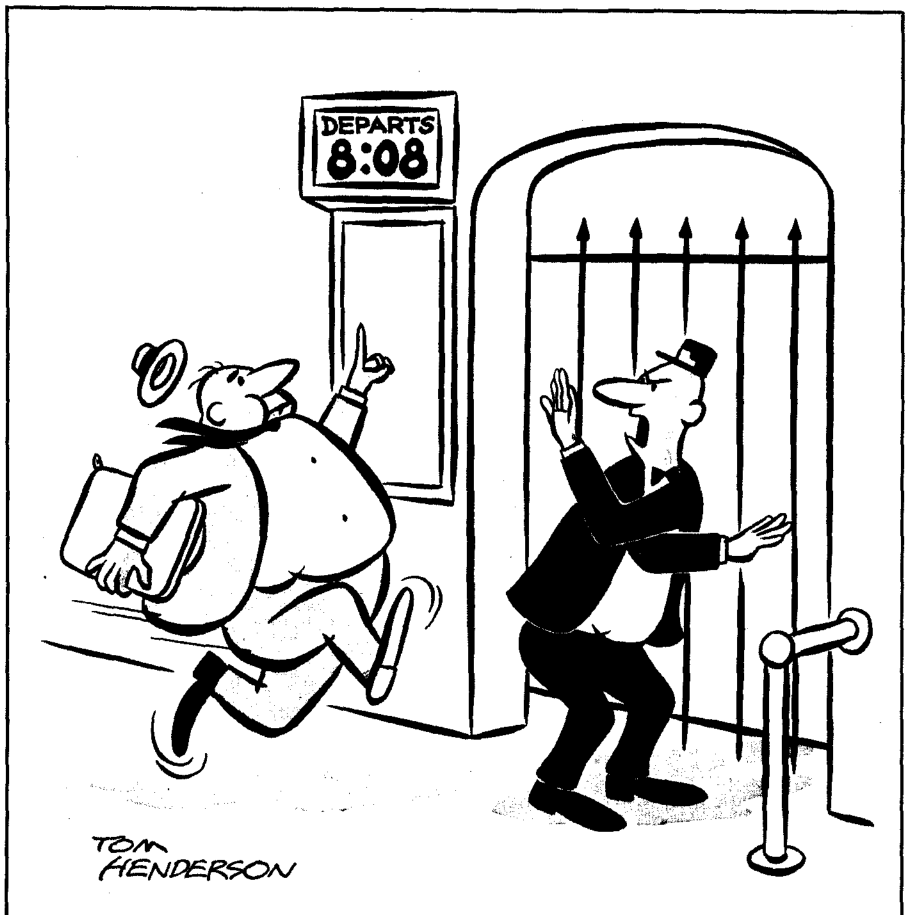
Goatskin Belt & Initial Buckle, set $7.50

Cowhide Belt with Ribbon Initial Buckle, set $3.50

Ribbon Initial Tie Bar with Crocodile grip, $1.50

Ribbon Initial Morocco Wallet, $5.00

Designed by
HICKOK
Quality Style Leadership



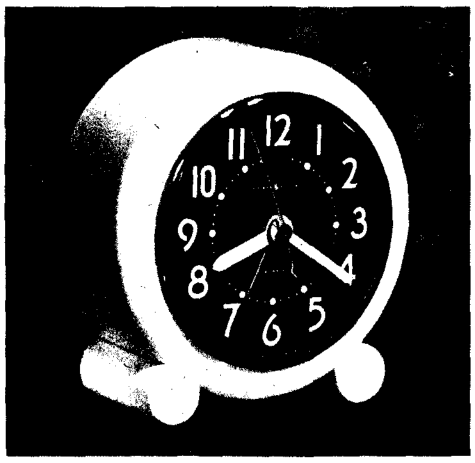
"Train's gone, Mister—your clock must be slow! Why don't you get yourself a General Electric Clock?"

Tardy Tom (need we say?) is one more victim of the vagaries of old-fashioned "hand-wind" clocks.

And we ask you now: isn't it *past* time to "keep time" with *always reliable* General Electric Clocks?

For you, we suggest the G-E HERALDER with luminous hands and hour dots. It has the Select-A-Larm feature too! This feature allows you to select the *one exact volume* of "wake-up" which suits you best...from "Whisper" to "Shout" or any point in between! This alarm clock *also* has all these important G-E advantages:

1. **Self-starting** . . . no winding.
2. **Quiet** . . . no disturbing ticktock.
3. **Dependable** . . . wakes you on time, every time.
4. **Accurate** . . . electrically checked by your power company to correspond with official Naval Observatory time.



ELECTRIC CLOCKS

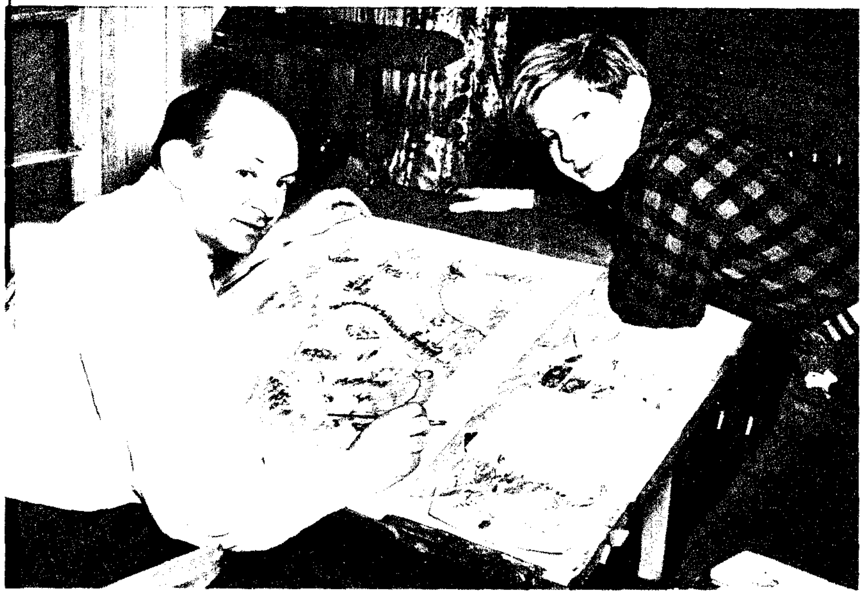
The HERALDER is only one of a complete line of General Electric alarm, kitchen, and occasional clocks—"The Clocks Most People Want Most."

P.S. Remember this: General Electric Alarm Clocks are available at prices as low as $4.50! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Why wind a clock today—get a General Electric and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE WEEK'S WORK



SILVER STUDIOS

Kaufman and son—cartographers at work

JOE KAUFMAN, our expert cartographer responsible for the Designs for Touring maps—this time it's They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree (p. 70)—is a Bridgeport, Connecticutter (1911). Joe grew up in the rough part of south Philadelphia, where the heroes were the prize fighters in the street. At fourteen, he joined the Western Union as telegram caddie, stood at attention for shined puttee inspection and, after being honorably discharged, he became office boy, shoe-store stock clerk, sold Collier's and attended night art school for free. He's been artisticking since he was eighteen.

When he was twenty he invaded New York and married, and being (even now) youngish and shortish, had to bring his ma along before he was granted a license.

Joe's concentrated largely on humorous ad illustration, and recently ran off with the Art Directors' Club Gold Medal for the funniest ad of '47. His multimidgeted maps include one to be used as a mural in a 220-passenger plane now under construction.

"My maps practically cover the entire earth," says Joe. "I myself have been only as far west and south as New Orleans, as far north as the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, and as far east as Cape Cod. Have whipped up a terrific desire to see some of the places I've drawn. When my two sons are out of school, and my wife's not working on her children's books, and my bank balance is suitable, we will be off."

THIS week we welcome back George S. Brooks (Hannigan, p. 74), who, since his last story in Collier's, has become mayor of the bustling village of Groton, New York, an almost unheard-of thing. For Mayor Brooks is a Democrat and only twice since the Civil War has a Demmie broken the solid Republican ranks.

Mayor Brooks has been dabbling in politics for some time. In 1943 he helped put over a Democratic town supervisor of Groton, and next day after election was fined $50 for sounding an air-raid alarm. He claimed he was testing the system; his opponents said he was celebrating the victory. "By a strange coincidence the Deputy Director of Civilian Protection, who caused my arrest, happened to be the defeated candidate for supervisor," the mayor admits.

Mayor Brooks was born in an 1895 blizzard in the whistle-stop town of Pearl Creek, New York. "That was fortunate for me," he says. "Had I been delayed until after the Democratic convention of '96, I'd have been christened William Jennings Bryan Brooks—a tag that wouldn't have looked well on speak-easy cards during prohibition."

After attending the U. of Rochester, and World War I, Mayor Brooks became a police-news rustler for the late Rochester Herald, then switched to editing the old McClure's. He did some Broadway (flop) shows, served time in Hollywood, finally escaped back to New York State.

Hannigan, or the Incident of the Blacksmith's Housekeeper, derives from a story about the neighbors that Mayor Brooks' father liked to tell.

ARTHUR MAYSE, who prepared Marabou for Mama (p. 18) is a Manitoban, born in 1912, and son of a Baptist missioner to the Cree Indians of the Red River below Norway House. He grew up on the British Columbia coast (locale of his story), worked his way through three years of university, did summer-punking in logging camps, then drifted into newspapering for ten years.

Though he has written much of the Canadian hills, Mayse prefers his mountains on the sky line. "That way one can admire them without incurring the joys of mountain climbing: stone bruises, chills, sunburn, mosquitoes, exhaustion and hunger, without which a peak 'goes' too easily."

Yet Mayse says he's never been able to keep the mountains at bay. Newspaper bosses had a way of making him the fall guy when a story had to be brought down from the high places. "On one occasion a swivel-chair adventurer sent me through five miles of North Pacific spruce jungle, and up thirty miles of badly crevassed glacier with a pair of carrier pigeons to fly a story home. It was a tough trip. I got back. The pigeons didn't."

This week's cover: "Suzy." Suzanne Zimmerman, modest American backstroke champion, owns 41 senior A.A.U. medals and holds three national records for varying distances. Swimming is her first love, she hates being a loser, has great power for a lipstick leaguer, and when her coach, Jack (Wrinklebrow) Cody, whistles If You Knew Susie, she blushes and yells, "Pipe down. . . . Cody!" . . .

TED SHANE

MONARCH

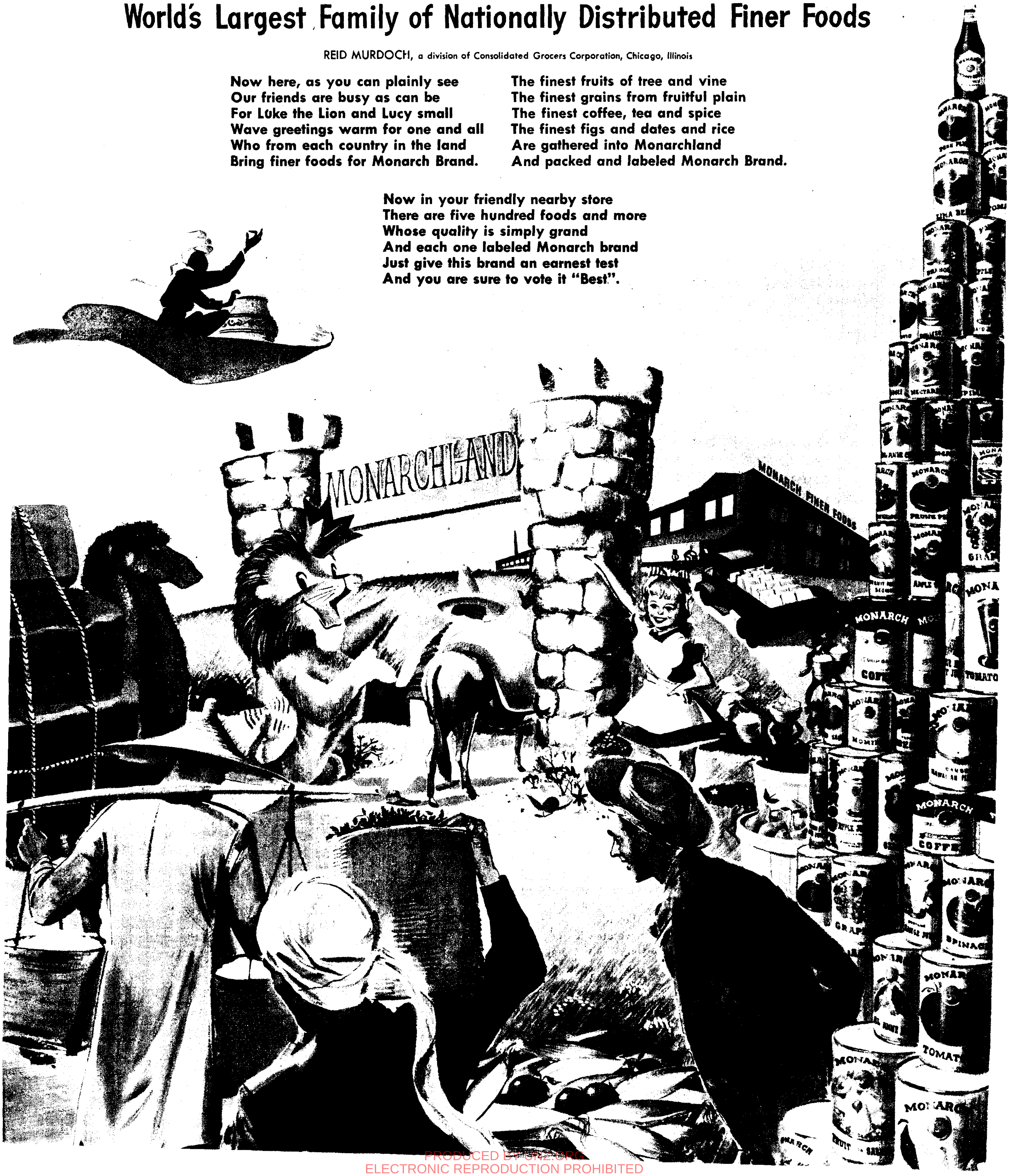
World's Largest Family of Nationally Distributed Finer Foods

REID MURDOCH, a division of Consolidated Grocers Corporation, Chicago, Illinois

Now here, as you can plainly see
Our friends are busy as can be
For Lüke the Lion and Lucy small
Wave greetings warm for one and all
Who from each country in the land
Bring finer foods for Monarch Brand.

The finest fruits of tree and vine
The finest grains from fruitful plain
The finest coffee, tea and spice
The finest figs and dates and rice
Are gathered into Monarchland
And packed and labeled Monarch Brand.

Now in your friendly nearby store
There are five hundred foods and more
Whose quality is simply grand
And each one labeled Monarch brand
Just give this brand an earnest test
And you are sure to vote it "Best".



Tex and Jinx say

Men's and Women's styles with case **$1.95 to $2.69**

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POLAROID* *Day Glasses wiped out reflected glare"*

What is *reflected* glare? Look at any sunny surface—snow, pavement, water. Note how the rays of the sun reflect back into your eyes, causing blinding discomfort. Then look directly at the same spot through AO Polaroid Day Glasses. You will be amazed to see the difference. Reflected glare is eliminated... unsuspected details revealed. Yet colors are shown in their true value. The diagram below explains the "why" of this scientific miracle—but you will want to see for yourself. Try AO Polaroid Day Glasses today!

American Optical
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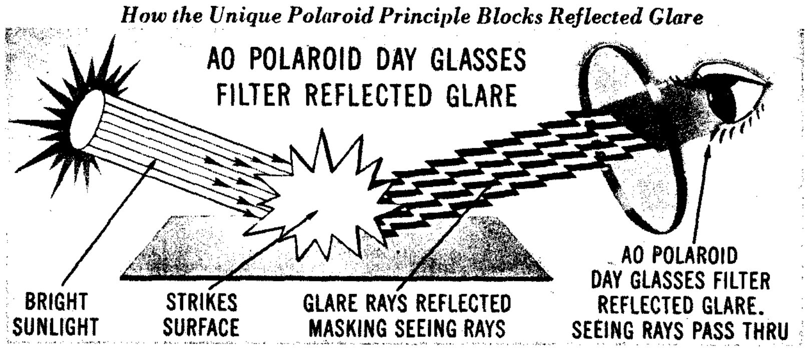
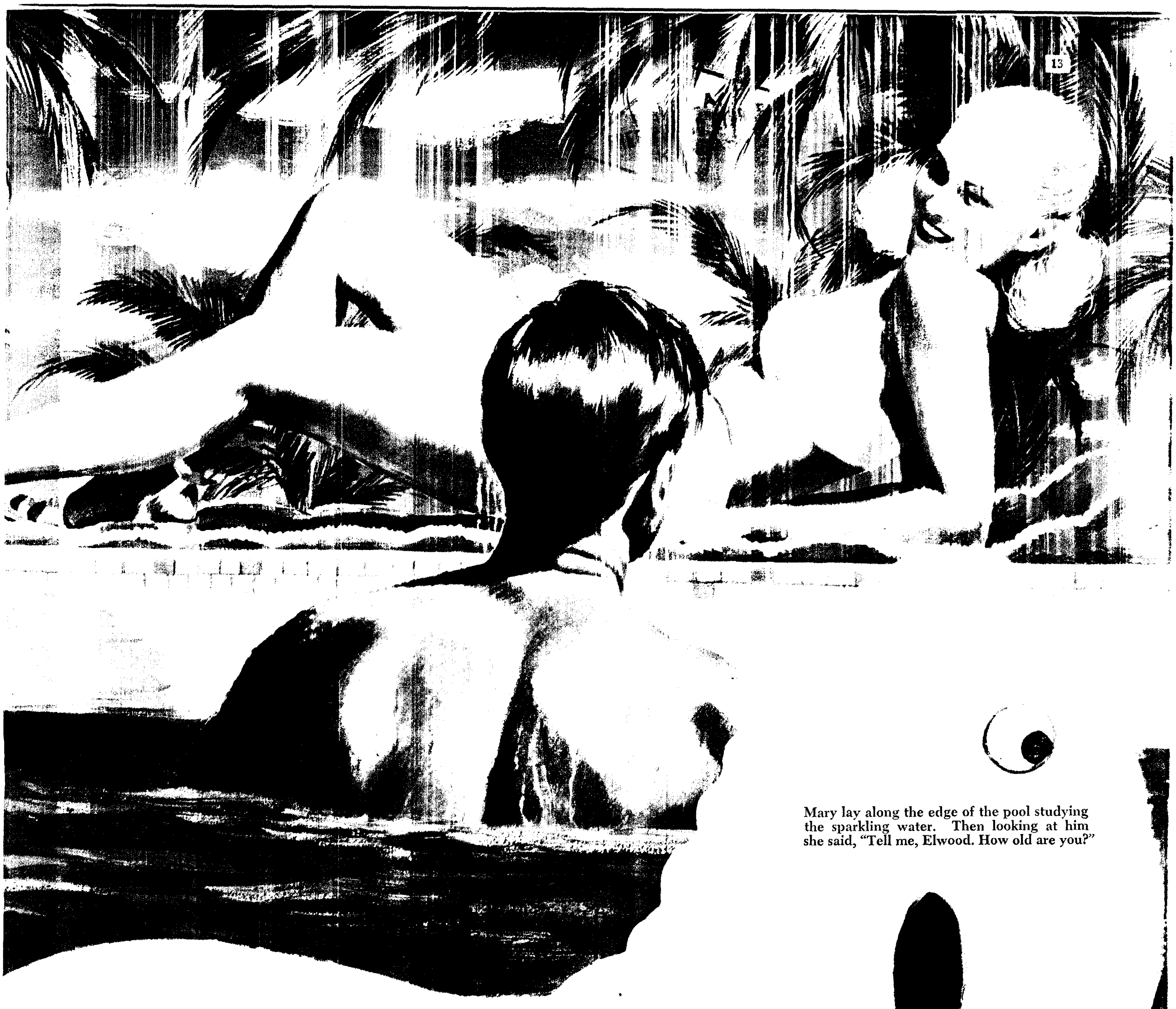
How the Unique Polaroid Principle Blocks Reflected Glare


AO POLAROID DAY GLASSES FILTER REFLECTED GLARE
BRIGHT SUNLIGHT
STRIKES SURFACE
GLARE RAYS REFLECTED MASKING SEEING RAYS
AO POLAROID DAY GLASSES FILTER REFLECTED GLARE. SEEING RAYS PASS THRU

*©Polaroid Corp.

IF IT'S MARKED ... IT'S SMARTLY STYLED, OPTICALLY CORRECT



Mary lay along the edge of the pool studying the sparkling water. Then looking at him she said, "Tell me, Elwood. How old are you?"

ALONG CAME MARY

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

—About the troubles of a lad named Elwood. Put them all together, they spell Mother—Elwood's mother, that is

THE most difficult thing for Elwood to realize was that all those apparently meaningless, unrelated elements—Palm Beach, Havana, the wide spaces between Emily's teeth, the Marquis de Verblin and his fluty voice—led in a straight line to the girl from Bayonne.

It was like fate, like destiny. Rather resembling expert chess, it was a pattern too complex for the untrained eye to follow.

On an afternoon in September, Mrs. Carruthers Gibb Remington-Hart picked up the phone in her Fifth Avenue residence and called Reeves at Southampton.

"Reeves," she said austerely, "you will have Gulfwind ready to go to sea on October fourth."

Reeves was captain of Mrs. Remington-Hart's yacht. He said, "Yes, ma'am."

"We shall proceed directly to Palm Beach. Then Havana. Then Kingston. I shall want to be in New York again on December twentieth. Is that clear?"

The captain was a man of few words. "Yes, ma'am."

"There will be nine in the party. You will please inform the steward—the Potters, the Dunningtons, the Haights, Miss Emily Kerr, and myself." Mrs. Remington-Hart paused, ticked off the names on her fingers. "Also," she said, "my son Elwood."

The redheaded young man on the divan—looking, at the moment, particularly harassed and a good deal younger than his twenty-two years—was his mother's son Elwood.

From where he sat, Elwood could hear Reeves' voice scratching on the phone. Reeves was always icily calm. He never seemed alarmed by Mrs. Remington-Hart, which was astonishing. Though, of course, Reeves didn't

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

really know her. He had never opposed her, and therefore had never seen her faint. She had never, sensing the beginning of rebellion, collapsed before him, staggering like a great wounded whale. Reeves stayed on the bridge, took his orders and said, "Yes, ma'am." That was what he said now. "Yes, ma'am."

And, with a crisp economy of movement, Mrs. Remington-Hart hung up.

Elwood spoke. "But I don't want to go to Palm Beach."

NOW this was typical of the kind of rebellion Mrs. Remington-Hart so thoroughly disapproved. Slowly, ponderously, she turned, aiming the amplitude of her bosom at her son. She gave him one of those long, searching looks that so unnerved him. "Why not?" she snapped.

"Because," Elwood said, gripping his courage, "I want to go to the Yale-Harvard football game."

"You are a Princeton man!"

She didn't need to tell him that. "I know I am a Princeton man, Mother. I assure you that I remember perfectly. But Buzzy Knowles and Bink Sheedy are going to the Yale-Harvard game and they've asked me to go, too."

"Sheedy?" Mrs. Remington-Hart said. "Do I know anyone named Sheedy?"

"He's from the West. Wyoming."

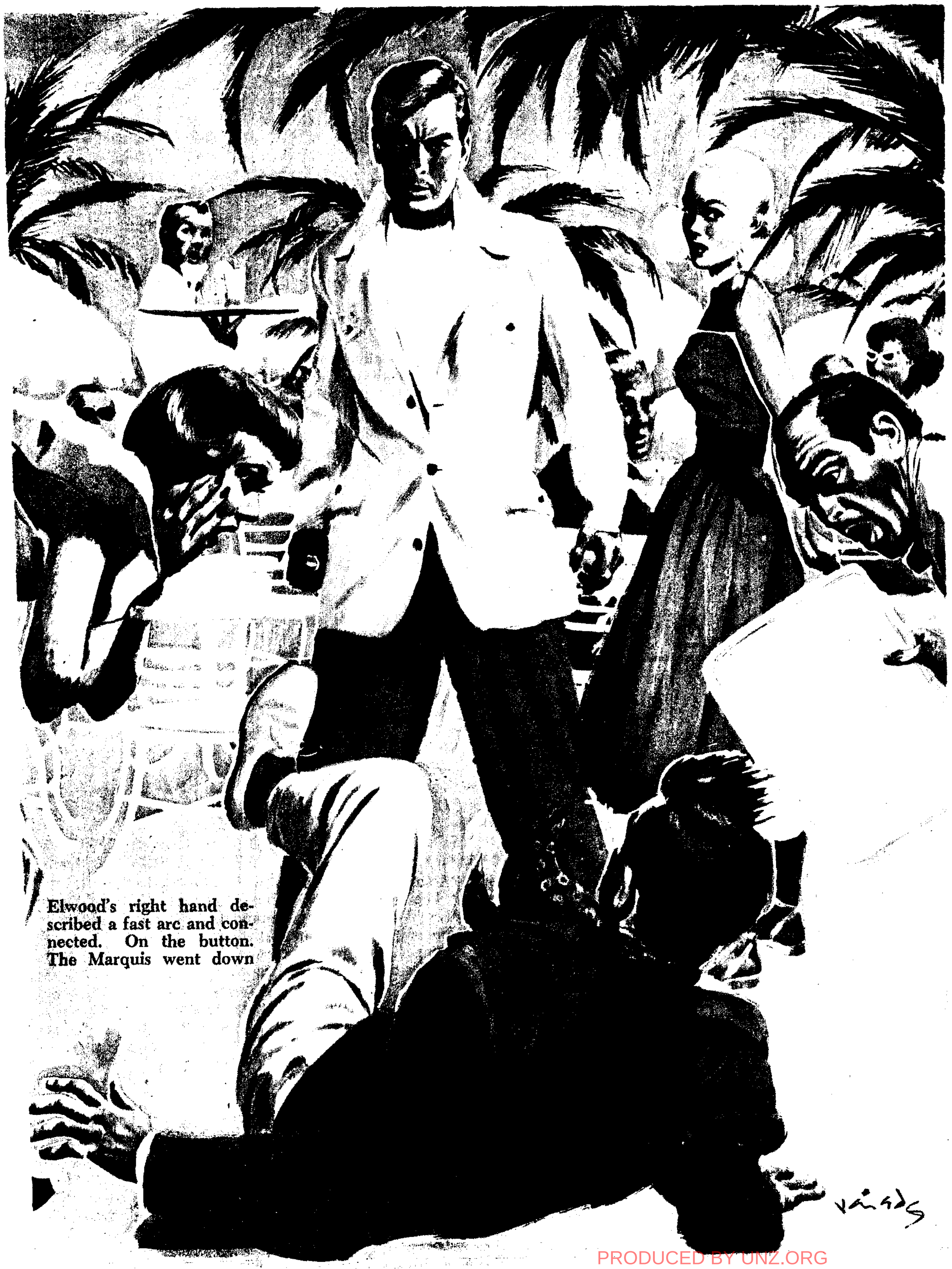
"Ah!"

Mrs. Remington-Hart was actually one of those women who say, "Ah." The syllable, expelled from the chest with full lungs, said what most people would require forty words to say. Among other things, it said that Elwood would forthwith drop Bink Sheedy, forget the Yale-Harvard game, and prepare to be aboard Gulfwind at the Yacht Club pier October fourth for the trip to Palm Beach, Havana, et cetera.

So Elwood sighed. He returned to his book on *Equus caballus*—the care and breeding of horses. He did not, naturally, argue with his mother.

But she was not quite through with him. Sweeping across the drawing room, she pulled the bell cord for Jenks. "Jenks," she said, "a mineral water." She looked at Elwood. "Something?" she asked. It was five o'clock—Martini time, as Bink Sheedy said. However, it was understood Elwood would take mineral water. Someday, perhaps, he would ask for a Martini, very dry, and see what happened. But not today. Today he ordered mineral water. He hated mineral water.

Mrs. Remington-Hart sat facing him. She shaped her lips for a pronouncement. "Emily Kerr will sail with us."



Elwood's right hand described a fast arc and connected. On the button. The Marquis went down

"I heard you mention her." A picture of Emily flashed into Elwood's mind. Emily had a face as long as—but without the character of—a horse's. She had very wide spaces between her teeth. She was six feet tall and coy. Her family was the old Kerr family, you know, the original Kerrs. Her legs did not change shape between the ankles and the knees. Pillars. She revolted Elwood. "That will be nice," he said.

"I hoped you'd think so."

Mrs. Remington-Hart leaned toward him. Outside, night was falling over Central Park. Lights were coming on, twinkling. Elwood could hear the horns of taxis on Fifth Avenue, a sonata. His mother leaned very close to him, breathing maternally. "Emily is a sweet girl," she said, "and sound. So very sound. Someday my boy will have to marry—"

Her breath was warm and intimate. She smiled slowly, with just a little sorrow peeping through the smile. "Someday," she repeated, "my boy will have to marry—"

This was a cue. "Yes, Mother," Elwood said.

"And the right girl"—there was a sweet, solemn pause between each word—"may be, I say may be, little Emily. What do you think of that?"

Elwood felt a thrust of spirit. "I don't know why you call her *little,"* he said. "She isn't little. She's six feet. More, with heels. I'm five feet ten."

Mrs. Remington-Hart stiffened. "That's flippant," she said. "I use *little* in the sense of spiritual delicacy. I am not considering her physical development."

It was, Elwood thought, a good idea not to consider Emily's physical development. But he apologized for being flippant. Thoughtfully, Mrs. Remington-Hart said, "We will both cogitate about this, Elwood." For a horrible instant a perfume like orange blossom seemed to permeate the room, inescapable, suffocating. Mrs. Remington-Hart smiled like a conspirator and went upstairs to dress.

DAYLIGHT faded fast. Soon it was dark. The butler came in and turned on the lamps. Elwood let his mind wander in melancholy reflection. He wondered what Buzzy Knowles and Bink Sheedy were doing. Lounging in a bar somewhere, he supposed. They were going to dinner at 21 with those blond girls from the musical. Bink had telephoned at noon and said the girls had a friend, also blond; but of course it had been out of the question. His mother disliked dining alone. She liked to read the paper to Elwood at dinner. Then they talked about interesting international news—who was in Nassau and in Florida, who at the St. Regis.

Anyway, tonight was opera night.

"Damn," Elwood said. "Jenks," he demanded, abruptly, rebelliously, "is there a drop of gin in the house?"

"Yes, sir," Jenks said, and waited.

But Elwood faltered. A Martini would constitute open mutiny—and there were, you must understand, the horses to think of. The horses and the recriminations and the fainting spells. "Ignore it, Jenks," Elwood murmured. "Just—uh—bring me another mineral water, will you?"

He slumped in his chair; and, not quite by chance, he found himself remembering the day when, in his seventh year, he had been given his first horse. Long, long ago; but a warm, green place in his memory—

Glory, he'd named her, and she had been in every way glorious. She was small, matching his own smallness; her head was finely boned, her short legs slender, her eyes large and soft. And at the stables of their summer house in Goshen, his father had put an arm around Elwood's shoulder and said, "Something you might make a note of, son. The more time you spend with horses, the less you'll have to spend with people."

Thinking back, he supposed his father had meant the kind of people his mother had a talent for accumulating. People like Emily and the Potters and the Dunningtons. People like the Marquis de Verblin—

Elwood shuddered. By a conscious effort he ejected the Marquis de Verblin from his mind. He remembered Glory; and he remembered Wings, and Old Tom, and Dan Boone, and the other horses he'd grown up with through the summers at Goshen. Wonderful summers, those; Mother'd usually been in Europe, and he and his father had had the rambling old country house to themselves. Nobody about but Gyp the trainer and the horseboys—and the horses.

(Continued on page 30)

THE TWO MR. VANDENBERGS

BY BILL DAVIDSON

When associates refer to Senator Arthur Vandenberg, they are careful to designate The Old Vandenberg or The New Vandenberg. The difference may be a vital factor at the G.O.P. convention

TODAY, when Senator Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg of Michigan arises in the Senate to hold forth on a major issue, the venerable old Capitol lights up like a pinball machine. Pages scurry through the cloakrooms with the news, senators pour back from extracurricular activities, alerts are flashed to the press, and a line forms outside the Senate gallery.

Vandenberg then usually cuts loose with a terse, dramatic speech. After that his colleagues are likely to swarm about him with enthusiasm.

But it was not always thus.

On February 15, 1935, for instance, Vandenberg hoisted his six-foot-two-inch, 220-pound bulk erect and delivered a few words to the Senate on President Roosevelt's Work Relief Bill, the big issue of that day. He spoke to empty galleries and to a half-empty Chamber. His speech consumed two hours and involved lamentations on behalf of State rights, the civil service system, and the women and children of America—all of whom he considered to be lost.

After some 15,000 words of this, Senator (now Supreme Court Justice) Hugo Black got to his feet and politely said, "I am frank to confess that I am unable to ascertain whether the senator is for the bill or against the bill."

This was just the beginning. Senator Homer Bone of Washington said, "The remarks of the senator from Michigan are like the diaphanous skirt that touches everything and covers nothing." Senator Joseph T. Robinson compared Vandenberg with the candidate running for public office who, when asked how he stood on the tariff, said he was in favor of raising them if they were too low and reducing them if they were too high.

Since Vandenberg currently is regarded as one of the top men of the Senate and one of the world's better-known statesmen, this treatment (which is available for all to see in the Congressional Record) may sound like a mob kicking mothers on Mother's Day. But as one senator put it, "We have known *two* Mr. Vandenbergs."

On January 10, 1945, Vandenberg, who had been one of the nation's bitterest isolationists, rose to his feet in the Senate and made a historic speech in which he declared that isolationism was dead and that the One World religion was the true religion. The record indicates that from that point on, Vandenberg's entire personality changed along with his outlook, so that his associates have taken to referring to the pre-January 10, 1945, Vandenberg and the post-January 10, 1945, Vandenberg as if they were two completely different persons. They speak of The Old Vandenberg and The New Vandenberg.

In 1945, President Roosevelt caused a minor sensation by appointing The New Vandenberg to be one of America's delegates to the United Nations organizing conference at San Francisco. A day or so later, Vandenberg went to see the President and said, "I appreciate the honor, Mr. President, but you don't have to appoint me. I'll take you off the hook by going out and breaking a leg, or something. Then you can appoint someone you really want to have there."

At this point, according to an ear-witness, Roosevelt said, "Senator, I don't care about any of the others going. You're the one man who *must* be there."

When Roosevelt went to the Yalta Conference, he took 50 copies of Vandenberg's January 10th speech with him, and *(Continued on page 80)*

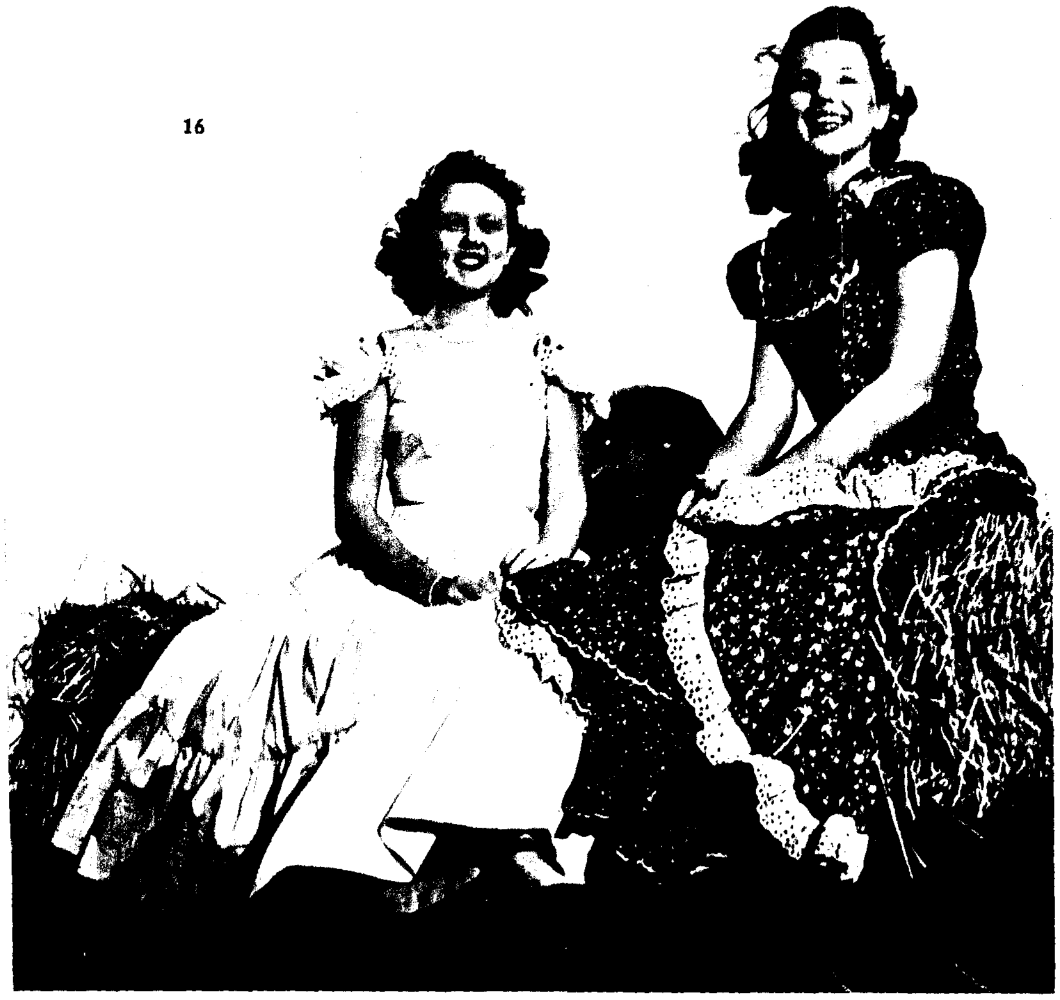
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

CALICO SWING

The singsong chant of the square-dance caller is heard again from Dallas to New York's swanky Stork Club. And with revival of the old formula for fun, our own expert picks up the chant to bring you a few tips on what to wear to this summer's frolics. Anyway, it won't be blue jeans

BY BARBARA BANKS

GIRLS' FASHIONS BY NEIMAN-MARCUS,
DALLAS, TEXAS



Atop a wagon of hay, Pat Seidenglanz and Jerry Cheek, two Dallas girls, are on their way to a square dance in Grapevine, Texas. Pat, in her little-girl shoes of black satin, wears yellow piqué with a flounce on the skirt and an off-shoulder line. Jerry, right, chooses an old-fashioned calico print with eyelet trim

At Wiley's Dude Ranch, Dallas' younger set square-dance to the calling of owner, Dude Rancher Paul Wiley. It's "big foot up, little foot down, and swing that lady with the right hand round." Styles of calling and square-dancing vary in different sections of the country. In the Southwest callers have a line of patter for the quick, graceful tempo of dancing. Hale and hearty New Englanders square-dance with vigor and stamping to the chants of their callers. New York night spots are equipped with singing callers and their own variety of squares

Swing-'er-high-and-swing-'er-low
Keep-on-swingin'-that-cal-i-co.
Hold-that-girl-and-make-her-whirl
Let-her-skirts—spin-and-twirl.
North-and-south—east-and-west
Gals-and-boys-like⁀to-square-dance-best.
All-join-hands-and-away-we-go
The-la-dies-want-to-dress-just-so
Do-cey-doe-do⁀you-know-what⁀it-means
A-lass-can't-wear-her-jitter-bug-jeans
And⁀it's-pass-a-long-on-the⁀same-old-track
Daughter-give-Pa-his-shirt-tails-back

Swing-your-honey-with⁀an-ex-tra-bounce
The-gals-are-wear-ing-skirts-with⁀a-flounce.
First-couple-join-hands-and-waltz-out-side
Gents-love-a⁀skirt-that's-eight-yards-wide.
Chain-right-back-you're-doin'-fine
In⁀a-fril-ly-blouse-with⁀an-off-shoulder-line.
Swing-on⁀the-corner-like-swingin'-on⁀a-gate
Men-like-petti-coat-ruffles-on⁀their-date.
We'll-pro-men-ade-that-out-side-ring
Pan-ta-loons-are-quite-the-thing.
Make-that-big-foot-jar-the-ground
And-pro-men-ade-your-hon-ey-round.

Break-with⁀the-left-and-pull-her-through
The-gents-are-fash-ion-con-scious-too.
And-now-let's-do-the-do-cey-doe
A-fan-cy-shirt-will-look-just-so.
Now-I'll-swing-your-girl-you-swing-mine
A-bold-plaid-shirt-will-do-just-fine.
Now-swing-your-own-and-promenade-all
The-girls-are-pretty-and-the⁀lads-are-tall.
And-when-you've-swung-here's-what-you-do
Pro-men-ade-you're-al-most-through
Wink-at⁀your-hon-ey-by-your-side
She-wears-a-skirt-that's-eight-yards-wide!

Rosemary Gowen in a red dress with an elasticized top fearlessly approaches a fake cow used to dispense liquid refreshments for party guests at the Wiley Dude Ranch

Wiley's young guests refueling at the barbecue pit. Good food is a popular item at any square-dance party, and this one was no exception. The three petticoats showing under a blue skirt belong to Norma Truitt, center. The white ruffles on the black skirt of Ouida Murrell, to her right, create the same effect. The more there is to whirl when they twirl, the better they like it

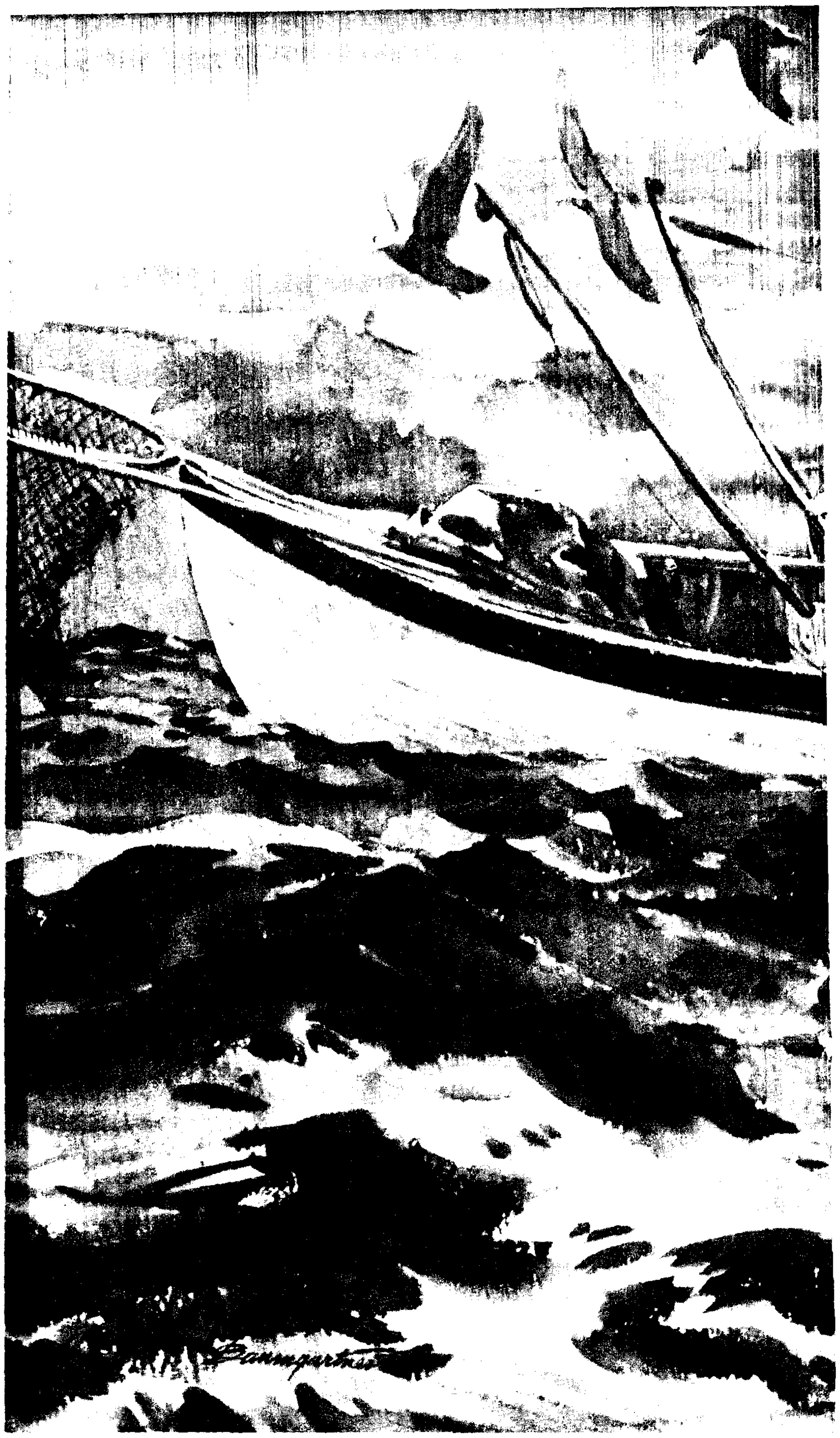
Ranch horses provide amusement for some of the party. It's no wonder square-dancing continues to increase in popularity. Even the gents have a chance to express themselves in colorful attire. The girls have taken a back seat in order to give their partners a chance to show off their fancy shirts to best advantage. The majority of males wear blue jeans and bright tops

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

MARABOU FOR MAMA

BY ARTHUR MAYSE

Mama didn't ask for a pink negligee every day—and it wasn't every day that John Hoda used a red bathing cap for bait



THE foghorn off Kalitan Point yawned like a tired old man, and John Hoda turned on his back and lay blinking at the ceiling, listening dully to the spaced *ho . . . hum* that rolled in from the North Pacific. For some reason which he couldn't at the moment fathom he was not in his and Margaret's bed but on the front-room settee, under the Indian blanket they'd won last company picnic. Also, he was dressed except for work boots and stagged shirt, and the house was very quiet.

Too quiet for Saturday morning. John Hoda still couldn't remember much about last night, but as he groped his fingers through chaff-colored hair, words came back in a deerfly swarm.

"I should have known better," she'd told him, crying-mad. "Elsa always said I was crazy to marry an up-coaster, least of all a big, dumb, drunken Finn!"

He lowered his feet to the carpet, and when the room had stopped spinning like a birled log, gave his head a clearing shake and padded out to the kitchen. Margaret wasn't there, or Bernadine or Peter—she must have taken the kids off to Elsa's place down the highway. Then he saw the coffee-pot on the back of the range with a wisp of steam at its spout, and knew that someone, anyway, was home. He opened the oven door a crack, glimpsed a pan of ham and eggs, and turned shuddering away. It was just coffee he needed.

John Hoda poured himself one cup black and sluiced it down a throat that felt as if it were lined with mud-shark skin, then slopped out another and fixed it with sugar and cream. His tobacco pouch was gone from his left hip pocket, but the bulge in his shirt turned out to be cigarettes. Tailor-mades, which he smoked only in the last stages of partying, when his fingers were too clumsy to manipulate fine cut and papers.

He fumbled a cigarette from the crushed pack, straightened it and lighted it. With the coffee cup held in both hands, he went out by the back door to the beach. Strong coffee and the morning breeze began to knock the shackles from his brain, and his sense of trouble—trouble behind and more to follow—deepened from suspicion to certainty. . . .

South below Kalitan Point, fog lay low to the water. Straight out, sea and sky merged in lighter haze that obscured the British Columbia mainland mountains. The tide flats were empty except for gulls and a fishing heron, and one small moving spot of red. Bernadine. She was tugging his boat inches at a time over the sapling rollers of the runway, a tiny, determined figure, alone under the mother-of-pearl sky.

John Hoda set his empty cup on a log. "Bernie," he called, and when she didn't answer or even turn, "Hey—Bernadine!"

She straightened then, and waited while he trudged down from the drift line, across the shingle and the crackly dried seaweed and the tawny sand of the flats. Standing beside the white lapstreak boat she looked smaller than ever, defiant and somehow forlorn. John Hoda passed a dead gull, then a second. The heron was squatting oddly with neck poked straight out before it. Another time he'd have noticed and wondered why, but now, splashing into a tide pool and not even feeling the bite of cold water through his socks, his thoughts were all for Bernie. At least, he'd remembered to buy her the red bathing cap she wanted before he got to partying.

He said, "What you up to, sweetheart? You know you can't get the boat in by yourself."

"I'm doing all right," Bernie said coldly. She didn't look at him, just stood with her nine-year-old dignity stiffening her thin shoulders, breeze ballooning the legs of her brown corduroy overalls, bathing cap buckled under her chin.

JOHN HODA regarded her helplessly, and she was so much like her mother standing there that his heart contracted.

"Bernie, honey," he said, "it was one of those things. I run into this dude I hadn't seen for donkey's years, Toivo Eliasen, him and a couple of other boys down from Blind River Logging. They ask me to have a beer with them, so I got to buy them a beer back, don't I? Then—well, you know how it goes."

He waited, and when Bernie still stared south as if something were going on down by Kalitan Point that she didn't want to miss, he asked cautiously, "Where's your Mom?"

She said in the same flat little voice, "Mama's gone to Aunt Elsa's. She took Peter with her."

"How come you stayed?"

"Somebody had to get your breakfast," Bernie said. "Anyway, it's Saturday, and you said you'd take me fishing." She swung to face him, and he saw her blue eyes fill with tears. "You promised."

The tears spilled over and her dignity crumpled, and she was in John Hoda's arms with her cheek pressed hard against his bristly chin. He hugged her close and spoke in a comforting rumble, the red bathing cap brushing his nose. "Easy now, honey. You don't have to take on. Sure, we'll go fishing. We'll catch us some bluebacks and when we come home Mom will be there and I'll straighten things out. You wait and see."

"She won't be home." It burst out between hiccupy sobs. "It was bad enough before you hit Uncle Arthur on the nose. But after that, and when you'd spent her pop-valve money, she—she—"

John Hoda patted the quivering shoulder. "She what, sweetheart?"

"She said she'd had enough." The rest of it came in a wail: "Mama's taking us back to Vancouver!"

"She can't do that." John Hoda kept on patting her shoulder, but it was an automatic motion now. "It was just mad talk, Bernie. She wouldn't do anything like that." He said, fighting against something close to panic, "I don't remember slugging your Uncle Arthur. And I got her pop-valve money right here in my wallet."

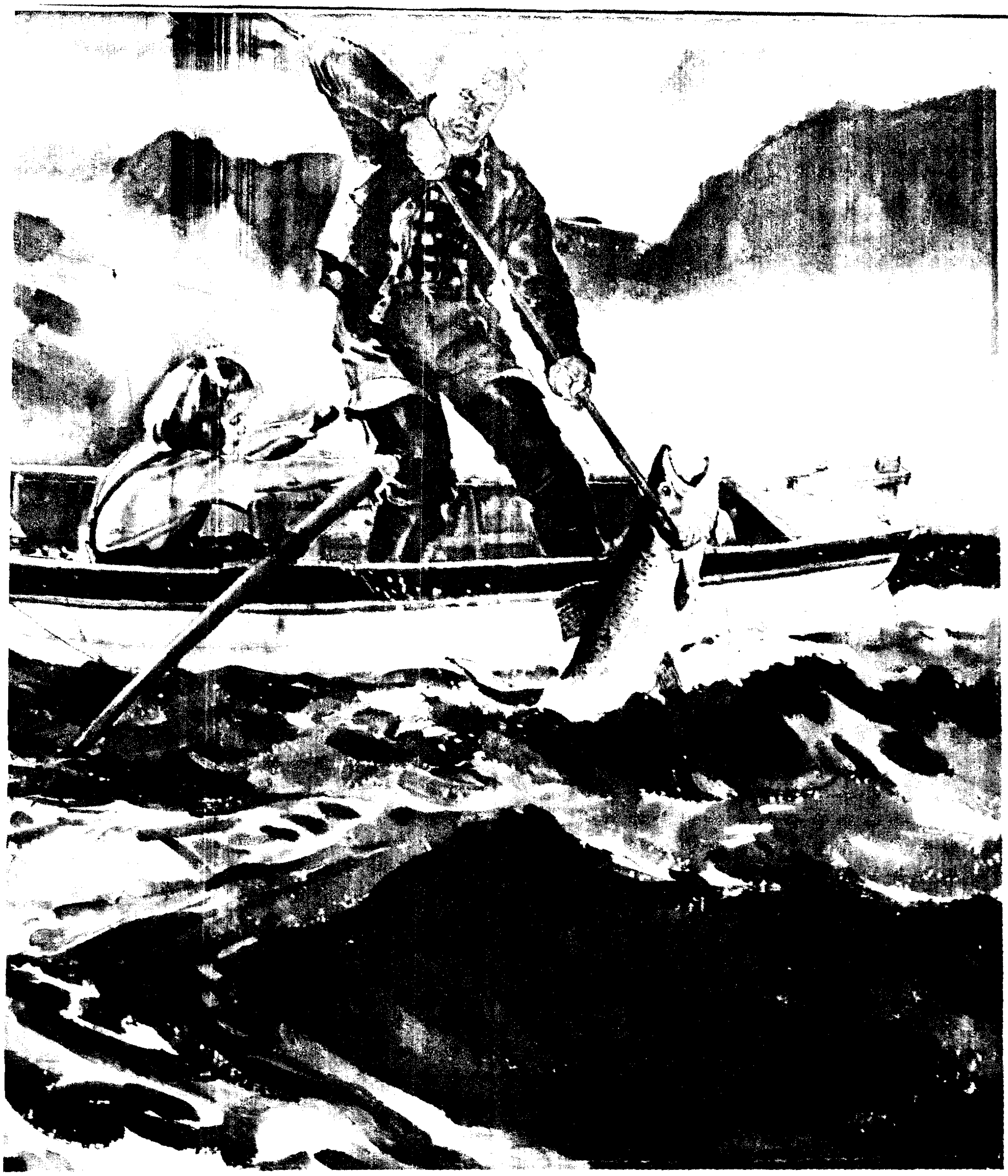
John Hoda slid his free hand to his right haunch. The pocket was flat and empty, and the chill that had fingered the back of his neck galloped on down his spine.

He said, "I recall we ended up playing crown and anchor in the Dutchman's back room. I guess I lost her there, kid."

For all his two-hundred-pound bulk and deceptive clumsiness, John Hoda could move faster than conscious thought in a physical emergency. But in a jam of this sort his mind floundered like a blackfish stranded in a shallow. There was money in the bank at Surge Pass, but he couldn't touch that because it was for new furniture, and however mad Margaret might be, she'd be madder still if he raided it. He could get an advance on next month's pay easy enough, but that wouldn't do either—her old man had been a borrower and Margaret was dead set against borrowing. What he needed, what he had to have, was a stake with no strings to it, money he could drop into Margaret's hand and say, "Okay, lady, see how quick can you blow it."

The foghorn yawned again, and beside him Bernie said, "You didn't bring Peter his air rifle either. But you remembered my bathing cap. Thanks, Daddy."

"Sure," John Hoda told her, and with morose honesty, "I bought that before I run into Toivo Eliasen." It was no use—he couldn't think himself into the clear. He said, "Suppose you skin up to the woodshed and fetch my



John Hoda was panting hard when he clipped the gaff hook home behind the fish's gills. Bernie was panting too, but he kept her at the oars

hip boots. I promised we'd go fishing, so we're going." Heavily, half to himself, he added, "Looks like maybe it'll be the last time, too."

The little inboard engine popped steadily; the ripples purred under the bow. Beneath the hull, sand gave place to eel grass astream in the northward-setting tide, and presently eel grass yielded to rock and the green-black of depth. Bernie sat in the square stern, arms around her knees, John Hoda on the mid-thwart with one hand on the throttle.

HE HAD rebuilt the lapstreak himself, putting his spare time for all one winter into the job of converting her from a beat-up rowboat to a shipshape inboard that a fisherman could be proud to own. Here on the water, with the hot June sun burning between his shoulders and the two-horsepower engine beating its sleepy rhythm, he felt a lot better. It was odd how his wits always sharpened when he had a boat under him. Down at the booming grounds they ribbed him about his way with boats and salmon, said he was a kind of human seal. He'd been seven years now with Kalitan Timber Company, first in the woods, then here at the beach; this was his life and his friends were here—going back to the city would be next worst thing to dying.

Hand on the throttle, steering with a knee against the side bar he'd rigged to the tiller lines, he thought of things he could say to make Margaret change her mind. He could point out to her, maybe, how much more it would cost them to live in Vancouver, and how much better a place the upcoast was for kids. That might help, but it wouldn't be enough. Margaret was a mighty determined woman, and from all Bernie'd said and he could remember he must have raised plain old Judas last night.

From her place in the stern Bernie said reflectively, "I'm glad you hit Uncle Arthur. He's a great bit sissy."

"Fine way to talk about your uncle," John Hoda said. But the reproof lacked conviction, and a slow grin rose in him to twitch his mouth. She had a lot of her mother in her, Bernie, but she was his kid too. "Still, I'm not sorry about that neither." He nudged the steering bar with his knee, straightening their course for Kalitan Point. "I figure he's had a bang on the snout coming. Wasn't for him and your Aunt Elsa, Mom might forget about the city. Those two keep her stirred up and restless, kind of."

Bernie nodded. She said, "They stopped by on their way from the movies just before some pole-camp men brought you home in a truck. You wanted to go on to Otter Cove with them and when Uncle Arthur tried to pull you out of the truck you hit him." She smiled sunnily. "He rolled right across the road. When they left, his nose was still bleeding and Aunt Elsa was holding a bunch of keys down his back."

John Hoda could see the kelp beds now, shining brown against the pale water out from Kalitan Point. Tide must be close to low slack. When it turned, they should get fish.

"How about this, Bernie?" he asked. "We catch a boxful of bluebacks, then highball in and stop the fish buyer on his way down-island. Say he pays us eight—ten dollars. Then your mom will have her pop-valve money, I'll say I'm sorry about last night, and everything'll be hunky-dory."

"It isn't enough," Bernie said. "Mama needs thirty-two dollars and fifty cents."

John Hoda whistled softly, and the lift went out of his spirits. "What she want costs that múch?"

"A negligee," Bernie said. "A pink one trimmed with marabou."

"Come again, sweetheart."

Bernie said, "It's a sort of silk coat ladies wear over their underwear when they're loafing around the house."

"You know how much loafing your mom does!" John Hoda said. "What's this marabou stuff?"

"Stork feathers," Bernie said.

"A loafing coat with stork feathers," John Hoda muttered. "This time she's got it bad." He gave his daughter a gloomy stare. "Well, kid, you better hope for one of those miracles they teach you about in the Sunday school. We won't make that kind of money fishing bluebacks."

THE purring under the bow changed to a hard *slap-slap;* little pointed waves danced all around them as the lapstreak poked her nose into the Kalitan Point tide rip. John Hoda twisted the throttle half a turn and pointed them for a channel that corkscrewed seaward between the slick brown bulbs and floating stems of kelp. He could see no sign of fish out there—no skittering shoals of herring or boils of feeding salmon—but he had learned not to place overmuch faith in signs. Tide was right, and on a breezy day like this, the herring would work well under the surface. Anyhow, he didn't have to depend on fresh-raked herring for bait. In a coffee can under the stern seat, pickled in formaldehyde, were a dozen herring he'd raked yesterday morning and stowed away to start him on his next fishing.

Far out, beyond the last ragged line of kelp, a blueback leaped shining into the sunlight. "Okay, Bernie," John Hoda said. "Come take her while I get the lines over."

Bernie squirmed past him to the midthwart. She'd pushed the bathing cap back so that it dangled by its strap from her neck. Her bright hair, not brassy or ash colored but sunshine yellow, flew back in the breeze. She was excited—he could always tell, because when she was real hot on something she had a trick of nipping her upper lip between her teeth. The kid was getting more like her mother every day. Margaret had that same trick too.

"There was a hat she liked," Bernie said. "It costs twelve dollars in Pettigrew's Millinery. If we could buy her that it might do."

"Pettigrew's, huh?" John Hoda said. "That's where your swimming cap come from. It was the last they had. Girl told me there'd been a heck of a run on them."

He smiled at Bernie while his thick, blunt fingers straightened a kink from the piano-wire leader that connected keel-shaped pilot and nickel-plated herring dodger. Letting the rig dangle from his knees, he bent to paw under the stern seat for his can of herrings. He brought it out, then sat staring into it stupidly. It should contain a dozen four-inch bait fish, each with a hook threaded through it and a short steel leader sticking out

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

HOMEMADE BOOM IN DIXIE

BY LESTER VELIE

Arkansas and Mississippi have natural resources that should have made their people rich long ago. Yet living standards have been at the eastern-European level. Now the invasion of industry and mechanized farming has transformed the complexion of things to come for the 47th and 48th states

A contrast between old and new. C. T. Spakes harrows his 12 acres of cotton near Dermott, Arkansas, with horses. His neighbor, J. P. Duncan, helps with a tractor

WILLIAM T. WYNN, Mississippi planter, watched a sharecropper drive a $3,000 tractor with the same abandon he once used in handling a $50 mule. Toting up his last month's repair bills, Billy Wynn brooded on the ignorant workers, product of Mississippi's poor schools.

"This is costing me money," he cried.

A Negro tenant, innocent of schooling beyond the fourth grade, can do little harm to a mule. But he can snafu a tractor by not knowing enough to stop when in trouble. A Negro tenant, schooling zero, mends no windows in his cabin, and shuns making the simplest repairs. High-priced mechanics must do them.

So Billy Wynn raised $100,000, took over 12 abandoned prisoner-of-war camp buildings near his home town of Greenville and built a vocational school for Negro G.I.s. With tractors and mechanical cotton pickers multiplying on the face of the creamy delta earth, it had suddenly become important that Mississippi folk, Negro and white, know how to cope with a book of instructions, read an invoice and understand the insides of a gas engine.

You may say that one vocational school can't solve such a widespread problem. It can't. But others were discovering the high cost of ignorance too.

Hamilton Moses, the graying but sprightly president of the Arkansas Power & Light Company, went up to New York to try to get cheaper interest rates on his company's bonds.

"Your company has a fine record," the Wall Street bankers told him, "but you're located in Arkansas—and that's bad. Your state has the lowest per capita income except Mississippi, and the highest per capita debt. You pay your schoolteachers less than you do your chauffeurs. That's why it costs you more to borrow."

Ham Moses' hurt feelings didn't improve any when he returned home and found that a manufacturer had changed his mind about locating in Helena, Arkansas, because, he said, the town lacked schools, playgrounds and churches for factory workers. That did it. Ham Moses formed the Arkansas Economic Council and lit out along his state's rickety roads to raise the alarm.

These scattered incidents are part of the ferment bubbling today in Mississippi and Arkansas. Several weeks ago Mississippi's legislature set aside twice as much money for schools as the state spent five years ago. It passed a workmen's compensation act and took Mississippi off the unenviable spot of being the last state to hold out against a social law the others began adopting back in 1910. Three World War II veterans, new to the legislature and all under twenty-six, coauthored and sparked the measure.

Mississippi is clambering out of the nation's cellar spot. So is her neighbor, Arkansas, the 47th state in most of the statistics. Together, these two parts of deepest Dixie are making a heroic quick change. You can actually see it. Motor down the flat bosom of the Mississippi delta country and you note the sprinkling of tractors in fields once farmed only with mules. Power is moving in. Fly over the same country before cotton-planting time and you look down on squares of green that checkerboard patches of brown. The green is for alfalfa and oats.

Cattle and dairying, signs of higher living standards, are moving in. Walk through the streets of Jackson, Mississippi's capital, and you look upon a boom town. Amidst the new-home, hospital and factory construction, a 19-story state office building is going up, testimony to the state's expanding services to its people. Visit Jones Mill or Hurricane Creek, Arkansas, and you'll see $80,000,000 worth of plants pour forth twice as much alumina (the intermediate material from which aluminum is made) as all America produced before the war. In 1943 there were no alumina plants in Arkansas, only gaping water-filled holes from which bauxite had been gouged.

Change is in the air. Equipment dealers in Mississippi and Arkansas are two years behind planters' orders for tractors and mechanical cotton pickers. The private power companies in the area are spending $100,000,000 to double their output by 1950 and have launched a development program to do under private leadership what the government did in the Tennessee Valley. Mississippi is building 40 hospitals, the first program authorized under the new Hill-Burton federal aid bill. The CIO's "Operation Dixie" has made relatively more progress in Mississippi and Arkansas than in the other Southern states. In Crossett, Arkansas, a lumber center of 8,500, union men hold every municipal and city council post except one.

This spring the magnolia trees bloomed as gloriously as ever around the Mississippi planters' homes. The clusters of tenants' two-room cabins, paintless and comfortless, presented their usual aspect of dreary rural slum. The white overseers and riding bosses were busy as always with their April job of starting the planting. Yet underneath it all, the old plantation was obviously rocking with revolution.

Every tractor displaces about 10 families, and many tenants will have to leave the land. Since 1940 some 270,000 persons have gone from Mississippi farms. Part of the ferment in the South stems from a race by enlightened Southerners to build factories for these displaced persons. Deepest Dixie's destiny lies in a successful shift from field to factory, for the density of population on the soil has kept the region poor.

Roll down the highway from Memphis to Vicksburg and you will be taken with two wonders: the forty-foot-high levees which rise like battlements mile after mile on the Mississippi River, and the table-flat black earth—topsoil 1,000 feet or more deep—that still largely supports a peasant agriculture under living conditions at the eastern-European level. On twelve feet of topsoil in Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin there are white homesteads, fat cribs and barns—American prosperity. In Mississippi a 160-acre piece of land has to support ten times as many families as in Iowa, thanks to the fact that cotton farming has been the last to be mechanized.

Now the change-over to power is roaring along under a full head of steam. In the Mississippi delta country, planters estimated the area would buy 10,000 tractors and 2,000 cotton pickers as soon as dealers could supply them. At Memphis the International Harvester Company this year began producing five-ton $8,000 mechanical cotton pickers on an assembly-line basis.

A New Order of Planters

But there is more to deepest Dixie's rural revolution than the beneficent invasion of mechanized equipment. Mississippi and Arkansas have started to process at home the materials they have always exported in the raw state. A new breed of planter, who combines crop-growing savvy with the development fervor of a Henry Kaiser, has sprung up from the native soil to lead the way.

Cross the Mississippi from Memphis, for instance, and go thirty miles west to Wilson, Arkansas. There Jim Crain, a grass-roots entrepreneur with a genius for making men and money work, directs the world's biggest cotton plantation plus a fantastic business barony that, amoebalike, keeps everlastingly splitting off into new enterprises.

Crain manages 53,000 acres owned by Lee Wilson & Company, a family enterprise organized as a Massachusetts trust so that Crain, as trustee, could have the unchallenged run of it. Crain's land lies in Mississippi County, Arkansas, which grows more cotton per acre than any other county in America. The farm's growing plan is simple, if grand. It has 30,000 acres in cotton, 12,000 in alfalfa, and 11,000 acres in soybeans.

Four years ago the land was farmed with 2,200 mules. Today 300 remain.

"Yesterday, we got in 50 tractors," Crain said casually.

This boosted the tractor total to 450. Next year there'll be more tractors because by then every mule will be gone. Some 2,700 families provide the sharecroppers, wage laborers and cash tenants who farm the land.

Boss Sells His Car to a Tenant

Tenants now farm an average of twenty acres, and the average is rising. One Negro tenant already farms 160 acres and has achieved such prosperity that he recently bought Crain's secondhand Lincoln for $2,000.

With his tenants and $1,600,000 of power equipment Crain last year harvested $10,830,000 of crops. But that was only the beginning.

"If we put our own money into Arkansas, it can be the best country in the world," he says.

Crain has built six giant gins, five cottonseed-oil plants, and six dehydrating plants to convert alfalfa into meal for livestock and feed for chickens. He set up his own dairy company to market the milk and cream from his herd of 180 Jerseys. He went into the lumber business, both retail and wholesale, to supply his own and the county's needs.

"This is my Deere equipment agency," Crain says offhand in a tour about the town of Wilson, "and there's my Ford and Lincoln agency." The "farm" Crain operates owns the restaurant in which he takes you to lunch, the general merchandise store where you stop for a soft drink, and the filling station where he tanks up on gas. In fact the farm owns every one of the 1,000 homes in town, every business building, every factory; and only three families in it, those of the postmaster, the railroad and utility agents, are not on the farm's pay roll.

The $160,000 gymnasium and swimming pool rising near the high school? Crain is building it with his own construction company and donating it to the school district. The high school itself? Crain supplements its $90,000 yearly school district funds with a $38,000 donation from Lee Wilson & Company.

When he last toted up his enterprises Crain found he was running 76 businesses. But his biggest and most significant stroke of business is still to be made.

"For the last three weeks," he told me, "we've been talking seriously of breaking up our farm land into 80-acre and 160-acre farms and selling them to tenants who can handle them. We'd rather be in the manufacturing and selling business."

When this happens the whole face of Crain's plantation will change. For the owners of 80-acre and 160-acre farms will replace the sharecroppers' mean shacks with tidy farmsteads. As owners, the farmers will stay put long enough to educate their children beyond the present sixth-grade average for whites and fourth-grade average for Negroes at Wilson, Arkansas.

Other leaders are awakening to the fact that there is a lot of good processing money that should stay right in the states that produced the raw materials. Arkansas and Mississippi have resources that should have made them rich long ago. Arkansas produces 95 per cent of the aluminum ore mined in North America. Only Texas and Mississippi produce more cotton, and not more than a handful of states produce more strawberries, spinach, rice and peaches.

Arkansas has lumber, natural gas and oil, and even a diamond mine. It has ample electric power. Army engineers are building a half-billion dollars' worth of dams in its front yard to provide more. Mississippi is just as richly endowed. Yet from all these riches have come the lowest living standards in America.

Punitive railroad freight rates, which made it more costly to ship finished goods from the South than from the East, long stifled manufacturing in the South. Under the pressure of men like Ellis Arnall, former governor of Georgia, the rates are now being equalized.

Lower freight rates help. But Southerners have had to go North to harangue manufacturers on the virtues of moving South. The men who run the private utility companies in Mississippi and Arkansas have done the main job in contacting industry because they have learned how much talking it takes.

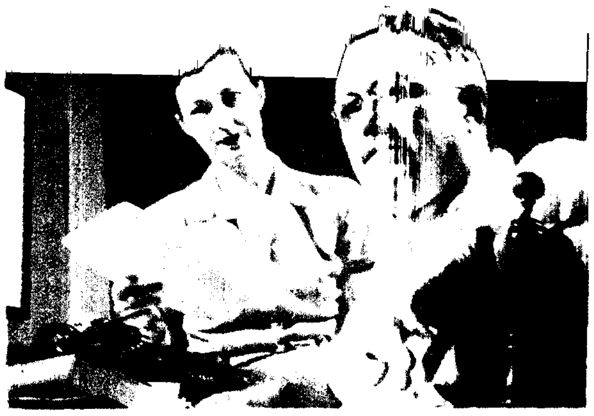
Sound Economic Gospel

Hamilton Moses, who tried to get lower interest rates for his power company's bonds in New York, is a good example. Ham likes to inlay his folksy utterances with Bible texts and will charge even the most factual piece of intelligence (such as the story of a generator he's just installed) with the emotional fervor of an evangelist. When he was rebuffed by the New York bankers he turned on his fervor and changed their minds about his bonds. But the slurs against his state rankled, and with his Arkansas Economic Council he preached a new kind of businessman's gospel:

"Prepare the way for community salvation by improving your schools (Arkansas spent $52.40 per pupil in 1944 as against a national average of $117) and hospitals (the state boasted only three-fourths hospital bed per 1,000 persons) and libraries and churches. That way you'll stop losing your best young people (25 per cent of Arkansas service men and women decided against returning to their home state after the war). Factories will then come in and bring with them a more abundant life."

Ham Moses stumped into 165 towns, preaching community good works and organizing town clinics at which the local folk diagnosed their town's shortcomings. At Helena, Arkansas, the town that was weighed and found wanting by a manufacturer earlier, townfolk got up a $4,500,000 kitty, formed a housing corporation that built 90 homes, then voted a new high school and a new municipal auditorium. As their reward a Chrysler Corporation subsidiary, Pekin Wood Products, moved in, and a new hotel is on the way.

The war brought in a half-billion dollars' worth of alumina, ordnance and glider plants. Ham Moses' Economic Council persuaded enough manufacturers to convert these after the war to give Arkansas the nucleus of an aluminum fabricating industry (now producing aluminum speedboats, Venetian blinds, washing machines) and of a chemical and woodworking industry. At last count some 1,500 new factories had set up shop in Arkansas since 1945. The per



Hodding Carter, liberal Mississippi editor, and wife, Betty. She recently wrote a series of articles on Negro school facilities

A. B. McCoard, Hamilton Moses, of Arkansas Power & Light, Wallace Harrell, and A. H. Forman, Jr., discuss power plans

Jim Crain, right, operator of the world's largest cotton plantation talks things over with Sid Honey, who drives a tractor

capita income, $252 in 1939, has leaped to $800. Walter Harris, director of the Arkansas state C.I.O. and no apple polisher, credits much of this to Ham Moses.

The Arkansas Power & Light Company happens to be part of a commonly owned family of utilities which include the Mississippi Power & Light, Louisiana Power and New Orleans Public Service companies. Together the four form a common grid or pool of power serving the three states. While Arkansas Power & Light was helping bring industry to Arkansas, the Mississippi company, under Rex Brown, was doing a similar missionary job and helping the Magnolia State boost its deflated per capita income more than two and one-half times.

In April the four utilities joined hands to do on a regional basis what each had done individually. Sparked by young executives like Streuby Drumm of New Orleans Public Service, the electric companies dubbed their region the Mid-South, flew in a planeload of Yankee journalists, fed

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Roosevelt drew a line on the map to help Britain; Churchill drew no line for aid to Russia; Stalin drew a line on moral standards among nations. Harry Hopkins was there, listening and watching, sometimes with a wry smile

EUROPEAN

When the Nazis invaded Russia, Stalin's need for guns was critical. Here German artillery pours shellfire almost unopposed into a burning Russian village

PART IV. STALIN SPOKE OF MORALS

ON HIS first visit to Winston Churchill in the winter of 1941, Harry Hopkins had discussed a meeting of the Prime Minister and the President to take place in April. However, the German invasions of Yugoslavia and Greece produced a whole new series of crises and the meeting had to be postponed.

Nevertheless, through the personality of Hopkins and the enormous instrument of Lend-Lease, Roosevelt and Churchill were steadily coming closer to each other in co-operation and so were the United States and Britain. They were forming what might be called a "common-law alliance," unofficial but increasingly powerful.

Hopkins, still living and working in the White House, was now completely engrossed in every phase of the war in Europe, Africa, China. He was a "*relief administrator*" on an international scale. His health was miserable and his temper was short.

One former WPA associate of whom Hopkins was particularly fond sent him a letter which he wished to have transmitted to the President. Hopkins returned the letter to him with this curt note:

I think you ought to keep your shirt on about the WPA. . . .

I would not send the attached letter to the President.

He would never read it anyway because it is far too long. . . .

In a moment of extreme irritability at this time, Hopkins said to me, "I'm getting sick and tired of having to listen to complaints from those goddam New Dealers!" I could hardly believe my ears.

Hopkins' activities in Lend-Lease cut across many lines of authority in Washington, including the State Department's, which did not add anything to his popularity with Cordell Hull.

On April 14, 1941, Hopkins met with Sumner Welles and Thor Thors, representative of the Icelandic government, to open the secret negotiations which ended with an invitation from Iceland's prime minister and the sending of the First Marine Brigade "*to supplement and eventually to replace the British forces (then in Iceland) . . . which were needed elsewhere.*" Admiral Stark wrote to Hopkins, "I know the President has thought this all out, nevertheless he has been so interested in the details and there is so much potential dynamite in this order that I feel it should have his okay before I sign it." Stark enclosed with this letter his orders for the transportation of the troops and for their organization in Iceland. He said, "I realize that this is practically an act of war."

The Atlantic Fleet was ordered to conduct a patrol in the western Atlantic and to report the movements of German ships which might be observed or detected in those waters—but no shooting. Roosevelt and Hopkins drafted a cable to Churchill on this:

To Former Naval Person

The following steps are those we propose to take at once in relation to the security of the Western Hemisphere. Which steps will, however, favorably affect your shipping. I want to tell you about the proposal in advance. This government proposes to extend the security zone and patrol area. . . . We propose to utilize aircraft and naval vessels working from Greenland, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, the U.S., Bermuda and West Indies with possible later extension to Brazil if this can be arranged. We will want in great secrecy notification of movement of convoys so our patrol units can seek out the ship of the aggressor nation operating west of the new line of the security zone. Where advisable we propose to refuel our ships at sea. We suggest your long shipping hauls move as much as possible west of new line up to latitude of the northwestern approaches. We propose to declare Red Sea area no longer a combat zone as soon as you clear it out. We propose send all types of goods in unarmed American flagships to Egypt or any other nonbelligerent port via Red Sea or Persian Gulf. We think we can work out sending wheat and other transferable goods in American ships to Greenland and Iceland especially through next six months. We hope to make available large amount of our shipping now utilized for other purposes for direct haul to England. We will make use of Danish ships very soon and Italian ships in about two months, we hope.

In all these developments, Hopkins was continually urging bold action and Roosevelt was taking the more *moderate, temperate, cautious course.* The tension was heightened by a number of public utterances by high officers of the government, notably Stimson and Knox, which seemed to place the United States on the very brink of war. Roosevelt had read these speeches before they were delivered. It was assumed that he approved the position taken—as indeed he did. But that did not mean that

Here is presented the fourth installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died, there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt.

Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced. . . . The Editor

he was willing or ready to go so far himself.

During those days in mid-May, Roosevelt spent a great deal of time in bed and rarely went to his office. He said that this was one of the most persistent colds he had ever had. One day, after a long talk with him in his bedroom, I came out and said to Missy LeHand, "The President seems in fine shape to me. What is really the matter with him?"

Missy smiled and said, "What he's suffering from most of all is a case of sheer exasperation." Indeed, he seemed at the time to be exasperated with practically everyone—the isolationists, on one side, who were demanding in effect that he resign; and, on the other side, the extreme interventionists, who were demanding that he immediately send expeditionary forces to England, the Azores, Dakar, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, the Aleutian Islands and other points of interest.

Very few people were allowed to see the President during those days. There were a lot of very nervous men in high places in Washington wondering what the reason was for this inaccessibility and, when the President should finally emerge from it, which way he would jump.

The Day Hitler Struck East

During the week of June 16th, Hopkins had many conferences but on Saturday he took a happy day off and went to the races. That night, June 21st, a short-wave listening post picked up a report that Hitler had invaded the Soviet Union. Hopkins' first thought when he heard this news was: The President's policy of support for Britain has really paid off! Hitler has turned to the left. But if Hopkins had a moment of relief it was no more than a moment; for he was compelled instantly to face the new and gigantic problems of aid for Russia.

On Friday evening, July 11th, Hopkins had a long talk with Roosevelt in the study, and the President drew a line on a small map of the Atlantic Ocean, which he had torn from an issue of the National Geographic Magazine. Roosevelt scribbled a cable: "Secret—For Winant: Hopkins goes to England very soon for a short visit please tell Former Naval Person —F.D.R."

Hopkins flew to England and when he saw Churchill, the war in Russia was in its fourth week. It had already passed the minimum set by the British authorities and it was evident that it would pass the minimum set in Washington.

There was beginning to be the faintest glimmering of hope that perhaps the Russians might hold out until winter set in, and Churchill was never one to overlook a glimmer. His principal concern was that so many German infantry divisions were now getting combat experience—or learning to be "battleworthy," in the term he loved to use—which would make them all the harder to handle later on.

Hopkins gathered that Stalin had not been tremendously impressed by Britain's offer of aid but had been concerned, from the very beginning, with the political aspects of the enforced alliance. *Even with its very life in peril the Soviet government appeared to be more anxious to discuss future frontiers and spheres of influence than to negotiate for military supplies.* The British government was reluctant to negotiate any purely political treaty at that time. However, a few days before Hopkins arrived in London, the two powers had signed an "agreement for joint action."

A Historic Line on the Map

Hopkins showed Churchill the map from the National Geographic Magazine which Roosevelt had marked. The penciled line followed longitude 26° north from the South Atlantic, missing the Cape Verde Islands but cutting through the Azores. About two hundred miles southwest of Iceland it turned sharp right (eastward) and then curved around Iceland, at a radius of roughly two hundred miles, which was to be the area of U.S. air and sea patrol. The sea lanes west of this line would be—subject to further discussion—the area for the policing of which the U.S. Navy would assume responsibility, thereby freeing British escort ships for service elsewhere, particularly the Murmansk route.

In Hopkins' notes of his final talks with the President were three brief items:

Economic or territorial deals—NO.

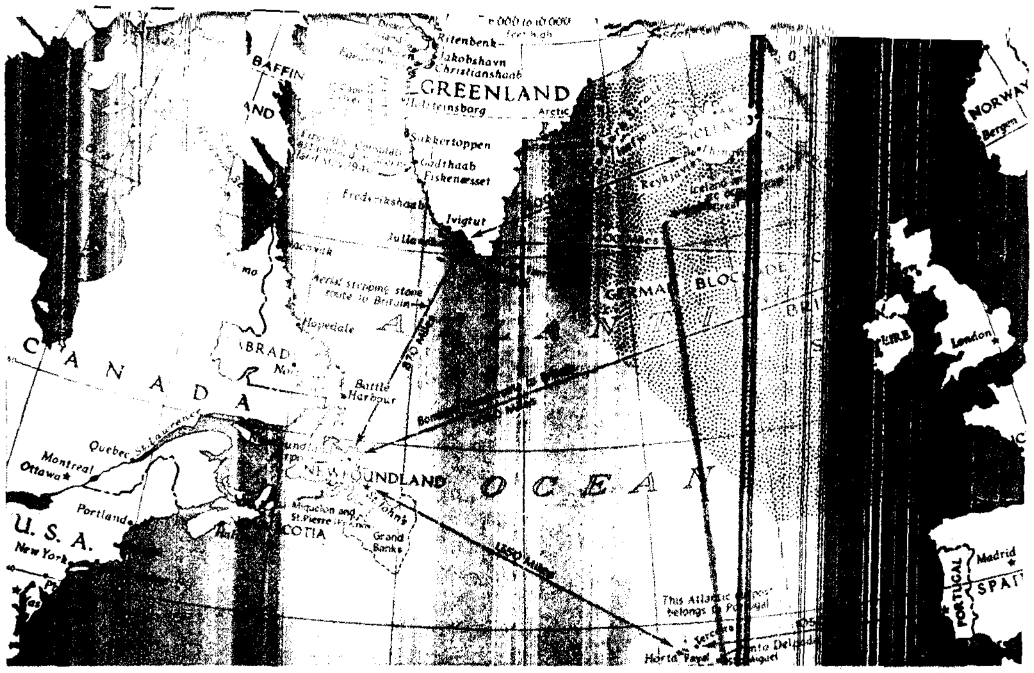
Harriman not policy.

No talk about war.

The first of these speaks for itself; the last was an indication of Roosevelt's determination that, at his forthcoming meeting with Churchill, no questions were to be asked as to when the United States would enter the war. The reference to Averell Harriman was the result of the awkward situation between him and Winant. Hopkins was instructed to inform Churchill that Harriman, as expediter of Lend-Lease, was an instrument, not a maker of policy—that Winant was still ambassador and, therefore, the President's personal representative to the king. *(It is doubtful that this explanation had any appreciable effect on the situation.)*

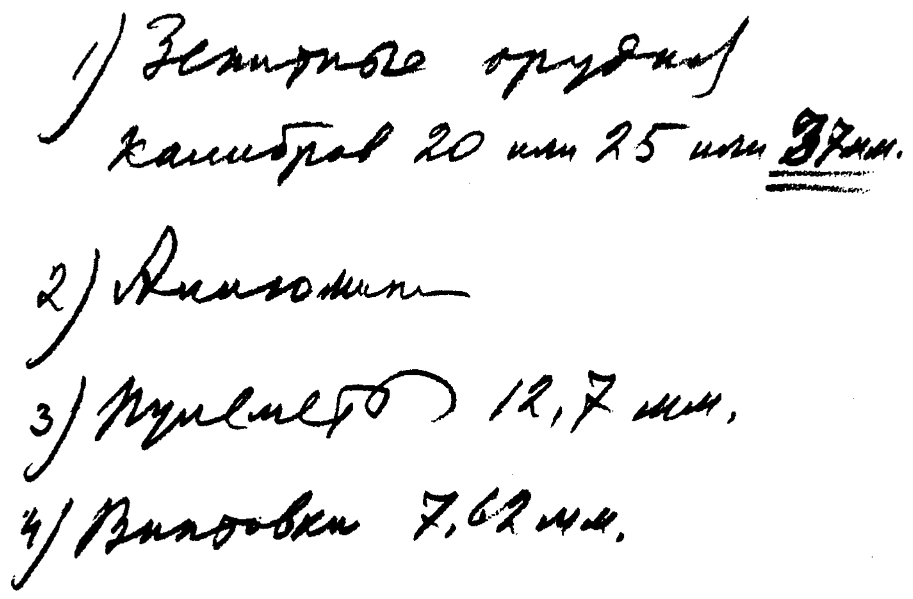
Most of Hopkins' conversations with Churchill on the forthcoming Atlantic Conference and the proposed American naval activities between the U.S. and Iceland were conducted in private and Hopkins kept no record of them. He did keep a full account of an interesting meeting at 10 Downing Street in which he participated with the Prime Minister, Harriman, the British Chiefs of Staff and the

(Continued on page 64)



ERNEST PALINKAS

(Above) Line drawn by F.D.R. on a National Geographic map to indicate the area of proposed U.S. air and sea patrol. Line extended from the South Atlantic to a point beyond Iceland and all sea lanes west of it were to be patrolled by us



1/ Зенитное орудие калибра 20 или 25 или 37 мм.

2/ Алюминий

3/ Пулеметы 12,7 мм.

4/ Винтовки 7,62 мм.

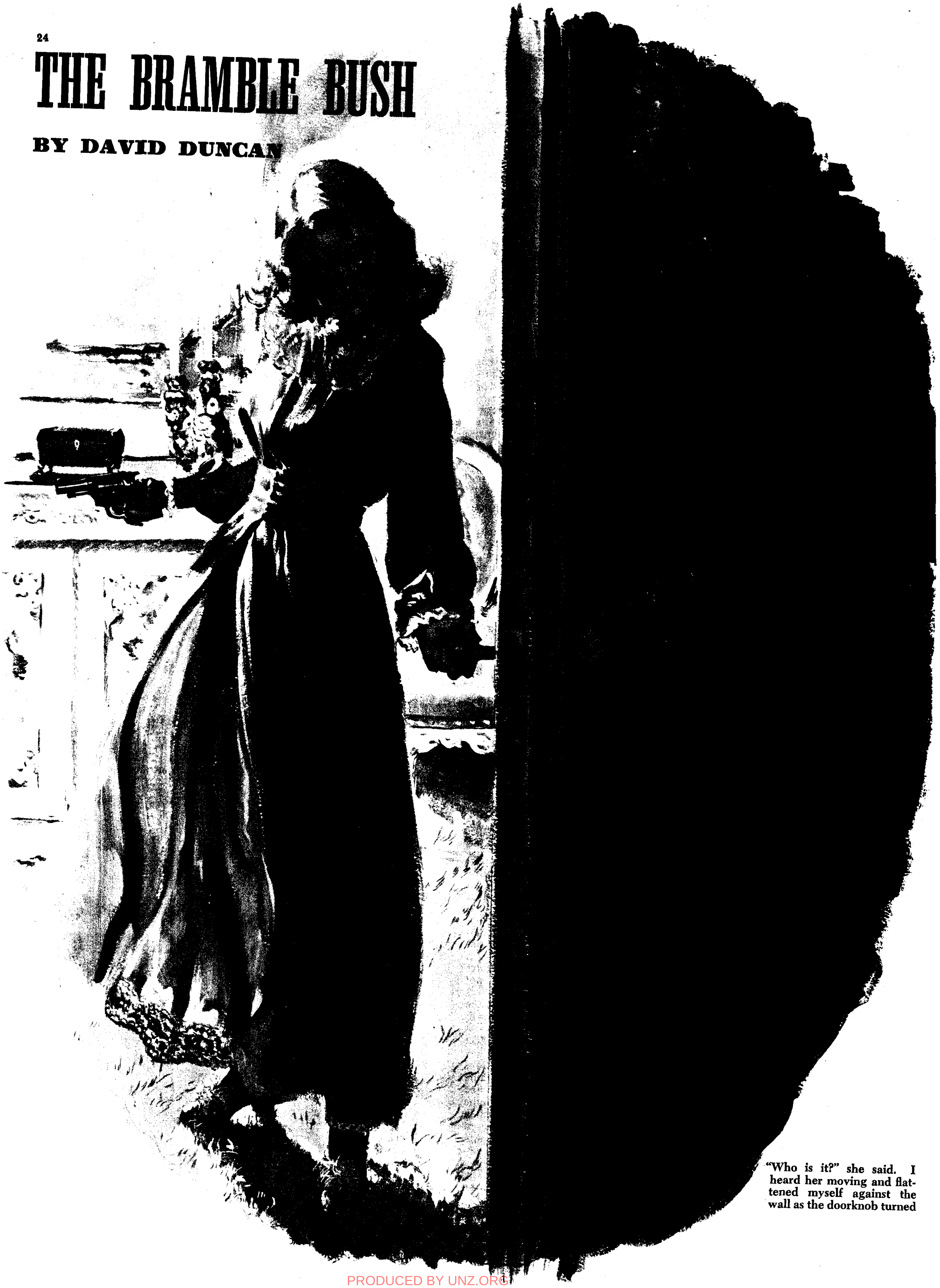
ERNEST PALINKAS

(Above) In this rare sample of Stalin's handwriting, a memorandum he handed Hopkins at their meeting in Moscow (below) is listed, in order of importance, the military equipment he wanted from the United States namely, (1) antiaircraft weapons, calibers 20, 25, and 37 millimeters. (2) Aluminum (which he said he wanted for airplanes). (3) 12.7-millimeter machine guns. (4) 7.62-millimeter rifles

SOV FOTO

THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN



"Who is it?" she said. I heard her moving and flattened myself against the wall as the doorknob turned

The Story:

Mike Finney—the narrator—finds himself in Mexico after the war, afraid to cross the border into the U.S. because of a little matter between himself and the F.B.I.: Finney had used a forged passport to fight in the Spanish revolution in 1938. After that, he had fought with the French underground. He's been away from home a long time. He plans now to cross the border under an assumed name, go to San Francisco, and then return to his home in Montana.

An unpleasant but seemingly harmless fellow expatriate named **Philip Tremaine**, learning something of Finney's situation, attempts to befriend him, showing Finney pictures of his sister, **Catherine Tremaine**, and his mother. The two men quarrel and fight over a Mexican girl, and Tremaine slinks off, leaving behind his wallet, containing a border permit. Finney, seeing his chance, uses the permit to cross the border under Tremaine's name. In Laredo, Finney realizes he's being checked up on by a plump, inquisitive American. Convinced that the plump man is not from the F.B.I., Finney makes sure he's not being followed and boards the bus.

As he gets off the bus in San Francisco, Finney looks across the street and sees the plump man who had hung around him at the border standing on the curb, watching him. Just then, a cab draws up and a girl gets out and offers him a ride; she calls him Philip. Finney thinks the girl has mistaken him for someone else, but she does look vaguely familiar. Intent on shaking off the plump man, Finney gets into the cab. Turning to look at the girl, he realizes that he has seen her face in a photograph: She is Catherine Tremaine.

II

WHEN the taxi turned left on Market Street I glanced out the rear window. Traffic was heavy. If any of the cars behind were following us, it was impossible to tell. I looked at the girl.

She was sitting forward on the seat, her fingers wound around the hand rope, watching the street ahead.

"Where are we going?" I said.

"Home. We are going home, Philip."

There was the name again. I reached in my back pocket and pulled out Tremaine's wallet. She stiffened as I made the gesture and watched me. I removed the picture and looked at it, then at her. There was no mistake.

"You have my picture," she said. It was almost a question.

"Yes." I couldn't explain how I got it. Not yet.

"That one is several years old. Things have changed so much."

"What things?"

She hesitated a long time.

"Shouldn't I have it?" Our conversation was strangely intimate. It was largely in whispers. I was trying to sound her out without disturbing my own delicate situation until I knew more.

"Of course," she said. "I sent it to you . . . Philip." The name came as a sort of tag ending, a word by itself not related to the rest of the sentence.

"I'd like to know more about this," I said.

She slid to the back of the seat and folded her hands in her lap. "Please. Can't we talk later? When we're alone?"

I examined her closely, but her face gave me no answer to the riddle. I leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

"Let me out at the next corner."

She started forward again. "Oh, no, Philip! You can't do that."

"Why can't I?"

"Because you just can't. You've just come home and can't leave now. You can't. It isn't safe."

"Why isn't it safe?" I asked her. "Keep going," I told the driver. "I'll tell you when I want out." I turned back to her. "What's the danger?"

"I don't need to tell you that."

"Perhaps you do." It was an absurd idea—that she was rescuing me from Plumpy. Plumpy might be dangerous, but did she know about him?

"When we're alone," she whispered.

I looked out the back window again. We'd driven up Market to Fourteenth Street, where we turned right and started winding into the hills on the slopes of Twin Peaks. No cars took the turn behind us.

"What are you looking for?" she asked nervously.

"I'm looking at the scenery. I haven't seen it in a long time." What puzzled me most was how she happened to meet the bus. She might have heard that a Philip Tremaine had crossed the border and taken a chance that he was her brother. But that still didn't tell me how she knew I'd be on that particular bus or why she persisted in treating me like a brother after meeting me. I stopped speculating. The only real point of interest to me was whether or not she knew I was Mike Finney. If she did, I wanted to know what she intended doing about it. If she didn't, I'd be on my way.

We climbed on into the hills. This section of town was all residences and strange to me. The streets looped and curved, and the houses were old mansions set back in the trees. We finally stopped in front of one of them and the girl got out. I followed her. She paid off the driver and then started leading me up a flight of steps between two hedges. I came along until the cab was out of sight, then stopped.

"All right," I said, "we're alone."

"Yes," she murmured. She stopped a few steps above me, her figure melting into the shadows. I could see the pale oval of her face.

"So now you can tell me."

"Let's go on to the house. We can talk there."

I laughed softly. The thing was tantalizing. "We were going to talk as soon as we were alone. We're very much alone right now. I told you at the station there'd been a mistake, and now I want you to pick up from there."

She came down toward me, shaking her head. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"We're on even terms, then. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Philip," she said. She hesitated, looking over my shoulder toward the lights of San Francisco far beneath. "You'll have to come. Mother is waiting."

"It's hardly that simple."

SHE turned and started up the steps again as though certain I would follow. I did. I caught her in three strides and pulled her to a stop.

"Look at me. Do I look like your brother?" She let her gaze rest on my face a moment.

"You've changed some, but I think I should always know you, no matter how many years you stayed away."

"How many years has it been?" I said.

"Isn't it ten now?"

"How old were you then?"

"I was fourteen," she said simply. "Almost half my life has passed since then." I detected a note of bitterness. She freed her arm from my hand and started up the steps again. I followed. Her error might be possible after all. Ten years is a long time when it covers the period between fourteen and twenty-four. She might have forgotten her brother's appearance.

"Does your mother expect us?"

"Of course," she said casually. "She sent me for you." The insidiousness and uncertainty of the situation gave it fascination. It was as vague and diffused as a gray sky from which rain might start falling in any quarter. If Mrs. Tremaine was the one who'd sent Catherine to meet me, then Mrs. Tremaine was the one to answer my questions. Catherine might think me her brother; Mrs. Tremaine would never mistake me for her son. But would she know I was Mike Finney? I had to find out. If I left now, Catherine could report a missing brother and give the police an accurate description of my appearance. It was immaterial whether I was hunted under one name or another; what I wanted was to avoid being hunted at all. I kept following the girl.

The steps gradually became shallower until they turned into a brick walk that left the confines of the hedge for a broad lawn. Even in the dark I could see it was run down. The grass was ragged and unkempt, and the shrubbery had shot long willowy suckers out past last year's trim. Sodden leaves covered the sidewalk and muffled our footsteps. Across the lawn was a massive stone house with a wide doorway set under a deep gabled entrance. We walked into its shadows, where Catherine stopped and groped in her coin purse for a key.

"Have you ever killed anyone?" she asked. She spoke softly but the question was startling.

"Yes, I suppose I have." She seemed not to hear my reply. She turned the key and pushed into the interior. I followed, closing the door behind us and automatically tried the knob to make sure it wasn't locked from the inside. We were in a high-ceilinged hallway; a curving flight of stairs ran upward on the left. On the right the glow of light sifted through the glass curtains of a double door. The place smelled old.

"Mother's been ill you know."

"No, I didn't know," I said.

"Nothing serious. At least, it's nothing new. Her heart. The move was too much for her, I suppose, and she's had to stay in bed the last few days."

"But she can see me?"

"She's waiting for you. Come." She led me up the stairway. At the top she snapped on a light and I saw another long hallway with a series of doors opening on both sides. She took me down to the last door on the left. "This room is ready for you. You can leave your suitcase here and then I'll take you to Mother—unless you want to wash up first."

"No, I'd rather see her at once." I opened the door to the room she said was mine and slid my suitcase into it. "Now," I said. She moved away again, then waited for me at another door down the hall.

"In here," she said. She was pale.

"Hadn't you better announce me?" I tried to imagine how a home-coming would be after a ten years' absence. Would there be this restraint? This breathlessness? There might be in the case of Philip Tremaine. He'd left home under a cloud—or so he'd told me.

"She expects you," said Catherine.

"I still think you'd better announce me. It's been a long time."

"All right." She tapped on the door and then opened it without waiting for a reply. I let her precede me, then stepped in and closed the door. The room was dim, and crowded with heavy walnut furniture. In the big bed with its fluted posts and balled spindles a woman was propped up against a stack of pillows. She was more like her picture than Catherine had been; she had silvery gray hair piled on top of her head; she had a lean face with a hawk nose slicing through the middle of it. Her quilted bed jacket was held together at the throat by a big crystal clasp.

"This is Philip, Mother," said Catherine.

THE woman looked at me and I waited for the gasp which would signify nonrecognition. None came. She frowned a little, but it seemed merely an effort to see me better in the dim room. She lifted a hand.

"Come here," she said. "Sit here where I can get a good look at you." Her voice was petulant but unhesitating.

I moved over beside the bed, pulled up a chair and sat down. A lamp on the table brightened my face. I felt rigid. Catherine turned toward the door.

"Don't go," I told her.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Tremaine. "Stay with us during this moment." She turned toward me again, her eyes examining my face—almost caressing it. "How are you, Philip?" Her hand crept out and closed strongly over mine. She patted me a moment and sighed. Perhaps it was only to me that the scene seemed strange. An expression of contentment settled over Mrs. Tremaine's face. It looked a little weary—as though a moment she had long awaited had finally arrived and now she could rest. She spoke again.

"This isn't the way it should be, is it? Finding me in bed like this. I wanted to meet you myself but the doctor said no." She patted my hand. "But I feel so much better now that you're here."

"I didn't quite expect this," I said.

"You didn't? You thought I would be angry? How little you understand the things a mother will bear for her son." She withdrew her hand and folded it across her breast with the other. Her eyes opened and looked at the ceiling. "How little you understand. I would do anything. Anything."

There was no help here. My question was still unanswered. A bereaved mother, physically ill and obsessed by a desire to see her son again, might willingly yield to an illusion and see in my face the features of one she loved. It had to be an illusion. Tremaine and I might look alike to a Mexican or someone of a different race, but that's as far as the resemblance went.

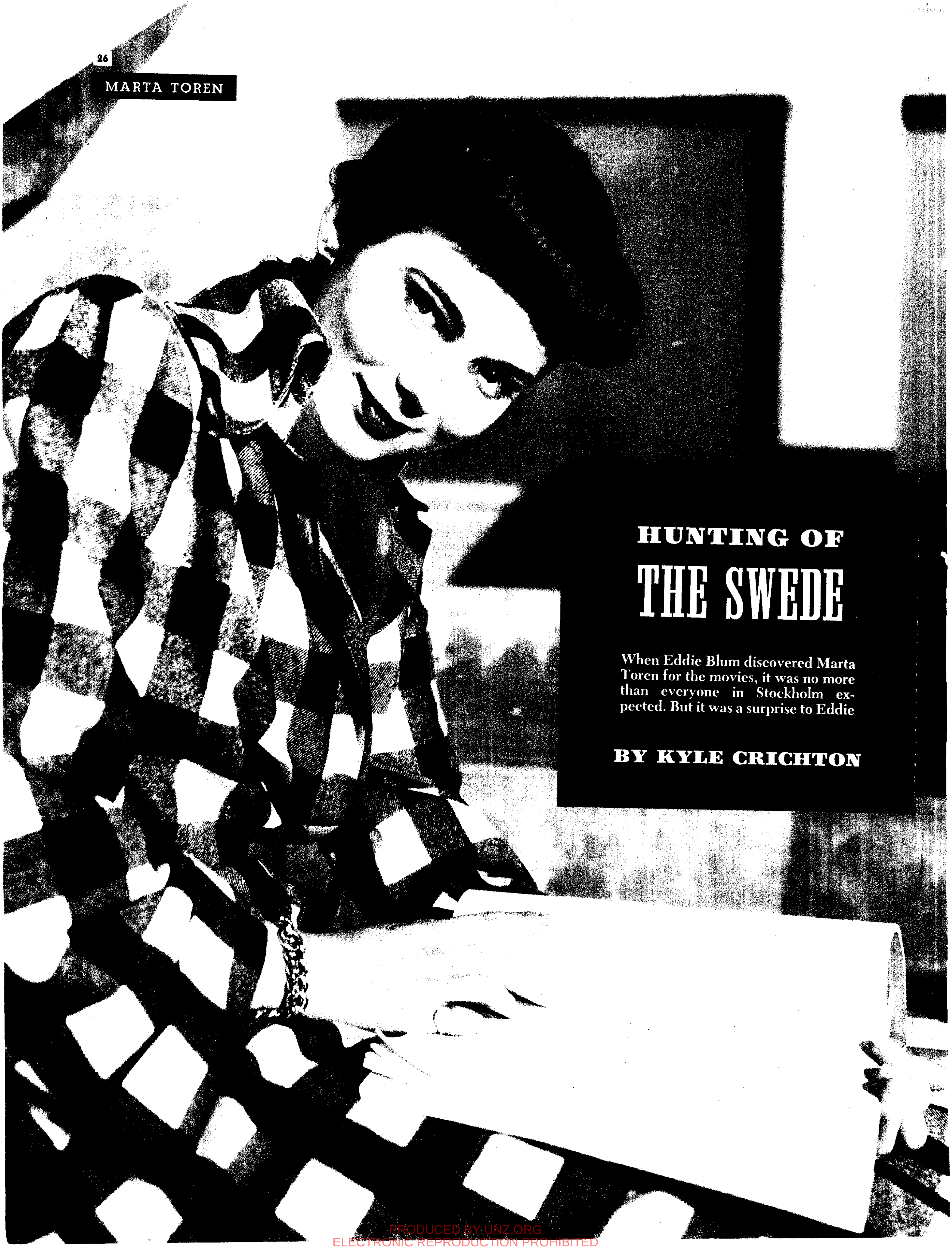
"If you two want to talk a while, I'll go see about dinner," Catherine said.

"I'm going to get up," said Mrs. Tremaine quietly. "This is Philip's homecoming, and I've been resting all day so I'd be able to come downstairs." She threw back the covers and then paused, waiting for us to leave the room. Catherine and I left. In the downstairs entryway she paused to take off her coat and hang it in the closet under the stairs. Then she led me into the living room.

It was a big room, at least forty feet long and half that wide. It smelled of

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA



HUNTING OF THE SWEDE

When Eddie Blum discovered Marta Toren for the movies, it was no more than everyone in Stockholm expected. But it was a surprise to Eddie

BY KYLE CRICHTON

WE WANT to make a little joke about the Swedes but we don't want to get the Swedes mad. They are a fine, spirited people and at the mile they have no equal. Our joke is about the movies and at this point it doesn't seem as funny as it did when we first thought of it. Our joke is that Americans once hunted buffalo and now they hunt Swedes. *There!* Not so bad, was it? Just a twinge, but no real pain.

What we mean is that everybody from Hollywood who goes to Sweden is hoping to bring back another Garbo or Bergman. We make no mention of dumb Swedes or Swedes with big feet or Swedes who want to be alone; we merely say that Americans once hunted buffalo and now they hunt Swedes.

Hence, the tale about Marta Toren and Eddie Blum. Miss Toren is now with Universal-International in Hollywood and has made another version of Algiers (which in turn was another version of *Pepe Le Moko).* The new film is called Casbah. The story, however, belongs particularly to Eddie Blum, a Hollywood writer who found himself in Stockholm doing a treatment of a film story on assignment from RKO.

Eddie is a modest fellow both in stature and manner, and his name does not appear among the better-fed Hollywood writers, although he did turn out Down to Earth with Don Hartman as a vehicle for Rita Hayworth. In Stockholm he was tapping away at his typewriter in the Castle Hotel and minding his own business when the clerk called from downstairs to say that the reporters were waiting.

"Me?" cried Eddie, rising proudly from the phone and pointing to himself in bewilderment. "Interview me?"

The idea struck him as quaint, but he composed himself while the press filed in. He reared back importantly to give his views on international peace, foreign exchange and the atomic bomb but it seemed the reporters had other ideas. They asked him when he had come, how long he was going to stay, did he like Stockholm and what was he doing?

Eddie said he had come in Wednesday, liked Stockholm fine and would stay till he got the script done with the Swedish background.

"I suppose you're going to discover a Swedish actress and take her back to Hollywood?" said one of the reporters, the gentleman from the Aftonbladet.

"Oh, I imagine if I ran into anybody—" said Eddie, waving an airy hand.

That was enough. They bolted through the door, and Blum could hear them clattering down the stairs. Next day the headlines smacked him.

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD
PRODUCER CRAVES
NEW SWEDISH STAR

It seems that Mr. Blum, *Herr Filmförfattaren* (meaning screen writer), was practically demented with a desire to capture a new Garbo. After that Eddie had to lock himself in his room if he wanted to write. His progress through the lobby was a triumphal procession, with human sacrifices being thrown under the wheels of his chariot. This gave Eddie to think.

"What the hell, now," he said to himself. "Maybe I *ought* to find somebody and take her back."

There was nothing romantic about this notion because Mrs. Blum was right there with Eddie, willing to chaperon any girl Eddie might find, and Eddie as well.

Eddie started to explore the haunts where actresses are usually found and ran up against a stone wall immediately. The Royal Dramatic Academy had never heard of Mr. Blum and in any case was not enraptured with the notion of his stealing away their talented people. He managed an interview with Mrs. Brunius, imperious grand lady who ran the academy.

"Letting you in here," said Mrs. Brunius, "would be like turning a fox loose among the sheep."

"You mean wolf," said Eddie hopefully.

"No, fox," said Mrs. Brunius.

"You will pardon me, Madame Brunius," he cried hotly, "but what you are saying makes little sense. What greater asset has Sweden than its representatives abroad? Bergman alone has done more to make Sweden beloved than all your diplomats. Garbo is an international balance of trade for your wonderful country!"

Oh, Eddie really turned it on, and out of the corner of his eye he could see Madame Brunius melting. The upshot was that he was turned over to Herr Rudolph Wendbladh, director of the training school, and allowed to wander freely among the lambs. The trouble was that he didn't find anything he wanted. "None of them were—you know, American, international enough."

The movie studios were tried with no better luck. There were interesting actresses and promising actresses but obviously the crop had been culled by other Hollywood scouts and there was nothing left. Eddie went back to the academy.

"Now, about these classes you have for newcomers—" he began.

Herr Wendbladh threw up his hands. "Children," he cried. "Mere children. They know nothing; they have had no time to learn anything. Impossible."

Blum turned on his native charm, added a touch of obstinacy and persistence and Herr Wendbladh capitulated. He was permitted to look at the neophytes. The first one he saw was the girl who later turned out to be Marta Toren.

"My heart leaped," says Eddie in ecstatic retrospect. "If it wasn't my heart it was my acquisitive instinct at least. 'That's her,' I said to myself and quickly added, 'That's she.' I was on my best behavior in Sweden."

The Male Lead Rebels

As in all proper stories, this is where the trouble began. Luckily Marta spoke a little English (high school-acquired) but Eddie was now at the point where a screen test was called for and there wasn't an available male actor in town who spoke the language. He put the matter up to Captain Bob Robb, assistant military attaché at the American embassy. Captain Robb's wife had been a Hollywood actress and he wasn't afraid of the thing but when he read the script Eddie had pasted together for the test, he rebelled.

"Eddie, for heaven's sake," he protested. "That lovey-dovey stuff . . . The words would stick in my throat."

But Eddie worked on him and after a few rehearsals the captain learned to say, "Darling," and, "I love you," without too much trouble and affairs were in excellent shape. Blum had arranged for a studio for the test and was just waiting for the next day, when an interesting thing happened. He had sent back his screen script to RKO and now RKO was answering him.

In her dressing room between takes, Miss Toren applies some glamor while her mentor, Eddie Blum, supplies some coaching. It works out very well

"I think we made a mistake," the studio wrote. "The story is no good; the script is no good. You are off salary as of immediately."

Eddie sat in his hotel room and looked at this through a mist.

"Here I am," he said sadly. "Everybody in town knows I'm going to make that test. I'm the big producer. Stockholm hangs on my words; Hollywood waits with bated breath . . . and here I am, stony. What am I to do—tell everybody I'm a fake?"

So he had a Swedish massage and placed himself under a sun lamp.

"I wanted something to remind me of my dear, sweet, sunny home in Beverly Hills," says Eddie glumly.

As he lay under the lamp he gave himself to thought, looking fixedly aloft as his mind turned over. Yes, the test had to go on; there was nothing else to it. He went to bed with his mind at rest and at three in the morning he awoke with such a burning in his eyes that his wife trundled him off to a hospital.

"Eh," said the doctor upon examination. "Sun lamp. Two minutes more and you'd have been blind."

Blum remembered then that he had been under the lamp without dark glasses and with his eyes open. The doctor wrapped him up till he looked like a swami and warned him not to use his eyes under threat of disaster. The one thing Mr. Blum positively must not do, said the doctor, was expose his eyes to the light. "Oh, great Jehovah!" cried Mr. Blum in agony. "I'm making a screen test at ten o'clock this morning. There's nothing on a movie set *but* lights!" The doctor shrugged and said this was all very interesting but his opinion remained the same.

"Well," says Blum, "the test is supposed to be secret and every important actor in town is there to see what my new find will do. Captain Robb is in a bad state, scared pie-eyed. What saved us was Marta. She held up Robb; she held me up. I can't see a thing.

"We make a first test and it turns out black. I can't see Marta and her face is flattened out and she looks awful. By this time Robb is getting better and I'm getting worse and Marta is wonderful. She's just a kid being watched by all those gimlet eyes and she's never acted before and she gives a terrific performance. I didn't know it then because I couldn't see it but when I saw the tests later I knew it."

Of course Eddie didn't know how Hollywood would take to his capture but he decided to go out in a blaze of glory. His wife and son were waiting at the Capital Hotel for plane reservations that never seemed to come through and Eddie considered this the proper time to throw a party in honor of the people who had done so much to help him.

Almost a One-Bottle Party

"The thing kept building up and finally we had a hundred and eighteen guests. Then I started looking for liquor. The hotel couldn't help me; RKO in Stockholm couldn't help. I went to the Liquor Control Board. 'Ya, Ya,' said the clerk, 'one bottle.' Well, I finally made it but I'm not going to tell you how."

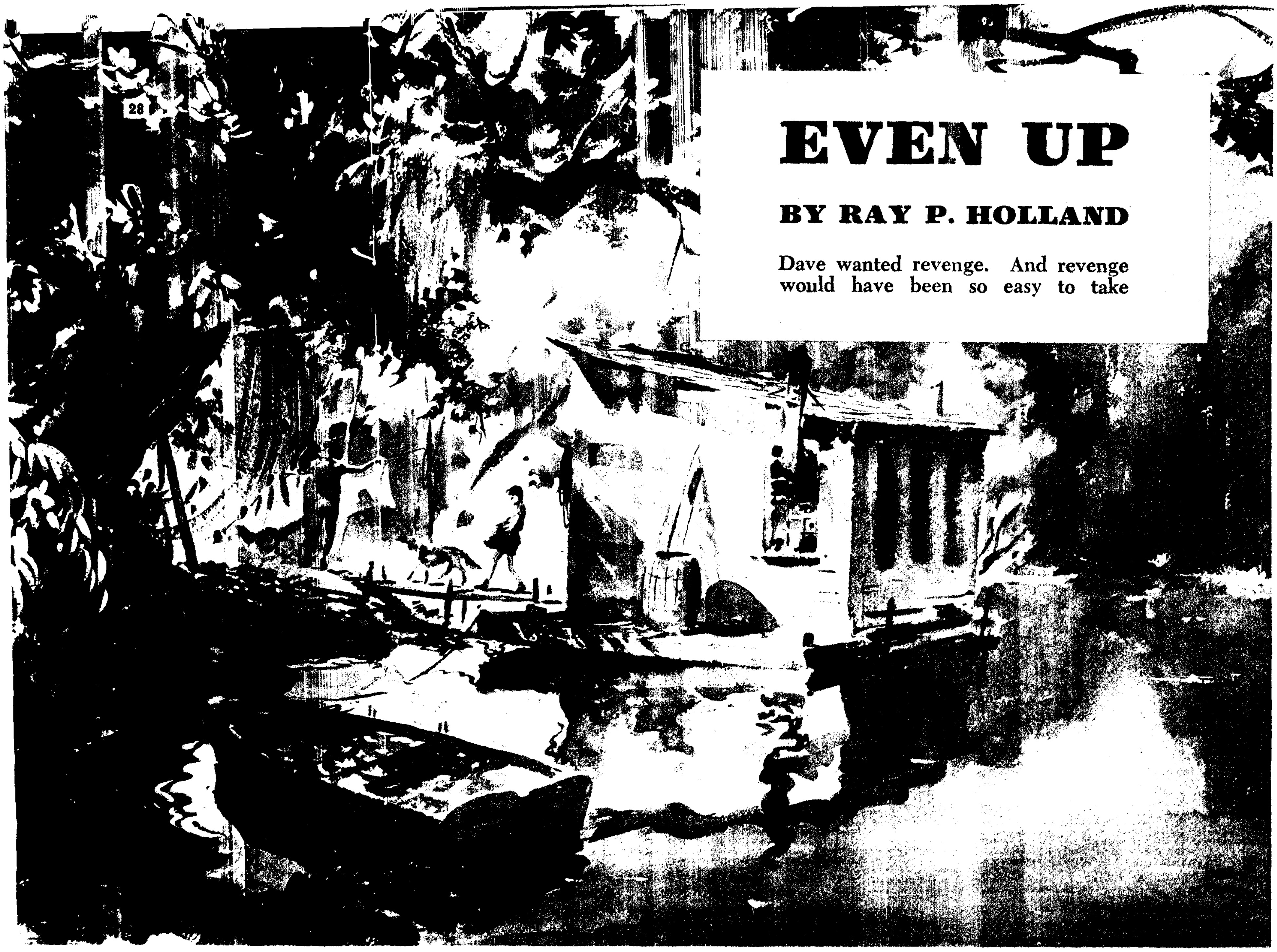
That started a wave of celebration. Since he had given them one, the Swedes had to give *him* one. That was arranged by Miss Toren's father, ex-Major Helge Toren, now advertising manager of the *Svenska Dagbladet*. That was at the Grand Hotel and it broke up in the small hours of the morning. The Blums were catching an eight-o'clock train and of course the whole party was down to see them off.

What remained now was to sell Hollywood the idea of Marta Toren, and Eddie did that with little trouble. He even made it a bit hard by insisting that he must have a three-picture deal in which he would direct Marta. In addition he was to get a guarantee of $25,000 and Marta was to start at $500 a week.

The Universal-International people found this an excellent proposition and in due course Marta arrived.

We have seen Miss Toren and are prepared to accept Mr. Blum's appraisal of her qualities. She is tall, thin and photographs beautifully if the cameraman is careful in lighting her high cheekbones. Since it took a year for Hollywood to learn how to handle Ingrid Bergman with the same type of face, the knowledge is now available and Toren will have easier going. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN



EVEN UP

BY RAY P. HOLLAND

Dave wanted revenge. And revenge would have been so easy to take

THE big river was in flood. Dirty, silt-laden water was overflowing the lowlands. The stream was filled with logs and sticks and trash mixed with green trees torn from their roots by the flood. Here and there were a piece of an old roof, a gate, a section of wire fence held afloat by the posts that had been yanked from the soil, a dead hog, a heavy plank with a chicken perched on one end. Close along the shore floated a houseboat. A huge man sculled with a long oar, trying to direct the course of his craft.

"If I can get her into that eddy," the man said, "I believe this is the place we've been looking for."

"Looks like there's a town right ahead," the boy said.

"Sure, that's Hartsville. I aim to stop this side. We're right on the edge of town here and it won't be too far for you to go to school. That's one thing we've got to look out for. You've got to go to school."

The heavy boat was caught by the edge of the eddy and swung far out over the normal bank of the stream. Frantic poling and shoving floated it farther away from the swirling flood until it grounded. Then the man jumped over into knee-deep water and tied her fast to a great cottonwood tree. Next he drove stakes alongside to keep the houseboat from swinging if the water rose. A plank was laid from the front deck to the shelf of higher land against which the boat rested. Across this plank the boy led a pointer dog and tied him to a stake that he had driven into the ground. Then he brought off a second dog, a young bloodhound, and staked him. A third dog, a setter, made the trip back and forth each time. He was a privileged character and didn't have to be tied.

No one in the town of Hartsville knew anything about Dave. No one cared anything about him—no one, that is, except the game warden, who was sure the houseboater was a poacher, that he shot game out of season and in, and furthermore that he sold that game in direct violation of the law. But the warden was never able to prove it.

Dave was industrious. He fished for the market and he hunted hard. Sometimes he trained dogs for the local sportsmen. Each year in the spring, when the river was in flood, he would go out in his skiff and drag in large cottonwood logs as they came floating downstream. These he anchored to the shore and later he sawed them to length and split them for the local foundry. He must have made good money, for Dave drank a lot of whisky and whisky costs money. But he never drank too much.

Jerry, the boy, went to school and helped with the dogs and the nets. Behind the houseboat shanty Dave had built dog kennels with wire runs for his own dogs and for those he might be training. In contrast with his home, these were kept spotlessly clean. They were built of the best he could buy, with runs half concrete and half earth. There was a table in each run where the dogs could lie in the sun up off the ground. Trees provided shade.

Rivers and fish and dogs have a fascination for most boys, and many of Jerry's schoolmates came to the riverbank with him after school. The fish in the big "live" box were always a source of interest. Bud Crandle was the most consistent visitor. His father, Herman Crandle, owned a big place right north of town. Mr. Crandle had fine dogs and fine horses and his acres were posted against trespassing.

SEVERAL years after the river had deposited Dave, his son and his dogs at the edge of Hartsville something happened that brought the man into the public eye. Herman Crandle had him arrested for trespassing, and Judge Jackson fined him ten dollars and warned him that the laws of the community must be observed. But that wasn't all. Crandle had caught him red-handed and in the heat of argument had said, "The next time I catch a dog of yours on my land I intend to shoot him."

Dave didn't answer for a second or two. Then, looking Crandle straight in the eye, he said quietly, "If you shoot that setter, I'll kill you."

Crandle believed him. He made much over it and pleaded with Judge Jackson that the man should be put under bond to keep the peace or, better still, that riffraff such as he should be run out of town. Now, Judge Jackson was a bird-dog man, and Dave had trained a puppy for him, and the judge miffed Crandle by laughing at him.

"He isn't going to shoot you," laughed the judge. "He isn't that kind of fellow. That is, unless you shoot his dog, and you wouldn't do that. You shouldn't have said that in the first place, for if you did shoot a hunting dog for crossing your land, the owner could make it pretty hot for you. That's the law." . . .

Mrs. Herman Crandle was head of the Women's Civic Center. She and her friends did a great deal of talking about the atmosphere in which Dave was bringing up young Jerry. One morning several of the ladies, accompanied by an officer, appeared at the houseboat. They came aboard and started to enter when Dave stopped them.

He addressed himself to the policeman: "That's my home. Unless you have a warrant—I warn you—don't enter. And you better keep these prying females away from here."

"I guess we can look in," snapped one of the ladies. "Just as I thought. Such filth! Bed not made. Dirty dishes everywhere, and I don't think the floor has ever been swept."

Several days later the judge drove up. He got out of his car and came down to the river's edge where Dave was mending a net. The judge sat on a log for a while, smoking his pipe,

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

Hot days ahead—breeze through them!

One Pound Net Weight
Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork Sausage
For Goodness' Sake Keep Cold
Small LINKS
SWIFT QUALITY FOOD
A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

THIS SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD DINNER *speeds you out of the kitchen*

Why broil *yourself* over a hot range when so little cooking makes such delicious eating? No bird-like picking and pecking here. They'll lick this platter clean of luscious strawberries, tender asparagus and SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD—that super savory sausage!

BROOKFIELD is out in front for flavor due to a perfect seasoning blend. Not too spicy, not too mild—Swift's secret formula gives you the combination of zest and delicacy that millions find "just right".

Every tasty mouthful is made from selected cuts of pure pork—rich in energizing high-quality proteins and Vitamin B. And, in links or bulk, this nourishing sausage is made fresh daily in our kitchens from coast to coast! No wonder it's America's favorite.

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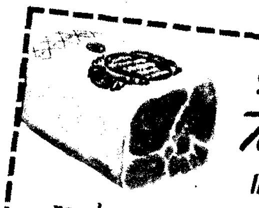

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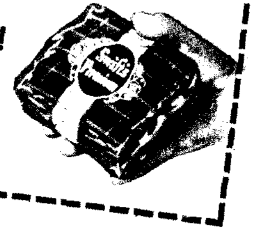

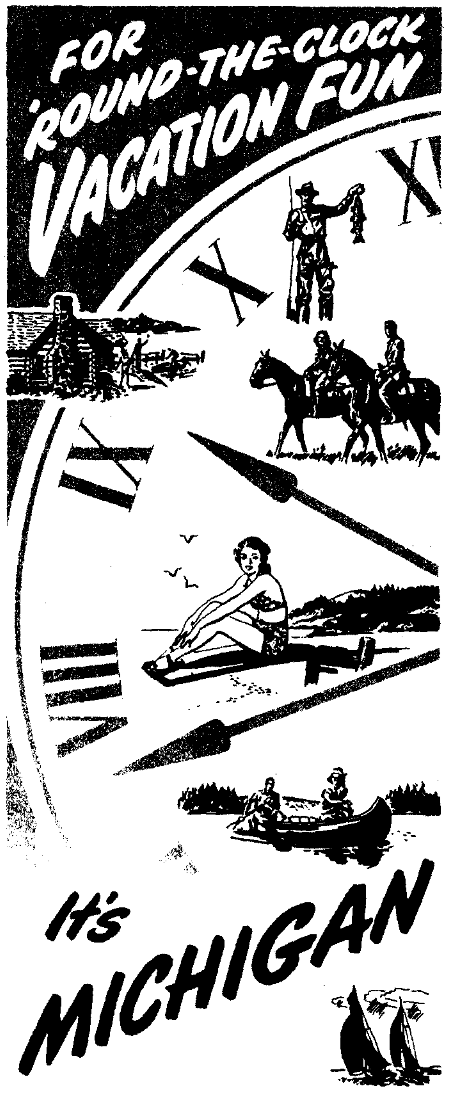

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"STATE OF *Happiness* FOR EVERYONE"

ALONG CAME MARY

Continued from page 14

After Father had died, Mother had said, as if thinking aloud, "I'll sell the stables. Get rid of those silly horses." That day Elwood had really dared to protest. He'd boldly raised his voice. And Mother, rather surprisingly, had agreed, "All right. I won't sell the stables. At least, not yet."

Only later, a couple of years later, when he was in Princeton, had Elwood awakened to a realization that the stables were another whip in his mother's hands. One more whip. When Elwood dared to deviate from the course she set for him, the procedure was—for years had been—this: First she paled and staggered and approached that awful condition of collapse (her heart, her blood pressure!), and if these seemed less than instantly effective, she moaned aloud, "Those stables! Ten doddering old horses costing a fortune to keep! I will—I *will* indeed—sell them tomorrow!"

So, as has been indicated, Elwood made concessions. And as everybody knows, when one concession has been made the next comes more easily. Elwood took to shrugging, to acquiescing, and Elwood was not happy.

He was especially not happy with Colonel Potter, who wore diamonds profusely and disapproved strongly of Great Britain, France, Scandinavia, Russia and all of Asia and South America. Mrs. Potter wasn't much more bearable. She did inspirational dancing, and her face looked like an aerial map of an arid country. They were on board early the day Gulfwind sailed, and so were the Dunningtons. (Sherman Dunnington, that was, of Dunnington, Dana, Burnside & Nolde, not his son Stinko Dunnington who'd been at Princeton with Elwood and was later cut off without a dime.)

EMILY KERR tripped down the pier at eleven, with her two maids. Mrs. Remington-Hart greeted her effusively. "So terribly wonderful to see you, my dear. You remember Elwood?"

Emily, from her greater height, looked down at Elwood. Oh, that nose! "Hello, Elwood," she said.

"Hello, Emily," Elwood said.

"I'm so *excited*," Emily said.

She looked about as excited as an Irishman with another potato. Mrs. Remington-Hart gave her arm an intimate little squeeze. "Wonderful that you're going to be with us," she said. "It should be grand fun. The Marquis de Verblin is in Palm Beach, you know, and the Webley-Koobs and Mrs. Wrisley, Sr., are in Havana—"

Emily sucked in her breath as though she could hardly believe their luck; the air hissed through the spaces between her teeth. Mrs. Remington-Hart, turning her head, signaled a steward with two crisp claps of her hands.

"Say to the captain that we're ready to—ah—cast off!"

All the way south the sea was blue, the breezes were soft, and Gulfwind—137 feet long with six double staterooms, five baths, and crew accommodations for nine—sped like an arrow. They made Palm Beach in three days. The Marquis de Verblin came aboard from his speedboat. He kissed Mrs. Remington-Hart's hand. He kissed Emily's hand. He was very gay. He invited everybody to his château for dinner.

"I don't want to go to dinner with the Marquis," Elwood said. "I'd rather stay aboard. I'm tired."

"Nonsense." said Mrs. Remington-Hart, closing the conversation. At nine o'clock they went ashore to the Marquis' château. There were twenty-seven dinner guests in addition to the party from Gulfwind. The lion of the evening was a Hungarian psychoanalyst who looked as if he had taken a swim in his clothes. He talked loudly and would not permit interruption. Elwood, nauseated, drifted out on the terrace under the moon; here he toyed with and rejected the notion of sending a servant for a Martini, after which he ambled down the lawn toward the sea.

Then somebody said, "Hello, there."

It was a girl's voice. *Damn,* Elwood thought. *Women.* But he looked.

The moonlight fell on her face and he knew he had never seen this girl before. In fact, it occurred to him with a most extraordinary springing up of heart that he had never seen anybody remotely like her before. She was small, about five feet two, with very wide eyes and a clear skin and curling blond hair. Her teeth were white and even. She was not merely pretty; a radiance—more than moon radiance—seemed to imbue her, a special warmth. He thought she was beautiful.

She spoke again. "I suppose you're from the yacht?"

"Yes. And you—you're staying at the château?"

She had a soft voice, low and rather husky, confident and assured. "I work here. I'm secretary to the Marquis de Verblin."

"Oh," Elwood said. It was remarkable the way the breath jammed in his throat. "That must be unpleasant," he said. He couldn't conjure up anything scintillating to add. He simply stood there in the moonlight. After a long minute the girl nodded and turned and went away. A thought galvanized him—he hadn't learned her name! He took a step after her and called out, "Hey! You haven't told me your name."

She was already lost in shadows. But she heard him. "Mary," she said.

And then she was gone.

Mary, he said to himself, testing the syllables. Strange that he'd never before known how much music there was in the name Mary. A lovely name. A poem. After a while the moon went under a cloud. It was very dark then and, suddenly, cold. . . .

There came hourly cables from the Webley-Koobs in Havana, protesting that Mrs. Remington-Hart must hurry along to Cuba; so many delightful parties; a celebrated violinist was stopping with them and a famous novelist had promised to come to tea.

SO ON the fourth day they left for Havana. Elwood was unnaturally depressed. He stayed all day in his cabin. He found himself thinking about the girl Mary; he hadn't seen her again, neither on the yacht nor at the château. No doubt she'd been busy typing the inspirational letters that the Marquis dictated daily to his bankers. But mainly Elwood kept to his cabin because he couldn't face the chatter of Emily, the idiocy of Colonel Potter. He slept badly.

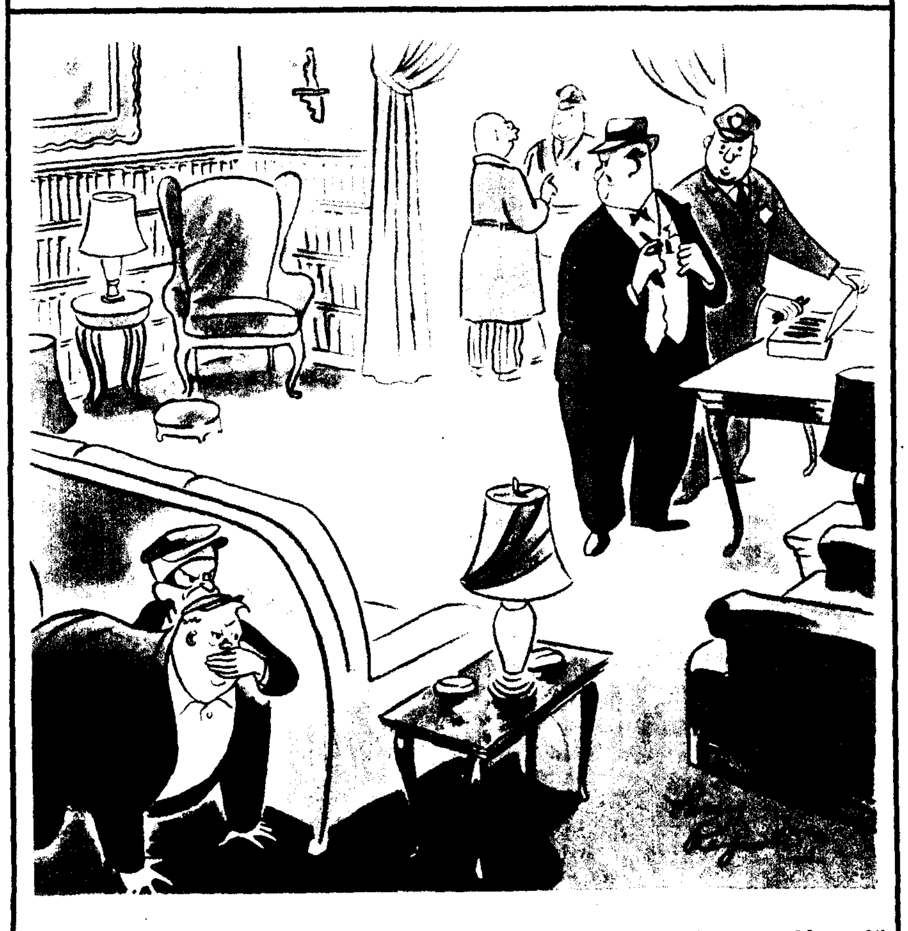
He was up before dawn next day to watch Havana rise out of the sea. It was windless and quiet, the air was as soft as velvet, the lights along the Malecón gleamed like a string of pearls—and for a fleeting moment he experienced a sensation of peace that carried him back in time to the old country house, his father and himself together on the stable fence in the sweet early sun, watching the boys work the prancing horses. . . .

But only for a moment. The new day—the present—intruded. Gulfwind came to anchor in the Almendares River. A speedboat rushed downstream and bumped alongside. It was the Marquis de Verblin.

Everybody thought it was so *amusing* and so typical. The Marquis had flown over in his plane. A *wonderful* surprise, Mrs. Remington-Hart cried. The Marquis kissed her hand. Half an hour later he noticed Elwood and said, "How are you, Elwood?"

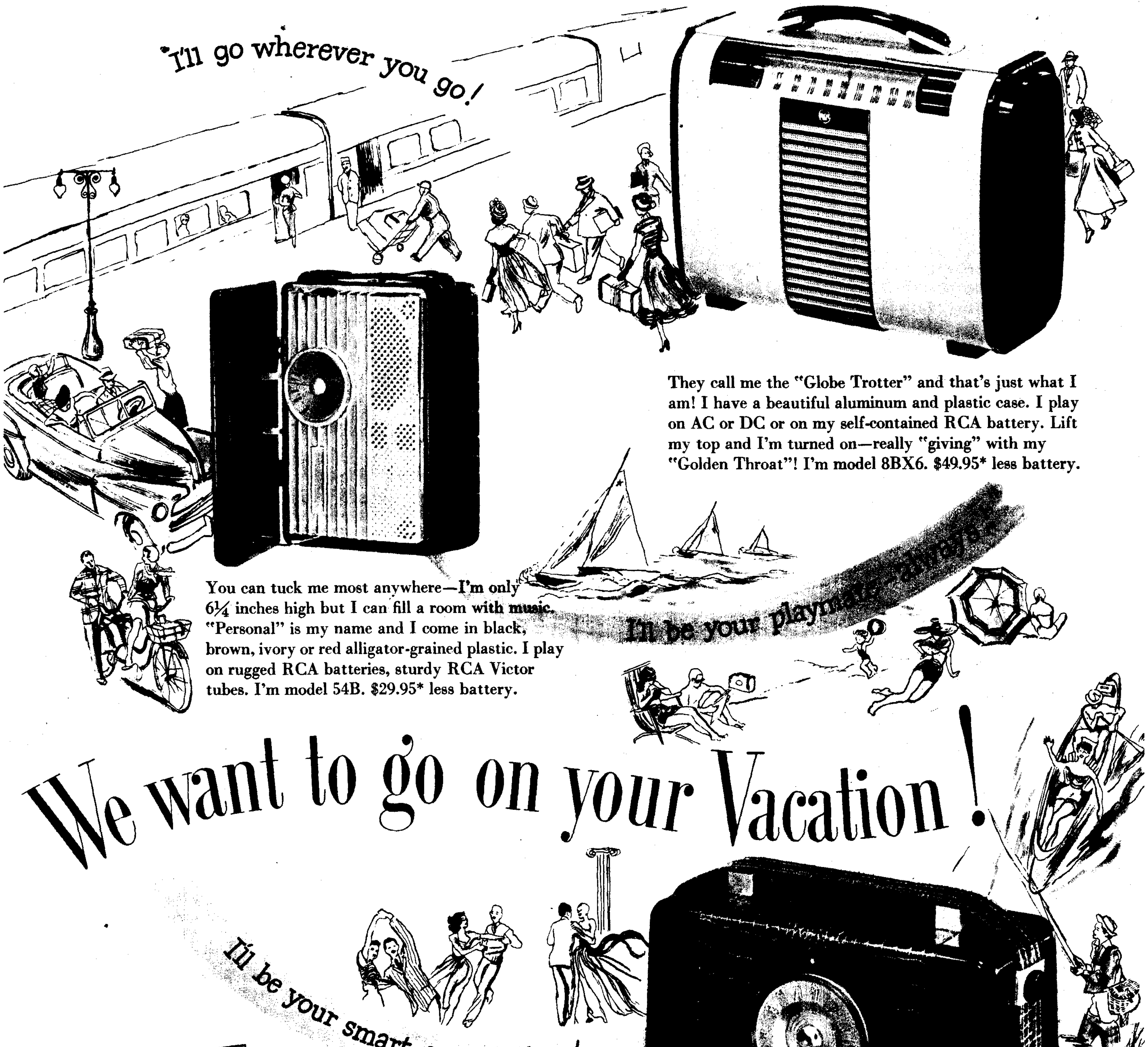
Elwood didn't like him. He was six

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Did you hear somebody go, 'Tch, tch,' when I reached for th' cigars, Clancy?"

COLLIER'S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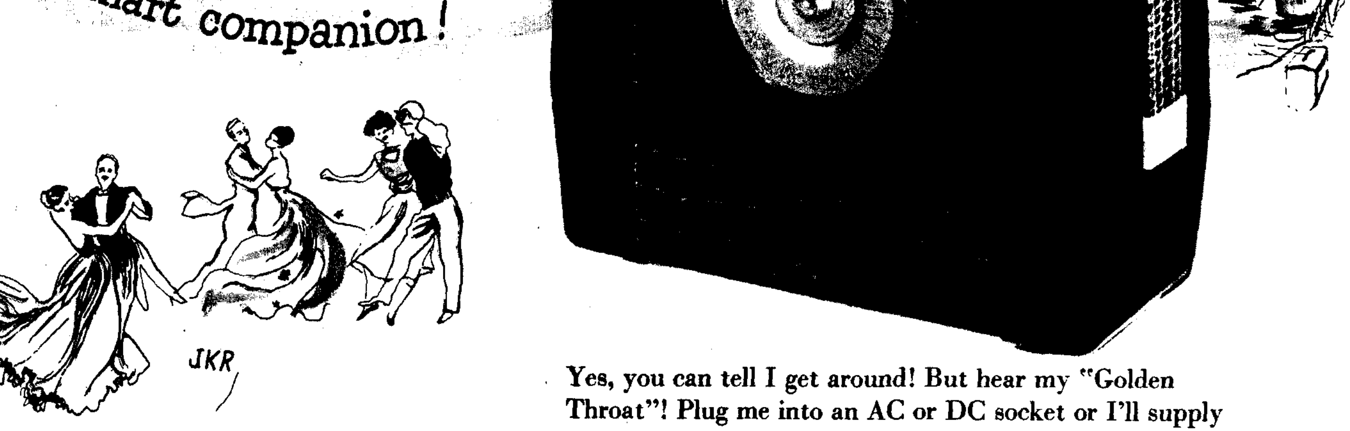
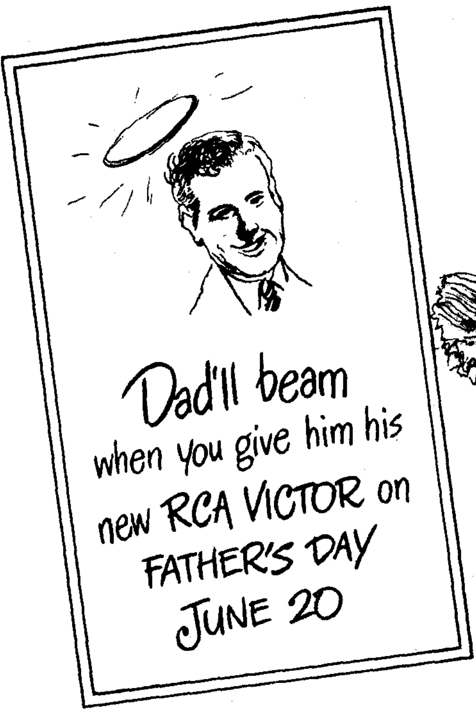

I'll be your smart companion!
JKR

Yes, you can tell I get around! But hear my "Golden Throat"! Plug me into an AC or DC socket or I'll supply the power myself from my RCA battery! And how do you like my case? It's durable maroon plastic, my golden finished trim won't tarnish and that's a luggage-type covering you see. I'm model 8BX5. $34.95* less battery.



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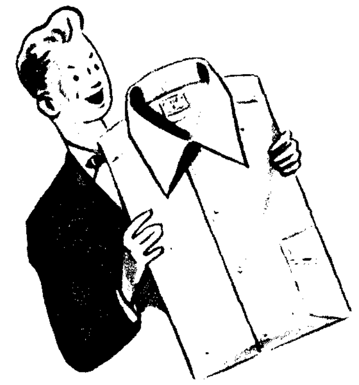

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ESSLEY SHIRTS SPORTSWEAR PAJAMAS
FOR MEN AND BOYS

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feet four inches tall and his eyes were close together. He never let a day go by without referring to his hemophilia. Elwood said, "I'm fine," but he said it to the air. The Marquis hadn't waited for an answer. He was leaning on the rail telling Emily what the Duc de Guia had said to him about the peasant classes.

Mrs. Remington-Hart had reserved a floor at the Della Quercia, so they all drove to the hotel. And it was there, under a potted palm in the lobby, that Elwood saw the girl for a second time. Mary. She had a small leather brief case tucked under one arm; she looked cooler than a rose with dew on it. Elwood fell back while the others swept into the elevators. Then he crossed the lobby and came up behind the girl.

"Mary what?" he said.

This was, of course, abrupt. It was not Elwood's nature to be rash. He wondered if this might be the beginning of a madness possessing him. The girl swung around. "Hi," she said. Her face was exactly as he had remembered it—heart-shaped and radiant. He said, "The other night. At Palm Beach. You didn't tell me your last name."

"Clancy," she said.

"Oh," Elwood said, perhaps a little vaguely. He had never known anybody actually named Clancy. "To be sure," he said. "Clancy."

"I know," the girl said quickly. "The name has a strange ring, hasn't it? Unlike the Philadelphia Kerrs, the Detroit Haights, the Southampton Dunningtons, we Clancys are somewhat obscure—"

"Well—" Elwood said.

"No. Let me finish. Family is so important, don't you think? I'd like you to know that we're the old Bayonne, New Jersey, branch of the original County Kerry Clancys. Policemen, mostly; though my father's a fireman—and a good one. Odd thing about us is, we're average people. We may even be the last of the average people. We never join yacht clubs and we haven't a single box at the opera."

She smiled at him. The smile was beautiful but it made him uneasy. There seemed to be something behind it that *he didn't quite catch. More, that is, than* the obvious sarcasm. Did it mean she disliked him? That she was bitter about something? He couldn't tell. He said, "Now wait a minute—"

"Piffle," she said brightly, and hurried toward an elevator. There was no way to stop her. In a condition of mind as black as a pit, he watched her go. And presently, having lighted a cigarette and thrown it away, he went upstairs, too, bracing his nerves, to face his mother.

MRS. REMINGTON-HART had indicated, by the infallible sign of the furrowed brow, that she was irked. In fact, boiling. He knew why, but he had to go through with it.

"You are being deliberately rude to Emily," she challenged.

"I'm sorry you think so. But I—"

She lifted her hand and silenced him. "You have scarcely spoken a word to her on the yacht. Inexcusable. At Palm Beach you did not dance with her once. This is also inexcusable."

"Gosh," he said. "If you want to call what she does *dancing*—"

Then Mrs. Remington-Hart was really furious. He regretted his words instantly, of course, but it was too late. "Listen to me," she said in the rasping tone she used in extremities of temper, just before the convulsions, the fainting, the collapse. "Since we left New York I have been observing Emily closely. She has charm. She is sound. Her family—well, we *know* her family. I have made up my mind."

Elwood suppressed a shudder. This was it. "You have made up your mind about what, Mother?"

"I have decided to permit you to marry Emily."

Then Elwood stopped suppressing and shuddered frankly and openly. "Darn it, Mother—" But the words died. Protest was, in the face of impending spasms, hopeless. "When?" he asked.

"I will consider the date and let you know."

"Thanks," he said. Mrs. Remington-Hart flared. She said sternly, "In view of your really intolerable behavior, you will remain at the hotel this afternoon. We are taking tea at the Webley-Koobs'. The Marquis de Verblin will sing for us. But you will remain at the hotel. Is that understood?"

It was understood.

The party went at four, and good riddance. Still, Elwood felt awful. He had nothing to do. The hotel room seemed to close in about him like a prison. Then the idea of a swim struck him, and he put on trunks and a robe and went down to the pool. The sun was hot and good and he dived in and floated on his back. While he was looking around for a waiter to bring him a mineral water, he saw Mary.

SHE wore a pink bathing suit, two pieces. She looked lovely. She came across the lawn and sat on the pool's edge, and Elwood dared to swim over, hoping his approach seemed casual. "Hello," he said. "Hello! You didn't go to the Webley-Koobs'?"

"In the second place," Mary Clancy said, "I wasn't invited. In the first place, I wouldn't be found dead at the Webley-Koobs'."

Her hair took on golden tints in the sun. Elwood could not help noticing that her legs did change shape between the ankles and the knees, quite wonderfully. She sat studying the sparkling water, and then said abruptly, "Tell me, Elwood. How old are you?"

One doesn't expect that kind of question. But he perceived no reason to conceal his age. "Twenty-two," he said.

"You have good shoulders."

"Have I?" he said, surprised and pleased. This was much better, this was gratifying. Mary regarded him coolly, appraisingly. "Yes," she said. "Do you mind telling me what you did during the war?"

"Army," Elwood said. "Second lieutenant."

"Oh. Wasn't it—rugged?"

"The Army? Oh, no. General Hillgarth is my mother's cousin. I was on his staff."

"General Hillgarth was in Washington through the whole war."

"Yes," said Elwood.

"You didn't—care about going abroad?"

That was a funny question. "My mother," Elwood explained carefully, "had arranged everything. She wouldn't have allowed it."

The girl's face was, then, suddenly quite expressionless. There had been a faint smile, but the smile fled and her eyes were stony. She stood up. "I wonder," she said, "exactly what's the matter with you."

He was afraid he hadn't heard her correctly. "I beg your—"

"You're twenty-two years old. Five feet ten or eleven, maybe a hundred and sixty-five pounds. You have good shoulders. You're not, you know, bad-looking. You have nice eyes and your nose is distinguished. But there's a catch. You don't seem to be stupid—but that must be a false impression."

Elwood's gaze was fixed in astonishment. He wasn't believing his ears.

"Wishy-washy," Mary Clancy said in a level tone, unsmiling. "Watered milk. And if you beg my pardon once more, I think I shall strike you!"

There was no shrillness in her voice, yet this must be hysteria. Or the sun—too much tropical sun. Elwood said, meaning to be soothing, "Now please. Just a moment—"

"Oh, shut up!" she cried, and ran

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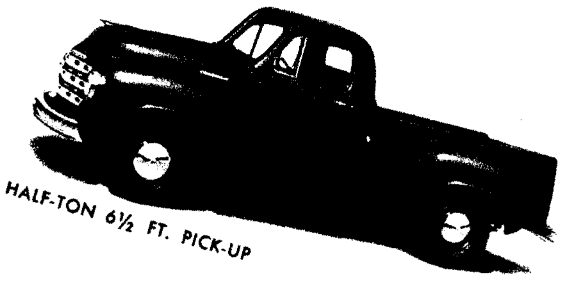

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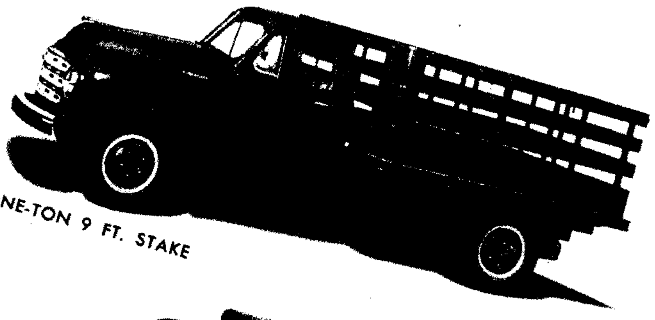

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swiftly along the side of the pool toward the gardens, where she disappeared among the palms and was lost. . . .

He didn't see her next morning. He mooned around the hotel, but she wasn't anywhere in sight.

It seemed to him suddenly that maybe the core of the matter was that he'd never before wanted anything very much. At least, not enough to undergo a bitter scene. He remembered that he'd wanted to play baseball with the kids in the park when he was ten years old—but he couldn't have wanted it badly. Because when his mother had stepped defiantly in and forbade it, he'd surrendered. *Come, come, Elwood. Mother knows best.* He'd wanted to learn to sail when Buzzy Knowles got his first sailing dinghy—but Mother had argued it down and he hadn't protested too loudly. He'd wanted to box at Princeton—ruled out. And he'd wanted to learn to fly an airplane, like the Masefield twins, *Oh, no, Elwood—*

He had a victory, but only one victory. He'd kept the stables, and the horses his father and he had loved. But a victory achieved by what sacrifices? By taking orders and saying, "Yes, ma'am," and not minding too much.

He despaired of explaining the past to anybody. But today was different. Today it was abundantly clear that there was something he wanted very much. *Somebody*. He had known it the afternoon before, when Mary had run away along the pool's edge. He'd known it in the night, before he slept and while he slept and when, in the early hours, he had awakened in aching emptiness and stood on the balcony to watch the stars.

"HELLO," said the Marquis de Verblin. Elwood came out of his reverie with a jerk. For an hour he'd been sitting on the café terrace, staring distractedly into a glass of the Della Quercia's best mineral water. Now he leaped as though the Marquis' voice had been a needle inserted in a muscle. He swung his eyes upward to focus on the Marquis' refined and ratlike profile. "Solitary drinking," said the Marquis chidingly. "Mineral water, no doubt?"

A most repulsive snigger rent the air. Elwood widened his field of vision. There stood Colonel Potter, that bejeweled mountain of flesh. And beside him, Emily. And beside Emily—Mary!

"Buster," the Marquis was declaring at large, "adores mineral water. Fairly guzzles it. Is this not true, Buster?"

"Please don't call me Buster," Elwood said.

The Marquis ignored him. Colonel Potter sniggered again, most offensively. Emily dropped into a chair and glared around for a waiter. Mary's face was faintly red, but she gave Elwood no glance at all. "Sit with us," the Marquis said to Mary in a tone that made it an order. "We will all join Buster at his table."

Mary appeared to hesitate. The Marquis laid his big, beautifully manicured hands on her shoulders and directed her toward a chair. But he halted in midstride. "Wait," he said.

The hotel orchestra, at the far end of the café terrace, had in that instant united its several trumpets in a blaring, bouncing version of A Media Luz Tango. Cuban tempo. The Marquis, swaying, switched his feet back and forth in what he fondly assumed was spirited rhythm. He made with his fingers like castanets. "Hotcha," he said. "Let's dance!"

"Thank you," Mary said. "I'd rather not."

"Come!"

"Please. I'd rather not."

"Come on!"

He caught her around the waist but she twisted away from him. Then—not quite playfully—he reached again and took hold of her more firmly. She gasped. Something snapped in Elwood's head, a curtain lifted. Fog cleared away. Decision moved in. Instantly everything was clear. And a black mood burst upon Elwood, a strange, savage impulse—

Smoothly he rose out of his chair. "Oh, Marquis—" he said. *This* was something he really wanted to do. Better than baseball, sailing, flying ten thousand airplanes! His voice cracked like a whip, imperatively, and as the Marquis, in surprise, turned toward him, Elwood struck with his left hand. A restrained punch, really; a mere tap in the stomach, designed to bring the Marquis' chin, such as it was, forward. Then Elwood's right hand, starting below and behind his right hip, described a fast arc and connected. On the button, clean. The Marquis went down.

Waiters came running. They gathered the Marquis from beneath a tangle of chairs. He was uttering a shrill noise in his throat. A front tooth was missing, there was blood on the end of his nose. Elwood, in the grip of a wild exultation, snarled: "Colonel Potter! I will respect your white hairs. Get him to hell out of here!"

"Ruffian!" the colonel cried between a yelp and a bellow. He fled, dragging the Marquis. Emily simply vanished. That left Elwood and Mary. Her lovely mouth was hanging slightly open. "Three months on the Princeton boxing team," Elwood said, dusting his hands, "before my mother learned about it and stopped it."

The girl moved as if to go. "Sit down!" Elwood said. Rather, he barked it. She sat. Elwood liked this tone of authority. He employed it again. "I have several things to do. They may take half an hour. But I'll be back—and I want to find you here! Do you understand?"

The clear blue eyes were very wide. She nodded.

He started, quick time, toward the lobby, but a thought intercepted him and he ducked into the bar. "A Martini, very dry," he said to the barman. It came, and it was good. It had bite. He tried a second. Even better. He went to the lobby and got into a phone booth.

Mrs. Remington-Hart threw open the door when he buzzed. Her face was twisted by wrath. She was full of storm. "Elwood!" she cried. "Are you bereft of your senses? You have assaulted the Marquis—"

"Quiet!" he shouted. Amazingly, she shut up. "I have a few plain truths to tell you," he said, loud. "First, I dislike your Marquis and if I see him again I shall most certainly knock him spinning. Second, I abhor your little Emily, and I am not above striking a woman if the woman is Emily. Third, I'm leaving tonight for the United States."

"You are not!"

"Wrong! I am."

"I'll cut you off without a penny—"

"That," Elwood said, "will be dandy. Where I am going, money would be a burden."

"Where"—her voice was suddenly less firm—*"do* you think you're going?"

"Wyoming," Elwood said. "I've just been talking with old Sheedy in New York. Asked him two favors. First, a job on his ranch in Wyoming. Something to do with horses. He said okay, I can drive his chuck wagon."

"Chuck—! What other favor?"

"Best man at my wedding. If the girl will have me."

"What girl?"

"The name is Mary Clancy."

THEN Mrs. Remington-Hart shook like a tree in a high wind. "Clancy! There is no such name as Clancy!"

"The trouble is," said Elwood, suddenly gentle, "you never read the phone book. Goodby, Mother. Write me in Wyoming."

He descended, then, in the gilded elevator and on the café terrace found Mary in the same chair, waiting. She seemed a little stunned, for her lips were still slightly parted and the expression of wonderment was on her face. Elwood said, "Mary, do you like ranch life?"

"I don't know," she said. "What's the proposition?"

"Ninety per cent honorable," said Elwood.

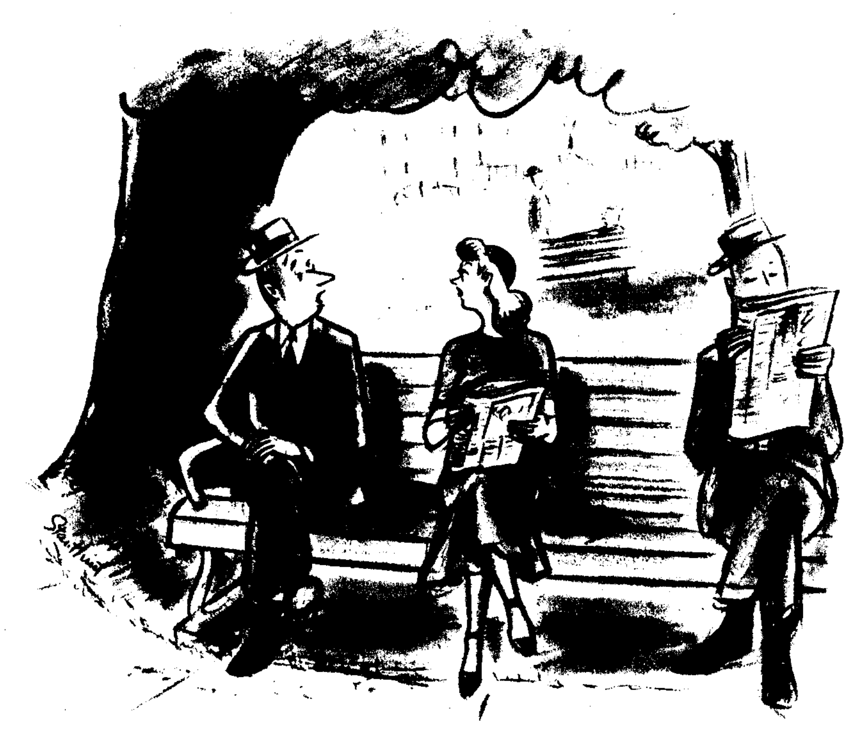
Maybe a certain number of the people at other tables were moderately surprised by his subsequent behavior. He didn't try to excuse it. He lifted Mary out of her chair. He raised her chin and looked into her eyes and read no protest there. So he kissed her. Having gone so far, he did it again, even more warmly. "Darling," he said, "I can see it all in my mind. White snow on the Western mountains. The wild green valleys. Cattle grazing in unfenced pastures. And you beside me on the seat of the chuck wagon—"

"What's a chuck wagon?" Mary asked.

"I'm not exactly sure. But we'll find out, won't we?"

"Kiss me once more, stranger," Mary said, "and I think I'll know my mind." Elwood did, and waited. "Pardner," she whispered.

THE END



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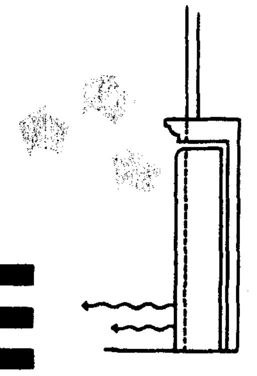


EVEN UP

Continued from page 28

before he mentioned the business at hand.

"Dave," he said, "some of the busybodies around here don't like the way you keep house. Better clean up a little. They say Jerry is growing up under bad influences and they wanted me to recommend that he be taken from you and put in an institution. Take it easy, now! I'm not going to let them take your boy, but we've got to be a little careful. They point out that you've been arrested and that you drink and that your house is dirty. They've got to have more than that."

Dave dropped his ball of twine and came over and sat down on the log. For a time he just sat. Then he said, "Judge, there must be some good women in the world. My mother died when I was a little fellow, but she must have been one. My wife ran off and left me with Jerry. Now these snooping women, egged on by old Herman Crandle, want to take him from me."

Dave cleaned house and life went on. But Jerry's friends seldom came down to the river any more. Once in a while Bud Crandle would come, but he didn't stay long and he seemed ill at ease while he was there. Dave liked Bud.

ONE Saturday evening Dave went uptown as usual and as usual his old setter Prince was right at his heels. The three years that had passed since the big flood had brought the dog and master to Hartsville had left their mark on Prince. He was an old dog now.

Dave was standing at the bar of his second stopping place when Prince yelped. It wasn't an ordinary yelp: Prince had been hurt. Dave swung around and saw a man about his own size, but younger, scowling at the dog, which was slinking back to get behind Dave.

"Did you kick that dog?" Dave asked.

"Sure I kicked him," the man said, "and I'll kick him again if he comes sniffing around my feet."

Dave's right shoulder seemed to droop. His arm hung limp and his hand got lower and lower. Then his fingers twitched a little and started to close. His arm tensed and his fist shot up and out, catching the man flush on the chin. The man rocked back on his heels, his eyes set, and then slowly he pitched forward on his face, his head hitting the brass rail before the bar. He lay very still.

Dave turned and, followed by Prince, walked out and home. Shortly after he had climbed into bed he heard a car stop, and someone knocked on the door. Two policemen stood in the doorway when Dave opened up. One held a strong flashlight on Dave's face.

"You're under arrest. We'll come in while you dress. Get the kid up, too. We're taking him along. What did you hit that guy with? The charge will probably be murder; he hasn't moved an eyelid since you conked him."

Dave generally felt pretty sure of himself. Now he was lost. His boy Jerry had been sent to the Children's Welfare Home. He himself was locked up, probably facing a murder charge. At the station house he tried to telephone Judge Jackson, but found that the judge had gone to Minnesota on his annual fishing trip. Mrs. Jackson said she would call Albert Lewis and see what he could do. Al Lewis was a bird-dog man and Dave felt easier. Al Lewis was also one of the state's best trial lawyers.

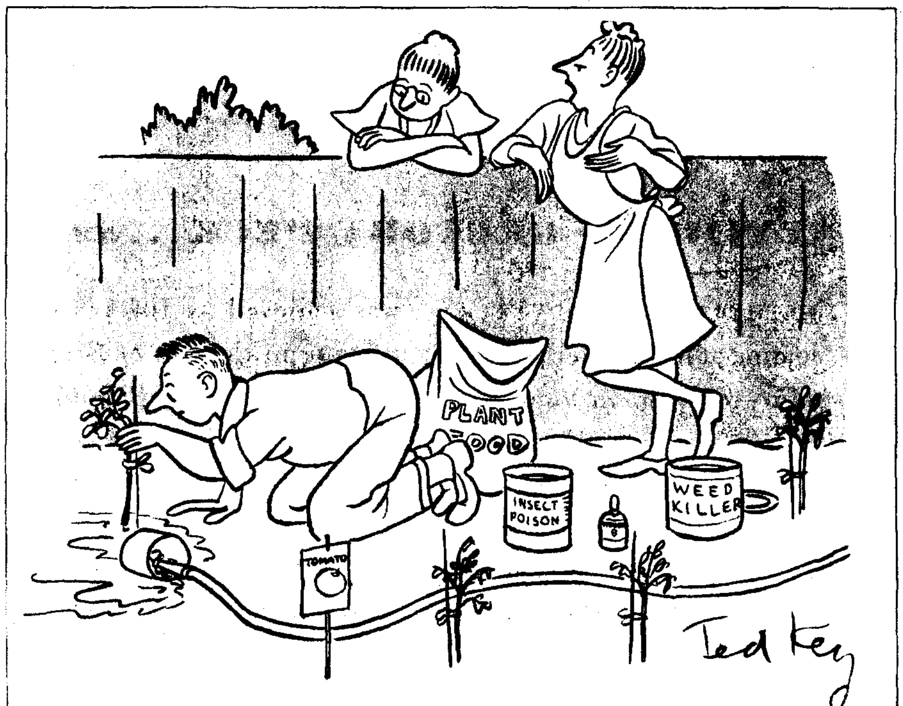
"Don't you worry, Dave," he said, "I'll have you out of here in no time. I've been over to see Jerry and he's all right and I've sent a man down to look after the dogs. If the judge wasn't fishing I'd have had you out before now. This Judge Holcom, who is holding court here while Jack fishes, is a sort of slow old codger and I have to go easy with him."

Dave was soon out on bail provided by friends, all of whom owned hunting dogs. It still looked serious, as a brain operation was necessary on the man Dave had hit. His skull was fractured right above the frontal bone. The district attorney claimed Dave had hit him with a deadly weapon.

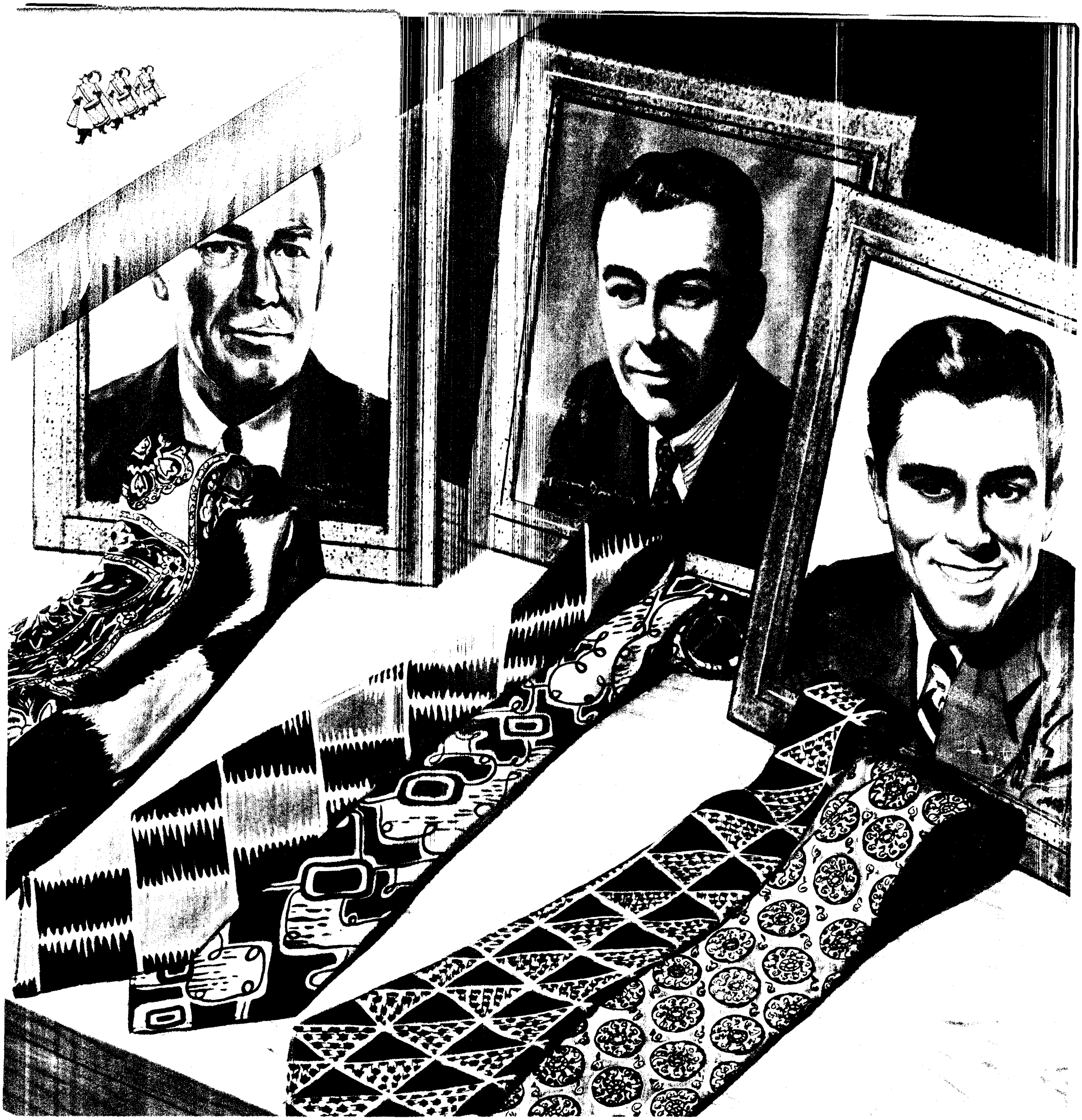
None of this bothered Dave so much. He had real worries. Judge Hokum, as Al Lewis called him behind his hand, had issued an order sending Jerry to a state institution on the charge that the father wasn't a fit person to bring up the boy. This went hard with Dave.

Before the trial came up, Judge Jackson was back on the bench, but the judge did not go to see his friend. All Dave had to show for that friendship was a short note saying the judge was sorry and hoped he would be cleared.

The charge was assault with intent to kill. The drawing of the jury took an unusually long time. Al Lewis had never worked harder on a case. He did his best to accept no juryman who did not own a dog. Women he did not object to;



COLLIER'S "And just when they get ripe, we'll go on our vacation" TED KEY



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in fact, he passed them quickly if they owned and liked dogs. When the trial started the jury box held six men and six women.

The prosecuting attorney was caustic in his opening address, painting Dave as a worthless, drunken bum. Al Lewis spoke of him as "my friend, whom I have hunted with and whom I know to be an honorable man."

One witness testified that Dave had hit the man with a heavy beer stein from which he had been drinking. Other witnesses swore the man was hit one lick with a bare fist. Attorney Lewis scoffed at the idea of Dave ever drinking beer and the bartender said he had never known him to order beer.

It was in the summing up that Al Lewis showed his skill as a trial lawyer. He walked back and forth before the jury, talking to each individual. He told of Dave's efforts to bring up his son so that he would grow to an honorable manhood. He told of the instances of fatherly care which he had witnessed and of the boy's good standing among his friends and in school. He said no man had ever seen Dave drunk. He might take an occasional drink of liquor, yes. "But let the man who hasn't be the only one to point a finger!" he thundered.

Then he told how Dave loved his dogs and the good care he took of them and how he cared for the dogs left with him for training or to be boarded. "Of course he would hit a man who would kick his dog, and so would I!" shouted Al Lewis.

THE instructions to the jury by the court were brief. The judge pointed out that in the heat of excitement an honest witness could be confused. One witness had testified that a beer stein had been used as a weapon, but others testified that the man had been hit by a bare fist only and had fractured his skull when he fell. He emphasized that it was the jury's duty to consider all evidence carefully and weigh its worth.

The jury deliberated for an hour and ten minutes before it brought in a verdict of not guilty. Dave went back to his river shanty, and Al Lewis went with him. That evening Judge Jackson came by with a dog he wanted Dave to steady. The next day Bud Crandle dropped by and sat on a log, watching Dave work on a boat that was leaking. Dave had little to say and Bud said less. When the boy got up to go home he said, "I'll be glad when Jerry gets back. Mr. Lewis says he'll get him out of that place if he has to tear it apart. He told my dad that. He had a paper he wanted Dad to sign, but my mother and Dad think Jerry would be better off where he is."

Dave made no comment and Bud went on home. Later, in talking to his friends, Dave swore he would get even with Herman Crandle and his meddlesome wife. They warned him that he would be foolish to do or say anything against a man who had as much influence as Crandle. But Dave was very bitter. Both Judge Jackson and Al Lewis assured him that they would do everything they could to bring Jerry back, but Dave wasn't much comforted.

In a small way Bud tried to take Jerry's place. At every opportunity he stopped by to see Dave and they became fast friends.

"I've often wondered why you keep old Lige?" Bud asked one day, referring to the bloodhound. "You hunt birds with pointers and setters, and a bloodhound is no use to you."

"He'll hunt birds," Dave answered. "Once in a while a fellow just has to have a couple of pheasants for a friend and the pointing dogs can't always find them. That's where Lige comes in. He'll follow anything I start him after. Once he starts on a trail all you have to do is stay with him." . . .

Shortly after this conversation took place the town of Hartsville was thrown into an uproar by the kidnaping of Herman Crandle's four-year-old son—Bud's baby brother. Mr. Crandle was at his office in town and Mrs. Crandle was attending a meeting when the baby was taken. The child was playing in the yard with his nursemaid when a car drove in from the highway. Two men jumped out and hustled both the maid and the child into the car and drove away.

AN HOUR or so later the maid returned to the house, hysterical and almost incoherent. Instead of following the highway, the kidnapers had turned off onto the dirt road into the swamp. One of the men had tied the maid hand and foot and taped her mouth. Two miles up the road they had thrown her in the brush and gone on. She had been able to work her hands free and had staggered and run back to give the alarm.

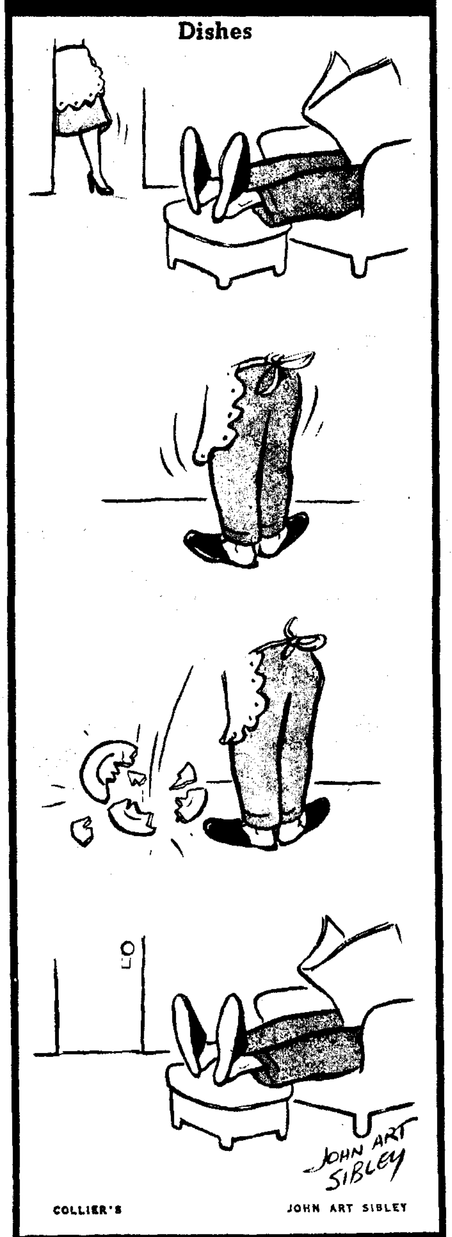
A police car followed up the old river road, and at the second bend beyond where the maid had been thrown out the wreck of the kidnaping car was found. Apparently the driver had tried to make the turn while traveling too fast. The car, out of control, left the road on the near side, cut off a six-inch maple tree, plowed on through the brush and stopped, wedged between two big cottonwoods.

The shattered windshield was blood-spattered and it was felt that one or both of the men and probably the baby had been badly injured. The only comfort the Crandles could get was from the nursemaid's statement that the baby was on the floor of the back compartment of the car, where he would be least likely to be hurt.

So many cars had driven up to the scene of the wreck and on through, that it was impossible to tell whether another car had followed and taken the kidnapers and the baby from the wreck. The sheriff who was in charge felt sure that this was the case, until a farm boy pointed out tracks leading off from the other side of the road. The officers took this trail but lost it within twenty yards.

FEET FIRST

Dishes



"Get Mr. Dave and his bloodhounds," Bud told his father.

A police car raced away with siren wailing.

Dave listened while the officer ordered him to bring the dog and hurry. Then he said: "To hell with Crandle. I'm not interested."

"We'll take the hound, then."

"You nor no one else will lay a hand on him without my permission, and he wouldn't work for you if I let you take him."

The policeman knew that Dave was in dead earnest and he also knew that without Dave the dog would be of no help. There was nothing to do but report that Dave refused to aid in the search for the baby.

"The dirty skunk," said Crandle. "There must be some way to make this man help us. Sheriff, can't you deputize him and make him bring the dog?"

"Let me talk to him, Dad," Bud pleaded. "He'll do anything for me."

Again the police car raced back to Dave's shack along the river, this time carrying Bud.

"He's my little brother, Mr. Dave," Bud pleaded. "Jerry would want you to help. You said old Lige could follow any trail. Please, Mr. Dave, for me."

Dave stood up and gazed out across the river. He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a generous chew. All the time Bud was pleading. The officer started to urge him and Dave turned on him.

"You shut up. I don't like you and your kind. If I go it will be on account of this boy and not anything I owe Crandle or the law."

Dave reached up and unhooked a leash from a wire tied high around the bole of a tree. Once he had the leash in his hand he started on a trot for the kennels. "We'll have to hurry, Bud. The quicker we get started, the better."

A POSSE had been formed to follow the dog when Dave and old Lige arrived. Dave spoke to no one and apparently paid no attention to those who insisted on explaining everything to him. First he took the dog over to the car and put him in the back compartment and then up in the front seat. Then he took him across the road where the footprints had been discovered. Turning to the sheriff, who constantly made it evident that he was in charge, Dave said:

"Keep all these people back. Keep them quiet. You can go along with me if you want to."

Dave patted Lige and showed him the footprints. The dog sniffed of them and Dave led him ahead. Lige would snuffle and blow with nose close to the ground until he was well past the place where the trail had been lost and where the others had been walking around, then he started straining at the leash with head well off the ground.

"He's got a regular vacuum cleaner, hasn't he?" the sheriff said.

Dave made no reply.

"Don't he bark when he trails?" asked the sheriff.

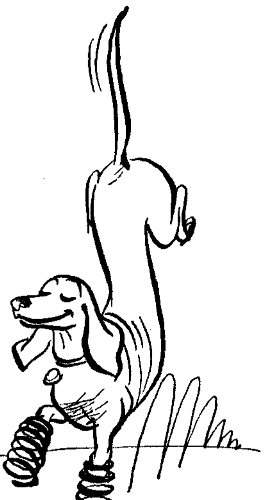
"Some bloodhounds do. Good ones don't. Lige is a good one."

"Aren't you going to turn him loose?"

"Do you think I want him killed? You don't seem to know a hell of a lot about hounds and criminals."

That ended the conversation until Dave remarked: "One of these men has been making pretty heavy going of it. He must be hurt bad. Now he's leaning on the other man and they've got the kid

The Inside Story of the '49 Ford



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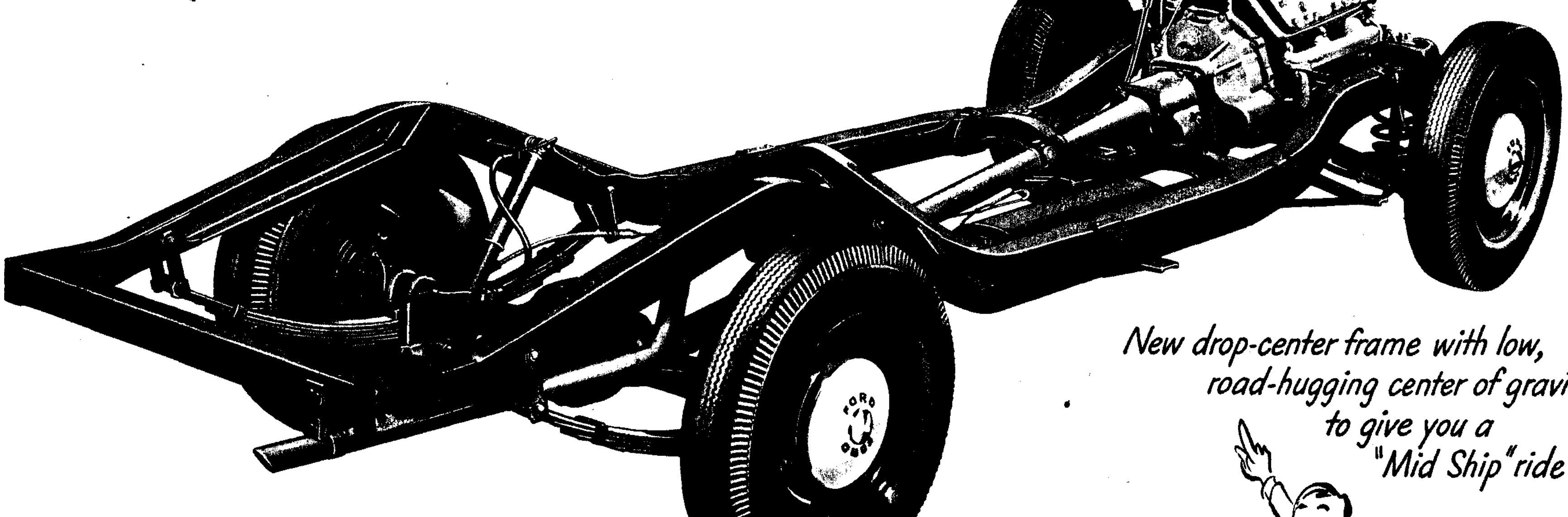

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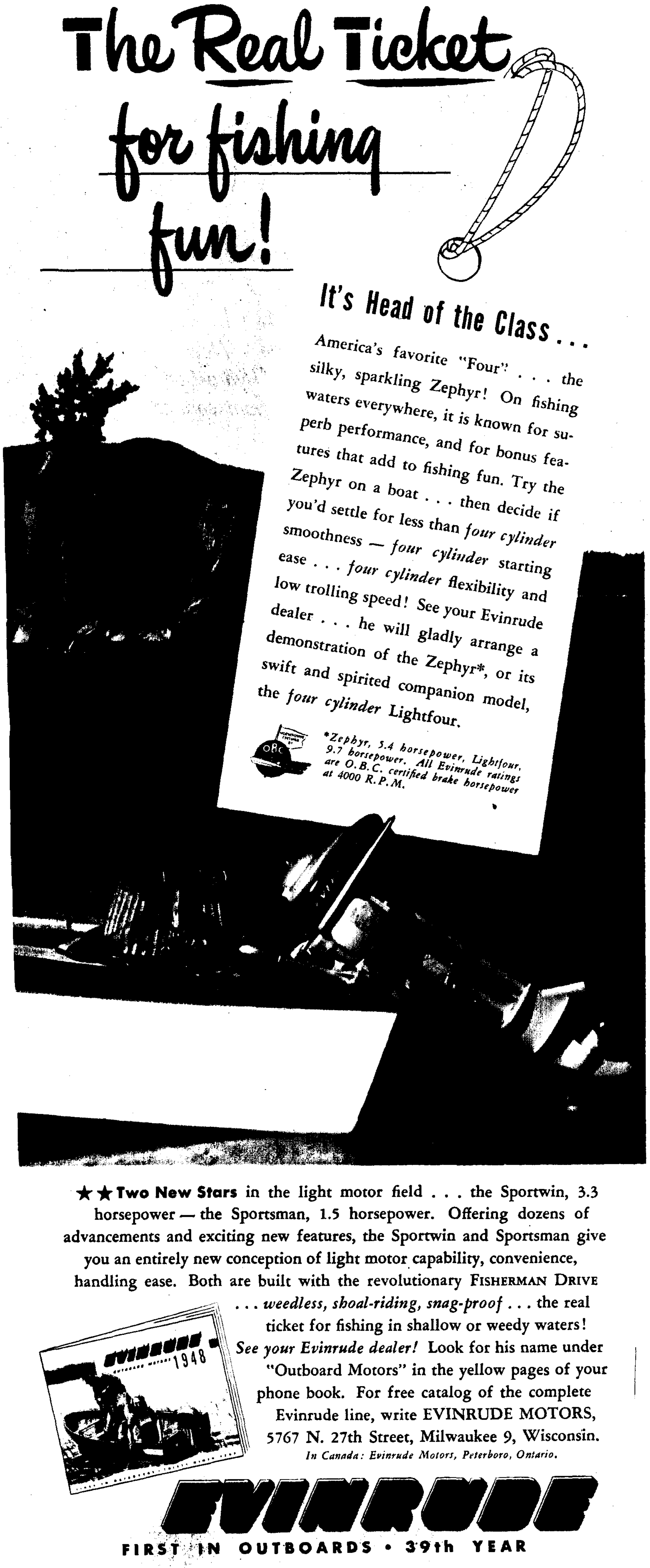

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walking. That didn't work. They've picked up the baby again."

"How do you know all that?" asked the sheriff.

"Anyone ought to read that out of this trail. These fellows have sure been brought up in the city. You really don't need a dog to follow this path, sheriff. Anyone who could track an elephant in the mud should be able to follow it."

The sheriff looked hard at the ground ahead. He could see an occasional broken twig or could see where the weeds had been disturbed, but he concluded that Dave must be taking him for a sucker.

"See those long threads?" Dave said, pointing. "Our party stopped here for some little time and tore up something, probably a shirt. Don't see any blood and I've been watching. The fellow ain't bleeding now. He's either got a bad leg or he's suffering a lot of pain."

Old Lige kept straight on across the swamp, tugging at the leash and seldom putting his nose to the ground. Now he seemed to be tugging harder, and Dave kept looking ahead, but the density of the undergrowth kept him from seeing any great distance. Just as they came to a small clearing, Lige began to whine and to lunge against the strap. Dave pulled him back and warned the sheriff to look out. Across the little opening was a large deadfall which had grown up in honeysuckle until it formed a solid wall.

"I'm taking the dog back," said Dave. "Now it's up to you. Your men are behind that deadfall from the way Lige acts."

THE posse and hangers-on had been following some thirty yards to the rear. Now they rushed up. Some were deputy sheriffs, others city police, while most were just men who had grabbed a gun, anxious to help. Bob Derringer, a tall city policeman armed with a carbine, rushed out into the open.

"Come out of there with your hands up," he shouted. "We've got you."

A sharp spiteful crack from a small-bore rifle or pistol came from the barricade and Derringer fell as though he'd been poleaxed, a small blue spot in his forehead.

Brave men were not ashamed to run. The sheriff was fast, for when he felt he was safe and stopped, he was able to halt the others as they came up.

"Men," he said, "we now have a murder charge. Those men must be taken dead or alive. We'll go back there and if necessary we'll riddle that brush pile—if they refuse to come out."

"You can't do that," said several men at once. "The baby!"

"All right," said the sheriff, "I call for volunteers to go in and get 'em."

No one said a word.

"Come on, men," urged the sheriff. "I will be one of six men to surround 'em and take 'em alive if we can, or pick 'em off if we have to."

Still no one volunteered and the sheriff announced that he would deputize six men and order them in. He urged and threatened but no one wanted to follow Bob Derringer's example and meet the same fate. Then Dave spoke up:

"I'll go—but I'll go alone. I'd be more afraid of most of you fellows with a gun in your hands than I would be of the men we're after. I want no one else to show. I don't want a gun. Shall I try it?"

Dave walked over from the crowd and tied Lige to a tree. Then he gave a last warning that he expected all the men to remain where they were until he returned. Looking Crandle in the eye, he said, "I thought you'd do this job, but as long as I'm doing it, you can help. These sheriffs and near sheriffs and policemen would rather catch the men out there than get your son. I'm after your baby. I'm counting on you to see that no one leaves this group and tries to slip around to the far side."

With that Dave started alone for the little clearing where the body of Bob Derringer lay. When he reached the edge of the clearing he raised both hands high above his head and stepped out in the open. Then he started shouting loud enough to be heard by all those waiting behind and by anyone for a hundred yards in front.

"I am unarmed. It wouldn't do you any good to shoot me. I'm not interested in catching either one of you. I come with only one purpose—to get a little boy and give him back to his parents. My son was kidnaped. I know how they must suffer. My boy was kidnaped legally—so I have no use for the law or those who enforce it. But I don't want to see any child taken from its parents."

AS DAVE talked he moved forward slowly. "You men are almost to the river. There's a fisherman keeps an old boat about a hundred yards below here. You can swim the river holding on to a log, if you can't get the boat. Once you get across you can make it to the city. A highway parallels the river on the other side. You can catch a ride, or you can grab a freight. Heavy trains run slow around the river bluffs.

"Take my advice, leave the baby and get going while you can. Don't take the baby with you, or you'll never make it. I can beat you to the boat and if you double-cross me, then I'm after you. I've given you a chance. Take it. I'm not helping the cops. I don't like cops. All I want is that baby boy. If you double-cross me then I'll have a personal reason to get you. As far as I know I'm the only person around here who can get you. I don't want you—if you leave the baby."

Slowly Dave edged around the old dead tree. Cautiously he peeked farther and farther. The men were gone. Lying well up against the face of the tree was the little boy, bound hand and foot and gagged, his mouth stuffed full of rags torn from the shirt of one of the kidnapers.

It took Dave only a moment to cut the rags that tied the baby's hands and feet and to remove the hastily made gag. Dave talked to it and told it everything was all right now and he held it close to his heart. The baby snuggled against him but could not control the sobs of fright that racked its body.

Dave didn't call that he had the child. He didn't hurry. Instead he walked back as slowly as he had crossed the opening. When he came in sight of the waiting crowd, the men started to surge forward, but Dave held up his hand and they stopped. Advancing toward Herman Crandle he said:

"You and your tongue-wagging wife kidnaped my only son. Every night since then I have prayed God not to let me kill you. Every day of my life I have sworn to get even. Here is your son."

Dave laid the baby carefully in the arms of its father. Then he turned and went over where old Lige was tied and got him. Without another word he started back.

"Wait, Dave," called the sheriff. "We want the dog. Now that we've got the baby safe it's our duty to get those men."

"That's your job, sheriff," Dave answered. "And if you're worth your salt you'll get them. Ligc and me are going home."

ABOUT ten o'clock next morning Judge Jackson drove up to Dave's shack along the river. "Hey, you old marsh burglar," he called. "Come on out here."

The judge seemed to be in high good humor as Dave came up to the car. "I've been busier than a bird dog in a pea patch," he said, "making out papers and getting them sworn to. Now I've got to ride upstate about a hundred miles. Old Herman Crandle thought you might like to go along. Jerry's coming home."

THE END

MARABOU FOR MAMA

Continued from page 19

of its mouth. But the can was empty, with nothing to prove there ever had been bait in it except a glint of scales and the nostril-puckering stink of formaldehyde.

John Hoda said softly, "Now what the hell!"

"Oh—" The way Bernie breathed it, the one word held all tragedy. "Oh! Wait till I catch *him!*"

"You know something about this?" John Hoda asked.

"It was Peter. I know it was him, the little snip. He was mad because you didn't bring his air rifle, Daddy, and he took your flashlight and went sneaking down to the boat while Mama and Aunt Elsa were still working on Uncle Arthur's nose."

"So he tossed 'em out," John Hoda said. "That accounts for the dead gulls we saw and the rum-dumb way that old heron was acting. I tell you, that boy's going to get his pants warmed."

"Don't bother," Bernie said grimly. "I'll take care of Peter."

The engine popped on and the tide chuckled under the lapstreak's stem. After a while Bernie said, "I guess we might as well go home now."

"No," John Hoda said. "Not yet. Maybe we'll spot us some herring."

He climbed past her into the bow, over which jutted the slender cedar herring rake with its filed wire teeth bristling for three feet down one side. While Bernie slowed the boat to a crawl, he scouted the choppy water of the rip. Nothing stirring, no cormorants, no salmon, no herring. As if to taunt him, half a dozen porpoises rolled astern, sleek backs sliding in and out as they cruised in formation along the rip.

FOR half an hour John Hoda hunted herring up and down the channels among the kelp. Once he flashed a school shimmering deep under with the shadow shapes of salmon convoying it, but it was far below reach of his rake. Disgustedly, he clambered back from the bow. His jaw was set and his eyes were squinted, and his voice was stubborn.

"We'll stay out," he said. "I'll rig up something."

John Hoda had little confidence in store-bought lures. In the gear locker were only his spare lines and herring rigs. But he kept on hunting, and finally, snagged and forgotten in a wad of engine waste, he found a large trolling fly of red and white goat's hair, left with him by a tourist dude last summer.

"Best we can do," he told Bernie. "Straighten us out, sweetheart, while I get this thing over."

He did not bother to mount his twelve-foot spring poles in the brackets bolted to either gunwale, but trailed the heavy green hand line astern. The thrum of the flat, burnished dodger, darting from side to side down below, geared itself to the pulse in his wrist. Long ago, John Hoda had learned that a man who doesn't expect fish isn't likely to catch them. So he made himself believe a blueback would strike, holding his mind to it while Bernie kept the lapstreak chunking slowly along the outer edge of the kelp.

Far down past Kalitan, she brought the boat around in a long arc. The herring dodger throbbed faster and the pull against John Hoda's wrist at once became heavier. Tide had turned now—the flood was under way.

Right off the tip of the point where the tide ran hardest, a blueback banged the fly. John Hoda hauled him in as fast as he could strip line. Bernie scooped with the four-foot-deep landing net and swung the fish inboard, an immature coho salmon of four pounds, gleaming in white and silver and metal-blue, the fly deep-hooked in its jaw corner.

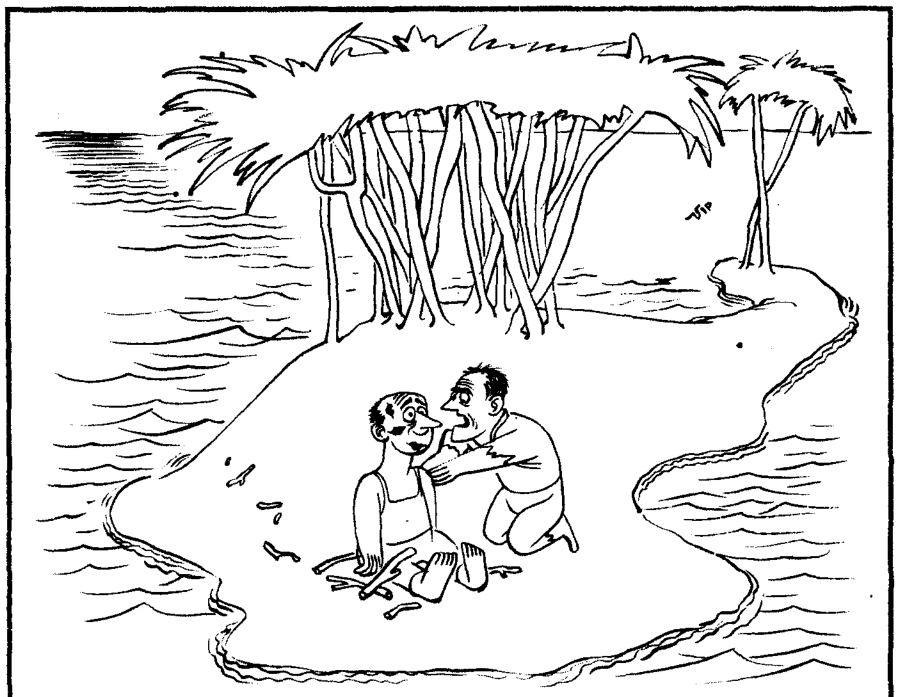
Working swiftly, John Hoda whacked the salmon on the head with his fish club, freed the fly and unsnapped it from the spring swivel. He clipped on a herring hook, and with his jackknife slashed an elongated triangle of white skin and red flesh from the blueback's throat.

"Now we got a real bait," he told Bernie. "Now watch us put the boots to 'em!"

He jerked the hook through the base of the salmon-throat triangle and tossed his rig overside. The bait paid astern with a shine and a fetching wiggle-waggle; it looked for all the world like a herring that a salmon had struck at and grazed, a crippled fish swimming for its life.

John Hoda cut another bait, then lowered his spring poles and snap-swiveled a line to each of the heavy cord leads. He said to Bernie, cupping a match while he lighted a tailor-made from the mauled pack, "Now we're logging."

Before he had time for a second deep



"Okay, Johnston, think! You went out after wood. Then what?"

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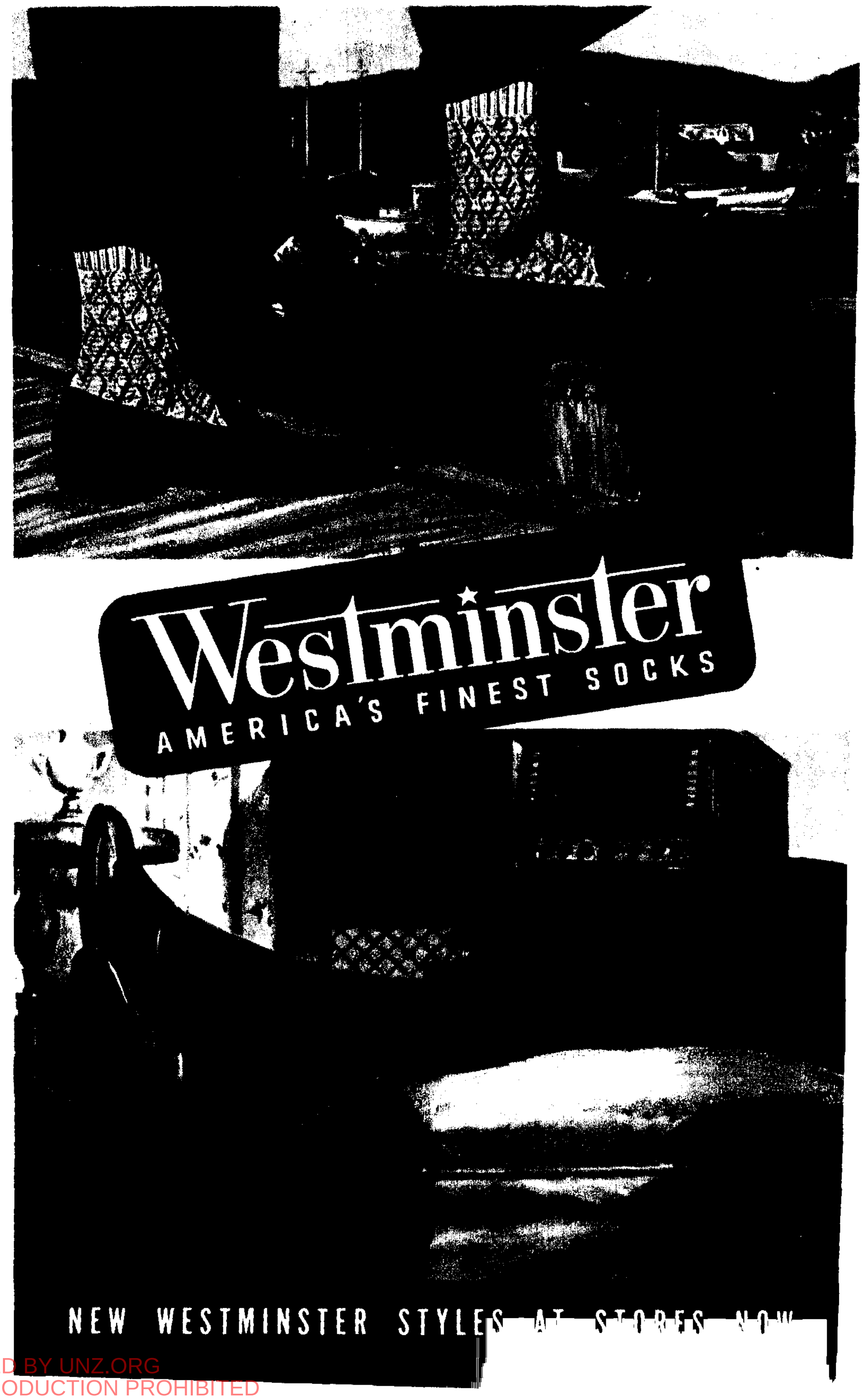

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drag, the bell on the tip of the portside pole jingled and Bernie gave a high excited squeal:

"Fish on!"

That blueback shook the hook, leaping so close to the boat they heard its gill plates rattle. The next, striking while the port line was still in, nipped the starboard bait by its tail and tore it free. John Hoda cut two more triangles, all the bait he could get from their one small salmon. No more strikes till they were halfway down the kelp bed, in sight of the company booming grounds and the beach camp and their own house. Then both bells jangled with only a split second between. Both hooks came in empty, stripped of bait.

"Damn' fish are skittish," John Hoda muttered. "Hitting short. They get like that sometimes—Well, take us round again, kid. Maybe we can pick up another on that fly."

It was a lot like poker, fishing. You took a couple of pots and thought your run was starting. Then the cards went sour and left you worse off than before.

Out from Kalitan the fog had lifted, and the butts of the Coast Range hills showed blue and clear. The breeze had stiffened to a full wind now, and the lapstreak rode with an uneasy pitch-and-toss, bedeviled by the currents and the random pyramidal chop of the overfall, where tide streams met and clashed. They ought to be heading in, but John Hoda sat and brooded, watching the tip of the port spring pole jiggle its graph against the sky.

The fat stump rancher, he said to himself, thinking dourly of his brother-in-law. *I ought to've clipped him again for luck! Those two make trouble, they've made us trouble ever since Margaret coaxed 'em up here. She's too soft-hearted, that's what.*

Margaret's city blues that dropped on her every so often didn't date from their coming, of course. No one in fairness could load all the blame for that on Arthur and Elsa. But Arthur was all the time moaning about the fine city job he'd left at Northwest Engineering to come up and work in the company blacksmith shop, and Elsa clackety-clacked endlessly about department stores and bargain days in Vancouver and about this or that city boy friend Margaret chased around with before she got married, and how well each was doing in his line. Then Margaret would get a blue fit, and sometimes she'd be all day, a couple of days, even, snapping out of it.

THAT was how they'd come to work out the business of pop-valve money. Once when Margaret was extra blue, he'd said, "You're staky, sugar, like a logger gets when he's in camp too long. I got twenty bucks here. Overtime money. You go in to Surge Pass and buy yourself something real fancy before you pop a valve. Don't you come home till you're broke."

Well, she'd cried a little and hugged him up, and gone in with Elsa. And what with clothes for the kids and a new windbreaker for him and a batch of preserving jars, she hadn't spent anything on herself more than the price of lunch and a hair-do. But it had eased her feelings, and pop-valve money got to be kind of a custom after that.

This last spell had been worst of all, because Arthur and Elsa were talking about pulling up stakes as if they meant it.

John Hoda said to Bernie, "You think your Aunt Elsa was just running a bluff again? You think they'll really light out for Vancouver?"

"They've started to pack," Bernie said. "They have to." She was balancing to the lunge and sway of the boat, sitting crossways on the thwart and watching the spring pole like a little cat at a mousehole. "The super gave Uncle Arthur his time yesterday."

"Canned, eh?" John Hoda said. "I been wondering how long it would be."

Any other day that piece of news would have been welcome as an extra pay check. Today, though, it left him cold. He could see the house plain now, white cedar siding and red roof, with a wind-twisted fir tree behind. You'd never guess to look at the place it used to be a company bunkhouse. He'd made it over for Margaret when they first came up here, added an ell when Peter was born and reroofed it just last year. He was proud of it and he loved it, just as he loved his job and his boat and the free generous life of the upcoast.

He thought of the city again, and the whipping wind turned cold against his back. Even though he'd met Margaret in Vancouver, he could never live happily in that or any other city. Too many people too busy making money. No fishing, no deer hunting in fall, no Saturday-night tripping down the bay to the Mackenzies or the Karmaks or the Andersons with a case of beer for the grownups and pop for the young ones. No dropping off to sleep with the shuffling lap of a high tide outside the windows, or waking to a blue and white day with the mountains lifting raggedy white heads across the sound.

Lord Almighty, John Hoda thought, *I'll sure miss her!*

The lapstreak lurched, and Bernie called wild and high as a sea gull crying. It was not a strike in any ordinary sense of the word—it was a solid jolt that bent the stout spring pole and slewed the twelve-foot boat halfway round. The port line twanged, the rubber shock absorber stretched to its limit, then the strain eased and the pole whipped straight.

Bernie spoke almost in a whisper, "Daddy—what was that?"

"Spring salmon," John Hoda told her tersely. "Could be anywhere up to fifty-sixty pounds. He bust us."

"What can we do now?" Bernie asked with the thickness of tears in her voice. "We haven't any other bait."

"No," John Hoda told her, inspecting a hook yanked straight by that savage wallop. "I guess you're right."

He flipped the wrecked fly overboard, and sat with his big hands interlocked, popping his knuckles as an aid to thought.

Presently he said, "I know a trick, honey. It just might work. Pass me back my tool kit."

Bill Karmak had told him about this stunt. With his knife he cut a strip from the white oilcloth that wrapped his engine tools. He shaped the strip into another triangle, but broader and longer than the baits he had cut for blueback, a lure worth the attention of a big old spring salmon.

While he was still busy with it, the engine sputtered, gasped, and conked out.

BERNIE scrambled for the oars. The lapstreak took a couple of bucketsful over the side before she had the rowlocks in their holes and the oars outboard. Kneeling, John Hoda unscrewed the caps from the fuel can and empty gas tank, and poured the tank three-quarters full. With a warm engine there'd be no trouble starting her. But he spun the wheel again and again, getting never a cough or kick, doing nothing more than work up a sweat.

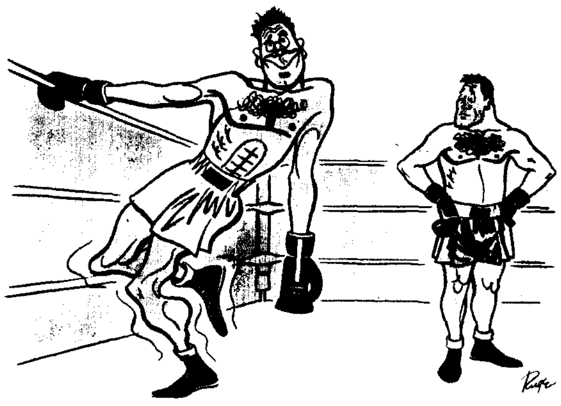
He hunkered back on his haunches at last, scowling down at the engine. "She's never acted up like this before," he told Bernie. "If I hadn't filled that can myself at the company pump I'd swear she was full of sea water."

"Smell it," Bernie said, rowing steadily with the oar handles under her chin, holding the lapstreak's nose into the wind.

John Hoda reached for the can, bent his head and sniffed. The odor of formaldehyde wrinkled his nose.

"I won't just slap Peter," Bernie said. "I'll smack him with the biggest stick I can find. He's a—a little *perikelte!*"

"None of that talk," John Hoda growled, although he was disposed to agree with her. *Perikelte* was the roughest of the three devils of Finland, and



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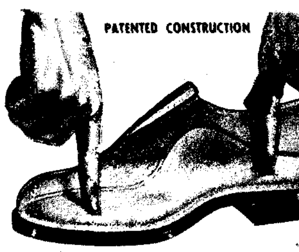

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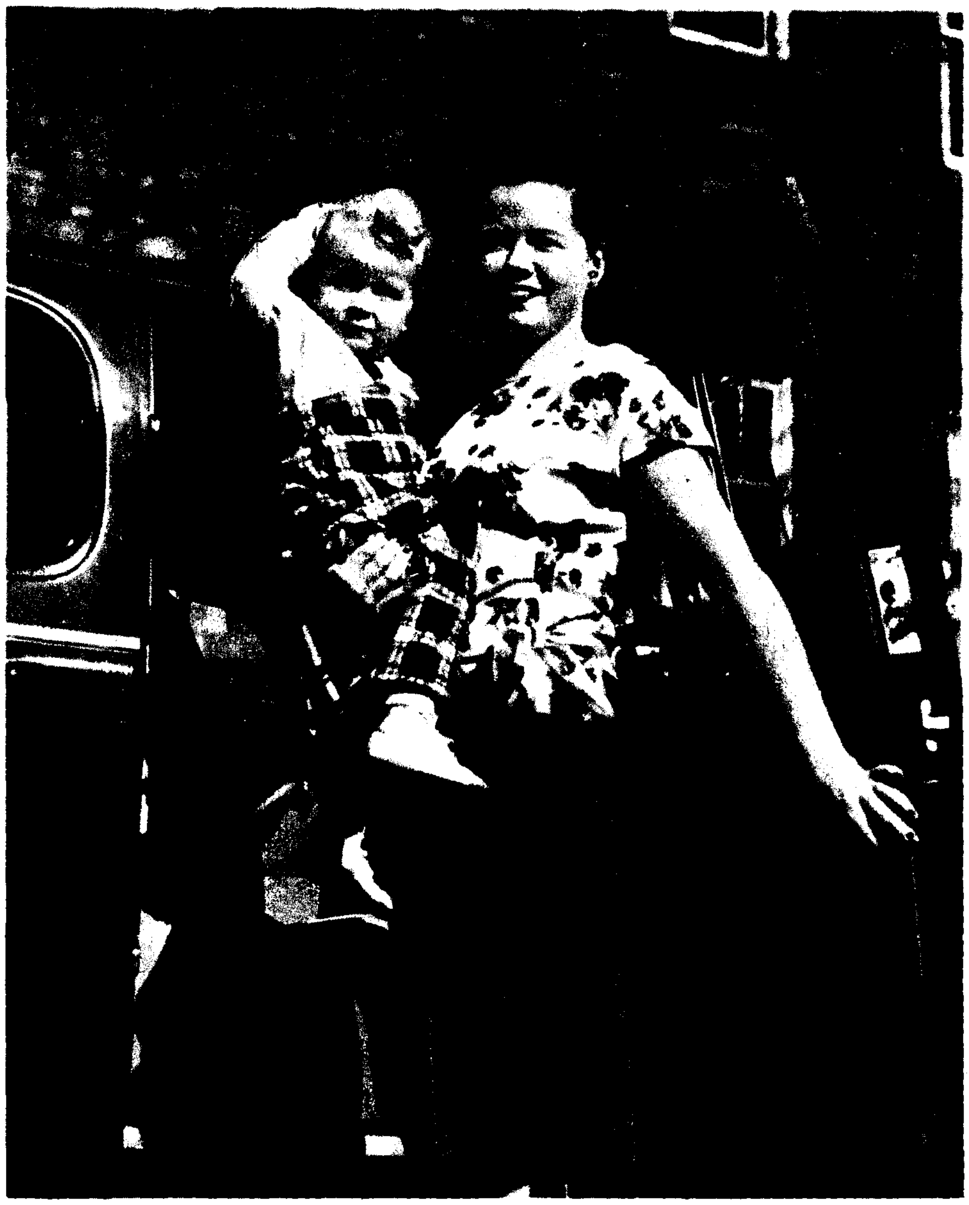

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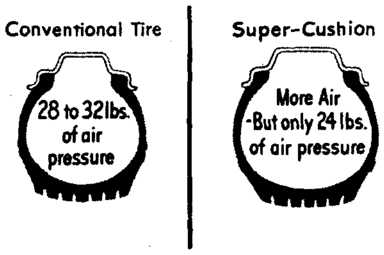
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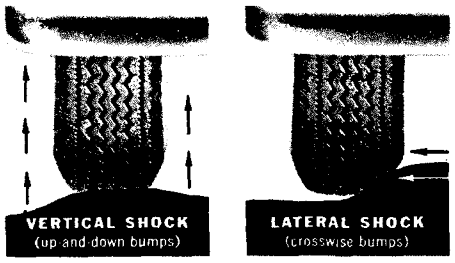
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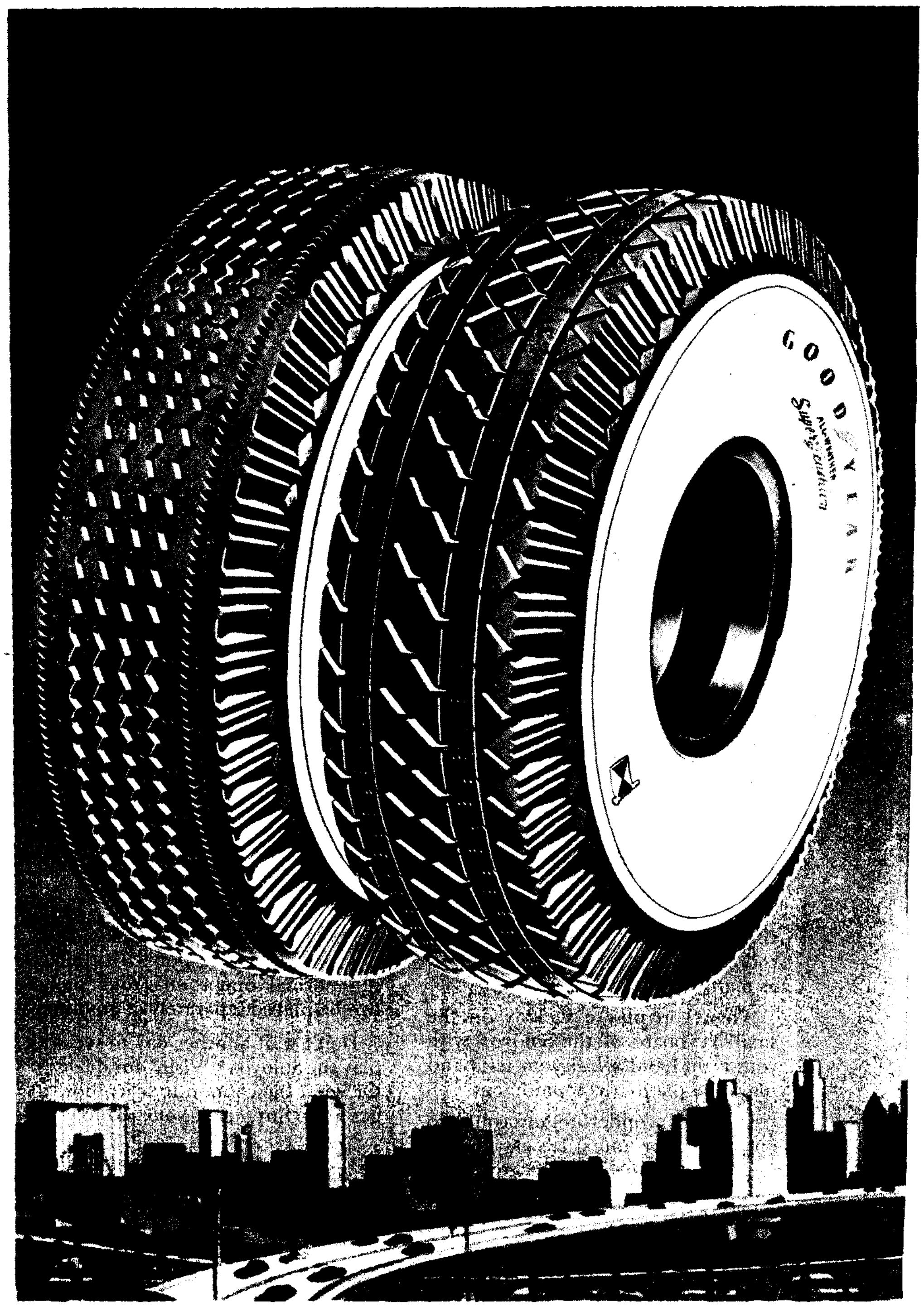

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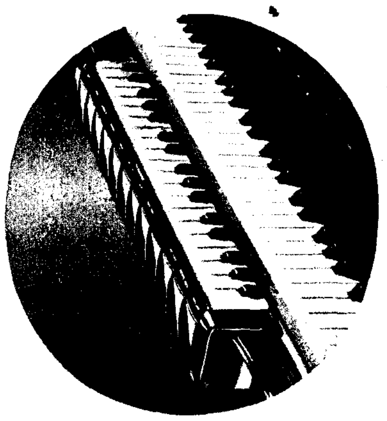

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you never laid the word on a man unless you were ready to back it with your fists. Uneasily, he wondered if he'd used it when he blew down Bernie's Uncle Arthur last night. . . .

He motioned Bernie to the stern and lurched past her to the rowing thwart. There, dipping and pulling strongly, he traded frowns with his daughter. By her lips and chin he knew she wasn't ready to toss her cards in yet, any more than he was. Silently, she dropped the oilcloth strip overside and let the wet wiry line peel through her fingers.

THEY trolled north with the tide, past the beach camp and the house—on almost to the farther point of the bay. No strikes. John Hoda brought the lapstreak around, taking his time about it but shipping more slop than he liked. He knew for a certainty that the spring salmon they'd hooked was no random stray. Where there was one, there'd be others—fierce, heavy fish slashing into the close-schooled herring like wolves, hazing them along the tideway. If they could hit into springs they'd make Margaret's pop-valve money easy in an hour.

He said, "You like that swimming cap a lot, eh, kid?"

Bernie gave her head a vigorous nod. "I had to have one. They're opening the new salt-water pool at Surge Pass tomorrow and all the kids at school have been getting them, the girls, I mean."

"Suppose I was to ask you for it?"

Her forehead puckered, and her eyes were puzzled. She thought for a long moment, then said, "What for? You don't need any bathing cap, Daddy."

"It's like this," John Hoda told her. "We got just one thing left to try, sweetheart. Olaf Anderson put me onto it last winter. Maybe it's an ace or maybe it's only a two spot."

"You need my bathing cap for it." It was a flat statement more than a question.

"Kind of."

"All right."

"You're a good kid," John Hoda told her. "If this works, I'll buy you one of them rubber caps for every day in the week."

The boat rode easier now, inside the Kalitan lee. John Hoda pulled steadily southeast along the point. "Take my knife off the seat there," he directed Bernie. "Cut a piece about four inches across out of your swimming cap—Yeah, that's the way. Now make a fringe all round so it looks like one of them kootch-girl's grass skirts—Okay, poke a hole through the middle and unsnap the hook. Fit the rubber over the eye of the hook so it covers the top part of that oilcloth fakealoo."

Bernie dangled the finished product. Suddenly she chuckled. "It does look like a grass skirt," she said.

"Good enough," John Hoda said. "Let's get it working. Way the weather's making up, we haven't too much time."

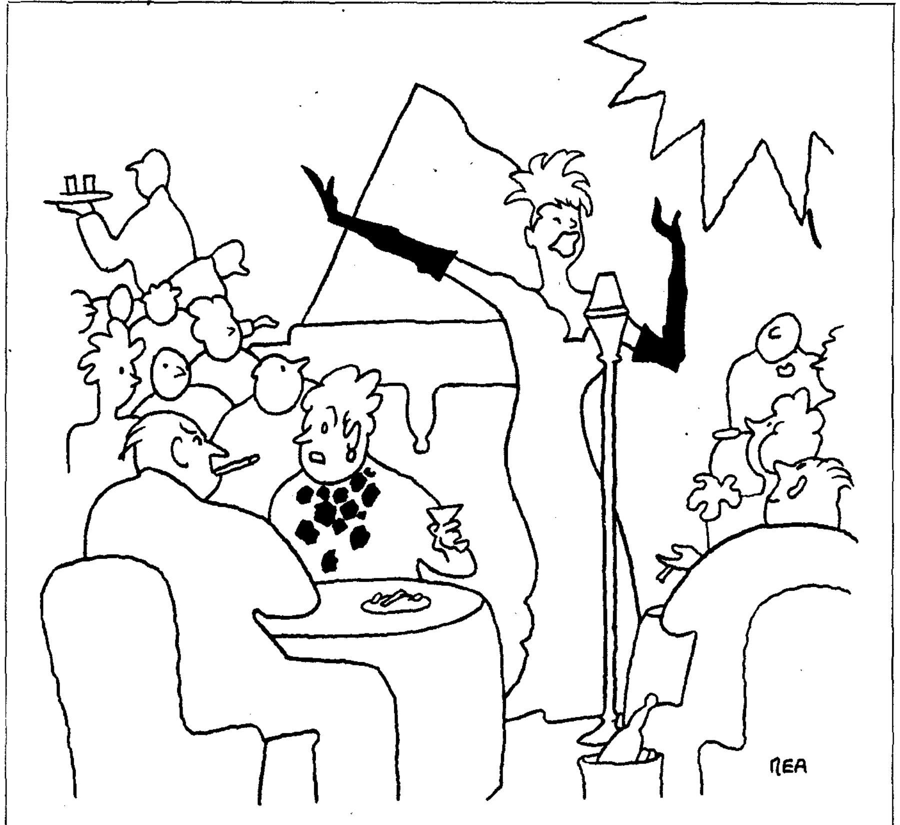
Pulling strongly, out of the lee again and fighting wind and tide, he told his daughter, "Before I met your mom, I used to play blackjack and draw poker and seven-toed Pete or any game I could lose my pay on. I got so I set a lot of store on luck. Figured when you'd been having a bad run the only way you might bust her was to push in the rest of your pile."

He glanced over his shoulder at the crested water ahead. "That's what we're doing now, honey. Shooting the works."

The line was slipping out through Bernie's wet brown fingers—fifty feet—sixty—and, watching, his mind drifted back without regret to those fiddle-footed days. All you owned in the world you carried in your suitcase and packsack. You made a stake and blew it in town, then out to the camps again and glad to be going. Never in the city more than a couple of weeks, unless something went haywire and they sent you down feet first.

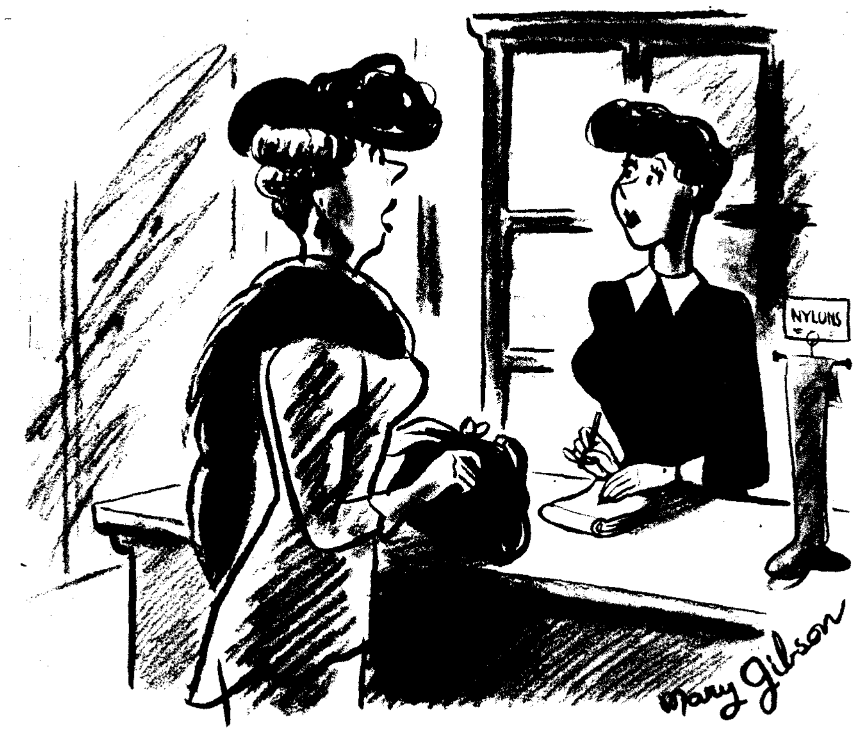
That was how it had happened the time he met Margaret. His broken ankle was slow mending, and long after he felt skookum enough to sign out, the doctors kept him in Vancouver. There was this little restaurant down on Broadway that she and her sister Elsa ran, and Margaret made hot cakes that would have done credit to any camp cook on the coast. He'd asked her to marry him, right across the counter one breakfast time. She stood there, pretty as a picture and no bigger than a minute, giving him the considering frown that Bernie had inherited. Then she said, "Yes. I want to, John. Only you'll have to stop booming and put down roots, because I won't leave the city."

From her crouch on the stern seat Bernie said, "I just saw herring, Daddy. Something chased them through a wave."



"But she's not supposed to be able to sing, Albert. She's a song stylist"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



"Does the international situation warrant stocking up on nylons?"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

Three years in Vancouver, mechanic in one shop or another. Happy enough one way, but every year more restless, chewing off another piece of his heart. Then the night they had the big fight over nothing at all, and he went on the town. When he trailed back, broke and miserable, Margaret gave him her steady, long look and told him, "I'll try it, John. You won't be happy till I do. You can sign us upcoast in the morning." . . .

The port pole creaked and bowed, hauled into a bow by the bucking line. John Hoda shouted over the clamor of the southeast wind, "See can you handle him, baby!" But before Bernie'd wrestled in ten feet of line, he knew this fish was too big and tough for any nine-year-old.

She knew it too, for she'd let the line go and was already creeping forward. He waited till her hands were on the oars, then ducked past her to the stern. No blueback, no young salmon to be flipped into the cockpit, but a plunging demon, a fish to burn a man's hands raw as it ripped out line, a brute with the weight of a bull calf and the power of a man's arm in its foot-wide speckled tail.

John Hoda was panting hard when he clipped the gaff hook home behind its gills and slid it over the stern. He clubbed it, freed the hook and shot the chawed and bloodied lure overside. Bernie was panting too, but he kept her at the oars while he hacked another lure out of oilcloth and bathing-cap rubber and ran it out on the starboard pole. A spring hit while he was still feeding line, and before he was done battling it, the port bell cut loose with a wild clatter. He saved both fish, the last an easy forty-pounder, then hollered to Bernie, "How you doing?"

"Just—fine." It came stubbornly from between set teeth.

"Hang on then," he shouted. "We're in, honey. We've hit our run!"

Seven more hefty springs crashed at the oilcloth strips with their red-rubber hula skirts, and John Hoda killed six of them. Then, with his cuffed-down hip boots sequined with scales and with blood from his line-burned hands dripping into ankle-deep water, he slithered over the fat shining fish carcasses to scoop Bernie bodily off the rowing thwart and dump her on their catch. They were far out past Kalitan Point's rocky tip. She'd been holding the lapstreak right in the teeth of a wind that was blowing up for a full equinoctial gale, keeping them there more by guts than strength while he piled up the pop-valve stake.

A wave crest lashed across the lapstreak as he quartered her away from the wind, and he finished the turn with his heart in his throat. Then they were pointed for shore with a following sea frothing balked and angry behind them, in a boat loaded to danger line with fish.

John Hoda's grin was half a snarl. Crouched on the bottom, Bernie pushed wet hair out of her eyes and smiled back with cold-stiffened lips.

"We got her made," John Hoda told her. "Right here's your mom's stork-feather loafing coat, honey."

THE fish buyer counted three tens, a five and four ones into John Hoda's hand. Then with a shake of his head and a glance to seaward, he climbed back into his pickup truck. They had beached the boat inside the point because of the surf that laced the beach white all down the curve of the bay, and it was a mile's hike home.

John Hoda swung Bernie to his shoulders and they went down the highway that way, her hands in his and her bony knees pressing the sides of his neck.

The house was still empty when they slipped in. They went on through, and John Hoda saw his wife on the front porch, facing the water. Now he was scared, now he'd find out if she really meant it about the city. He growled at Bernie, "Here, you give it to her," but Margaret whipped around and stared at them without color in her face, and next second she was crying against his stagged shirt.

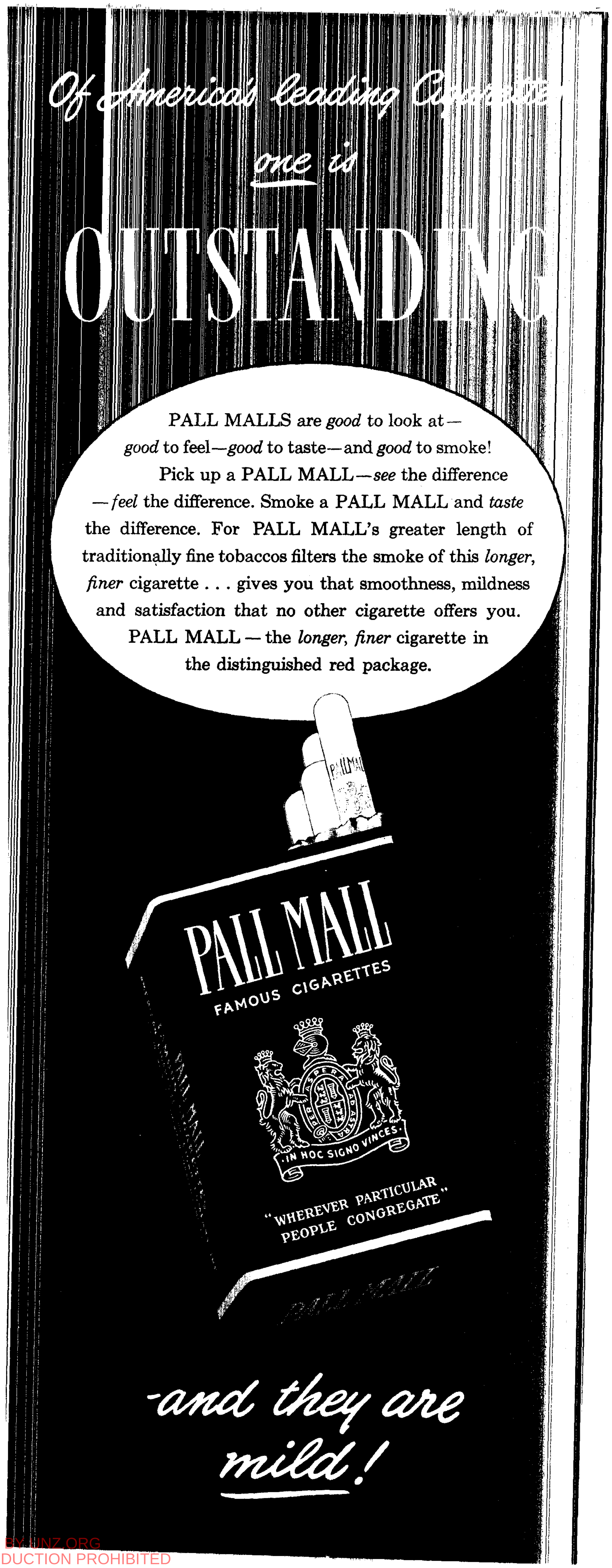
"I thought you were drowned, both of you. John Hoda, you great big crazy Finn!"

He said awkwardly with her arms still tight around him, "Take it easy, lady. Our luck was riding. Right after supper you just head for Surge Pass on the bus and blow yourself to that rig with the fancy feathers."

Shakily, Margaret said, "We'll all go in, John. We'll see a movie and have a milk shake and get Peter his air rifle. About that negligee, I've been thinking. I want a big pressure cooker before hunting season so I can put up steaks in gravy like Nellie Karmak does. That's if you don't mind."

"You're the doctor, sugar," John Hoda told her, grinning down at her bent head. Then, sternly to his daughter: "Bernadine, just you drop that stick. Tell Peter he can come out from under the porch. Nobody's mad at no one now!"

THE END



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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 25

dust. A clock stood against the wall, a tall grandfather clock with an open case that made a sounding box for the slow strokes of the pendulum. The time was seven ten. I hadn't heard the clock strike the hour, so it meant I'd been in the house less than ten minutes.

Everything I saw had an ancient weariness about it—not true antiquity which somehow manages to preserve its integrity and life, but the weariness of a past which is recent in years but completely remote in relation to the world about it.

CATHERINE stood by the fireplace looking at me. She breathed slowly, deeply, not with calmness but with a deliberate effort of will as though to achieve repose by imitating its characteristics. Her glance followed mine around the room.

"Rather gruesome, isn't it?" she said. "We just opened the house today."

"A little light would help."

"There's a chandelier in the dining room. Ten bulbs. I'm going to leave you now and put the food on the table."

"I'm not hungry."

"You should eat." She pushed open another set of French doors into the dining room and left me alone. To escape would have been easy. All I had to do was walk away, but there were still practical problems to it. I was almost convinced by now that they really took me for Philip Tremaine. The mother was ill; the sister could have forgotten. If I disappeared suddenly, they'd start looking for me and get others to help them. I'd need a start. It would be best to wait until after dinner, wait until bedtime. That way no one would know I was gone until morning, and by then I could be miles away.

I was beginning to realize what a ridiculous situation I'd gotten into by not telling Catherine that I wasn't her brother. By letting the error stand, I'd become a definite impostor. She'd hardly understand when she learned.

I sat down on the sofa. The clock ticked on. Then she came back and led me into the dining room. There was the walnut again, eight carved chairs of it around a big table.

"Please sit down," she said.

Mrs. Tremaine entered the room as she spoke. "We can all sit down," she said. I helped her into her chair. She'd managed to transform her appearance from that of a sick person to that of a rather robust dowager. Silver combs gleamed in her hair, and a strand of pearls lay on her high bosom.

Catherine served the plates, a small steak, vegetables and potatoes. We all ate a few bites in silence. On the wall behind Catherine's chair was what must have been a painting draped in a sheet.

"I see you haven't completely unpacked yet," I said. She turned to see what I was looking at.

"The picture? That's Father. He's dead, you know."

I didn't say anything. I cut off a slice of steak and chewed it slowly. It was a bit tough. A wave of color mounted to Catherine's face, then drained away leaving it paler than ever. She'd said it. Now she could worry about it. I glanced at Mrs. Tremaine. She was looking at Catherine with an expression which was positively venomous. She'd caught the implications of Catherine's statement too. I had another bite of steak and tried a forkful of lukewarm string beans. Catherine had stopped eating. Her hands came up and rubbed her temples.

"Well?" she said at last.

"Yes?" I said.

"What is it?"

"I haven't said anything."

"You're . . . thinking."

"No, you're thinking. You're thinking about what you just said, about your father."

"What about Father?"

"That he's dead, you know."

"Of course he's dead."

"But as his son I'd know that, wouldn't I?" The wave of color swept back to her face. She was trembling all over.

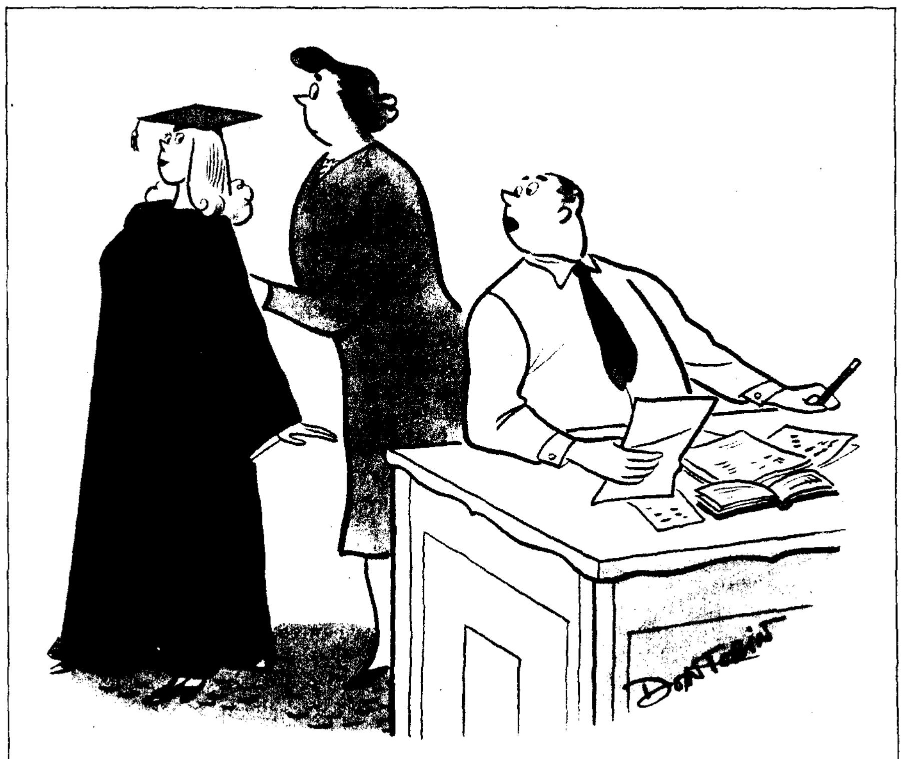
"Of course you know it."

"What kind of foolish conversation is this?" Mrs. Tremaine cried. Her voice was strained, harsh. "Catherine, you forgot the coffee."

"I'll get it," said Catherine, rising.

"Sit still," commanded her mother. "I'll get it." Mrs. Tremaine was already up and moving toward the kitchen. Catherine slipped weakly back into her chair.

"So now we can talk," I said. "Let's



COLLIER'S "Yes, indeed, graduation—another milestone. And you might care to know she did that last mile in four hundred sixteen dollars and twenty cents, including the dance" DON TOBIN not pretend any more. How did you know I was on that bus?"

"Mother," she said.

"How did your mother know?"

"By wire . . . I—I can't tell you." She rose suddenly and started for the kitchen. In the doorway she stopped and backed up. Mrs. Tremaine came through carrying a tray holding three cups of coffee. The tray trembled in her hands.

"Sit down, Catherine. I can manage this." Her voice shook as much as her hands but she managed to get the coffee distributed. Then we were all sitting around the table again. I looked at the two of them and thought about what Catherine had said. A wire. Suppose it were true? Only one person that I could think of could have known what bus I'd be on. That person was Plumpy. If he sent the wire, he must know where I was right now. I sipped at my coffee and thought the situation over. The Tremaines and Plumpy were working together then. For what purpose, I wouldn't know. Philip Tremaine was carrying his revenge a little far. But it was sinister. Maybe I'd made a mistake catching Catherine up when she told me her father was dead. I should have pretended I hadn't heard. She was looking at me with agonized eyes. Beads of perspiration were on her forehead. I slowly sipped my coffee. It wasn't very good.

"Philip needs more coffee," said Catherine.

"He doesn't. His cup is over half full!"

"I'll heat it up for him." She came around the table to my side and picked up the coffee cup. It was a lame excuse to get out of the room. Her hand shook so that the coffee slopped out of the cup. Then the cup overturned completely, spilling coffee over the white tablecloth and my trousers.

"Catherine, you fool!" cried Mrs. Tremaine. "See what you've done!"

"Please," I said. "I'm sure I'm not hurt in the least." I got to my feet brushing at myself with a napkin. "But if you'll both excuse me a moment I'll run upstairs and change trousers."

"Please do," breathed Catherine.

I WENT back through the living room through the hallway and up the stairs. There was still no sense in anything that had happened, but I wasn't going to stick around to put sense into it. I was going up the stairs and I wasn't coming down if I could find a window to jump out of. They could wait below for a long time.

Queer prickles were playing in my scalp by the time I reached the top. Something I couldn't see was trying to coil around me. The carpeted hallway carried me to the door to my room. I threw it open and switched on a light.

I crossed the room and pushed one of the windows open. They all looked out on the hillside with a drop of about fifteen feet underneath. Far enough to break a leg. The prickles in my scalp were worse, and queer chills were beginning to run up and down my spine. The throb of blood was heavy in my throat.

The hall door opened softly under my hand. There wasn't a sound from downstairs. Toward the rear the hallway ended in a door with a glass panel which led to a narrow sun porch. I stepped out and looked over the balustrade. The back of the house was built into the hillside so the ground was only seven or eight feet down, an easy drop. Higher up on the hill I could see the gleam of headlights where cars rolled along another street. There was a big electric billboard with a girl holding a beer bottle and leering down at me. From the other side of the sun porch I could see a section of the city below.

The cold night air made my shivers turn to shakes, and the shakes continued after I got back in my room. My tongue was parched, and the scalp prickles were all over my body now like dry barbs. My vision was blurring. It was hitting me hard. I paused in the center of the room, breathing with difficulty. I knew what it was now, but knowing didn't help any. This was a hell of a time to come down with an attack of malaria. The bout I'd had coming up from Mexico had been so light I'd decided the bug had about given me up, but that was only the preliminary to the real thing. This was a heavy relapse. But there was nothing I could do. My pill bottle was empty.

I reeled over to my suitcase and picked it up. Its weight made me wobble, so I dropped it. The room was beginning to swim before my eyes, and I couldn't focus on anything. If only I could get to the sun porch and over the balustrade, I could lie in the bushes until the sweat started. Then things should clear up enough so that I'd be able to go on.

I finally got my hand on the knob, and the door swung open, but it wasn't my hand which opened it. It was a beefy hand on the other side. I wanted to slam the door shut but all I could do was stand and shake.

TWO men stood in the hallway. The closer one was a bulky fellow who topped me by at least four inches and must have doubled me in weight. The man behind him was no shorter, but he was younger and leaner. They looked at me about half a second and then stepped into the room. The big one wasted no time in dragging a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. The lean one kept his eyes fixed on me like a pointing dog, his right hand hanging inside the lapel of his coat.

"Easy now," growled the big one as he approached. "No fast moves and no one gets hurt. You're under arrest." He spoke in a slow flat voice. He pushed back his coat to show the badge of the San Francisco police and kept it on display until he was within range. Then his hand reached out and caught me by the wrist with a grip like the coil of a python. I didn't move except for shaking. The steel bracelet slid around my wrist and crunched shut. Its mate went around the wrist of the big man who held it. After that the lean one brought his hand from beneath his coat and tapped my pockets.

"No gun," he said.

"Okay," grunted the other. "Let's go."

He pulled me forward, and I followed on legs that were beginning to jerk spasmodically as I walked. The involuntary muscle twitchings ran up to my shoulders and down my arms so that I jerked at the handcuffs and flung out aimlessly into the air.

I felt myself struggling but there was no method in it, and the two men paid no attention. Each had one of my arms, and between them they had the strength of a team of Percherons.

From the stairway the hall beneath looked like a bottomless pit with strange monsters swimming in it. I heard a high rapid voice cry out, "But you can't take my son! You can't! He's just come home!"

"We know he just got home, lady," said one of the monsters at the foot of the stairs. "You take it easy and start hiring a lawyer. He'll get a fair trial."

"Don't talk, son," the high voice commanded. "I'll get help to you!"

I couldn't have answered had I wanted to and the men at my sides gave me no time. They hustled me out the front door and paused briefly under the gabled entrance. Explosions of light blinded me as a dozen flash bulbs went off from all angles around us. The man on the end of the handcuffs reached over and shoved my hat to the back of my head.

"Try again, boys," he called. The boys needed no urging. There was another round of bulb popping, and then we went forward down the brick walk, down the steps to the street and into an automobile.

I couldn't see where we were going. For a few short minutes I was aware of a bright haze far below which may have

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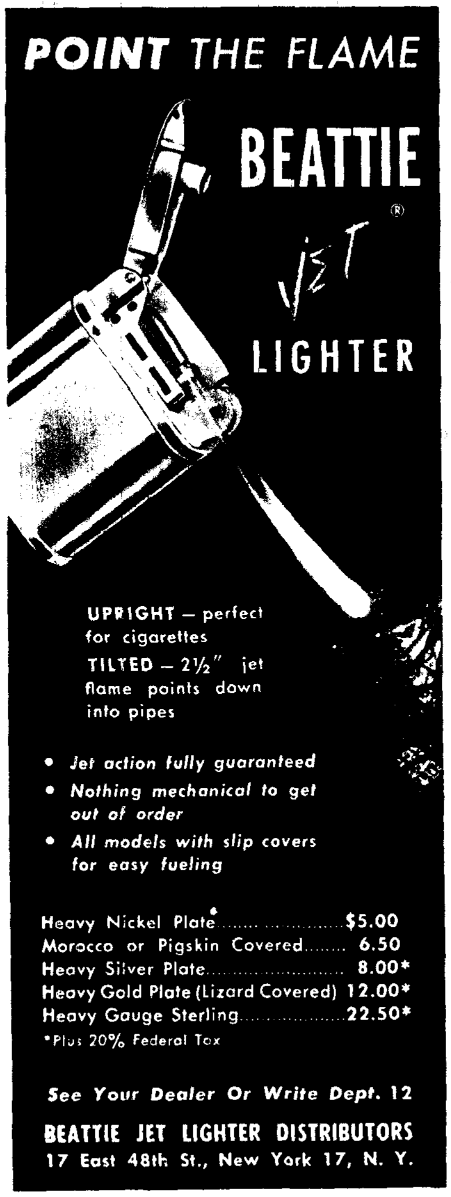
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been the business district, but it began to expand and wave like a cloud of flame. Then darkness began settling over everything, hot dry darkness with nothing in it but the pounding of my blood. I knew I was struggling because I could feel the muscular strain on my arms, but I didn't know what held them. Maybe I was screaming; my lungs felt like it. Then even that awareness left me. I seemed to evaporate into a black heat.

AFTER a lapse of time which could have been measured in minutes or days for all I knew of it, consciousness returned. It found existence first in physical pain—an aching head, a nausea, a prickling skin which felt as though a thousand ants were stinging my carcass. I tried moving my arms and legs but they wouldn't respond. They were like lead.

I lay panting with my eyes closed, while I spun around and around in a vast emptiness. Then the emptiness became full of sprites and gnomes. We all went around together in a long descending spiral like a lazy whirlpool. For no reason at all a bright yellow snake came out of the bottom of the whirlpool and went straight upward along the axis of the spiral, going faster and faster until near the top its head burst like a rocket, and showers of turquoise and vermilion flames began sifting down through the darkness. Then I heard voices.

"Been in Mexico, I understand," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "I think that explains it."

"I understand he put up quite a battle."

"He was out for hours. That stuff makes you run a terrific fever."

"Gets the nerves, too. You gave him morphine?"

"About three o'clock this morning after he began to quiet down. You know, he's a regular malaria victim. It came out in the blood test."

"Yes?"

"Been using atabrine. But probably he'd have pulled through anyhow; but it gives me an idea. Once in a thousand times there might be a connection."

"Well, he's still alive, malaria or not. Save 'em so they can die right. That's my motto." A hand picked up my wrist, the fingers pressing against the artery. "Pulse about normal. He'll be around before long. Just the morphine bothering him now." The wrist fell back to my side and the voices drifted away.

I opened my eyes and saw Catherine Tremaine sitting in a chair across the room looking at me. I tried to speak, but even while I tried, the figure melted away. In its place was a chair of steel tubing with something dark hanging over its back. The outlines were fuzzy. I blinked a few times and things became clearer. The dark cloth on the chair looked like my trousers. On the arm was my shirt. There was no girl anywhere.

Insects seemed to be crawling across my forehead; I tried to brush them away. They weren't insects after all. It was nothing but sweat, streams of it, running down the sides of my face and body and making the bed damp and cold except where I was lying. That was fine. It meant the fever stage had passed and that I'd soon be myself again. Or nearly myself. I'd never had the fever hit me so hard before. I began to piece together what had happened. I must be in jail—in the infirmary. The fever had come on so suddenly they must have put me in the infirmary instead of a regular cell. They couldn't have questioned me yet.

A male nurse came in and got a dab of blood from my ear. After that they left me alone for a couple of hours while I went over the situation thoroughly. It looked pretty bleak. I'd re-entered the country under a false name and tried to palm myself off as a brother and son on two unsuspecting females. Or so the prosecution would look at it. But somehow things didn't fit. Why the newspaper photographers—and no federal men?

I pushed myself up on an elbow and looked around. The room was small and bare with white walls and a linoleum floor. The bed and chair were regular hospital equipment. There was an enameled steel table by the bed, with a pitcher of water and a glass on it. There was an ash tray with a couple of cigarette butts in it, and on the bottom shelf of the table was a newspaper. I pulled the paper out. The front page was a shock.

It was a morning paper, with half the front page devoted to my picture. There I was with my hat shoved back and the big guy standing beside me under the gabled entrance of the Tremaine home. It was a good picture for a newspaper. It even looked like me. The big guy was beaming proudly. But the thing which hit me between the eyes was the headline. In block capitals six inches high it said:

PHILIP TREMAINE TAKEN
IN SAN FRANCISCO

and under it in smaller letters but still big enough to read across the room:

TEN-YEAR FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE IN
EARL CLARK MURDER CASE CAPTURED BY POLICE AT FESTIVE HOMECOMING

I came to a sitting position and started reading the story. It was a sordid affair. For ten years Philip Tremaine had been wanted in connection with the murder of Earl Clark, a San Francisco attorney who'd been shot in his Montgomery Street office. The alleged cause of the murder was a quarrel which occurred when Tremaine, just back from Europe, made himself obnoxious to Clark's wife at the bar of a private club. Tremaine was drunk and insistent, so Clark finally knocked Tremaine down.

It was the type of thing that happens in hundreds of bars every night of the year, the type of incident which is either forgotten or covered by an apology the next day. But in this case the quarrel made the gossip columns of the newspapers because both Tremaine and Clark belonged to that layer of society which gives gossip writers their copy. Tremaine was due to inherit a fortune, and Clark—among other things—was attorney for an organization of shipowners which I remembered from my days on the water front. Tremaine was unable to take the public ribbing which developed from the quarrel, so he marched into Clark's office and shot him.

Five girls, secretaries and stenographers, saw him enter. All of them heard the shot, and two of them got to Clark's inner office in time to see Tremaine drop a gun into his pocket and slide out the private exit into the hallway. They never caught him. Clark, dead of a bullet wound, lay across his desk. The bullet was recovered but not the gun, which Tremaine took with him. The murder appeared to be one of spite and revenge committed in a fit of childish rage.

The inside pages carried other angles to the story. There were pictures of Catherine and her mother, apparently taken right after mine was, which showed them registering grief in the living room of the Tremaine house.

I closed the paper and let it slide to the floor. The thing began to get clear. The police thought I really was Philip Tremaine. Why wouldn't they? I was found in the Tremaine house; I'd crossed the border under Tremaine's name; the wallet and papers I had on me all indicated I was Philip Tremaine; and a mother and sister were claiming me as a son and brother. I'd done a beautiful job of putting myself in Tremaine's shoes.

BUT the cold fact was that I could prove I wasn't Tremaine. I could do it quickly and incontrovertibly by giving my real name and inviting the F.B.I. in to bear me out. I didn't know whether or not Tremaine had left any fingerprints around, but the F.B.I. certainly had mine. And they had my picture. The picture—I reached over the side of the bed and picked up the newspaper again. Surely someone would know the picture on the front page wasn't of Tremaine. Or would they?

I tried remembering all I knew about Philip Tremaine under his alias of Phil Temple. He was thirty-four or thereabout. He must have been about twenty-four when he shot Clark. Before then, so the paper said, he'd spent several years in Europe, and prior to that time he'd spent four years at Dartmouth. He'd been in San Francisco very little from the age of eighteen on, a period of sixteen years. He must have known people, but sixteen years is a long time, and nothing dims the memory of a face so much as a new photograph. The news-

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

Once a week a foreign-born citizen in Buffalo sent a complaining letter to his nephew in a subjugated country in Europe. Buried in its phrases was a transposagram which contained the weekly directive for the main theme of the broadcasts of an underground radio station which told the truth about America. Spies and radio experts searched frantically for the secret station and for the source of its directives, but they couldn't find either. Here is one of the transposagrams:

●

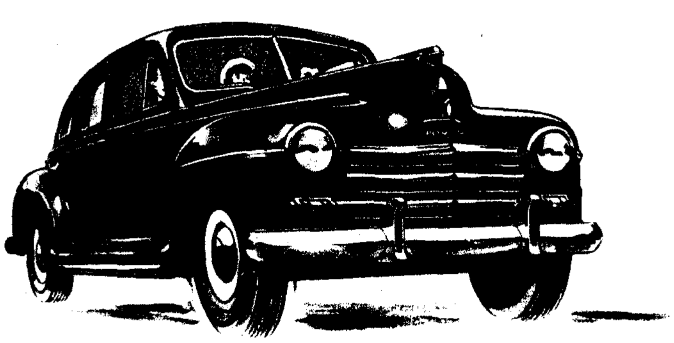
OUR GOOD COIN REAPS TURMOIL

M O R E ■ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ C ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ■ O U R ■ ☐ ☐ A ☐

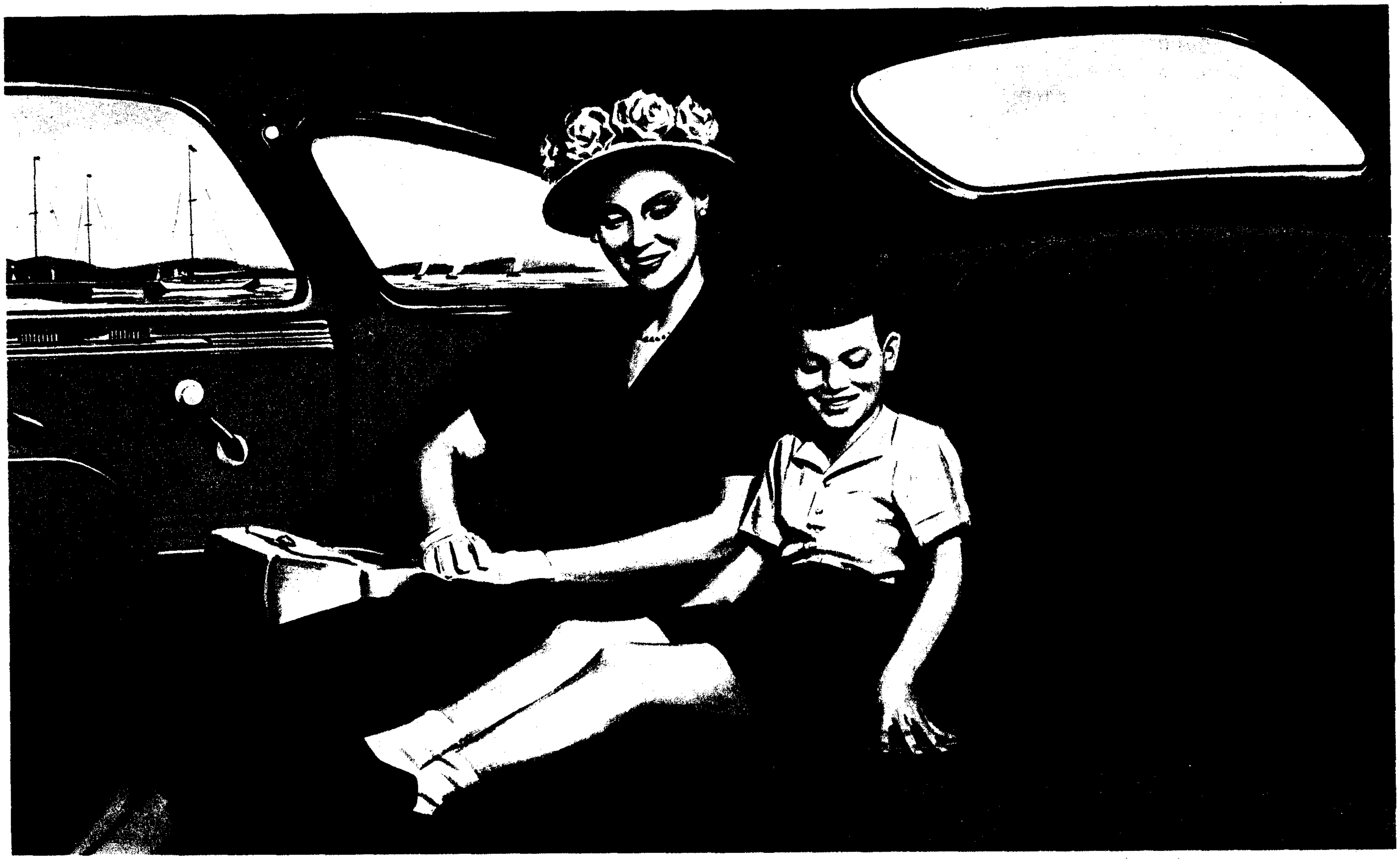
Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 60)

YOUR CAR RIDES ON AIR – WHY NOT YOU ?



NEW Plymouth Air Pillow Ride



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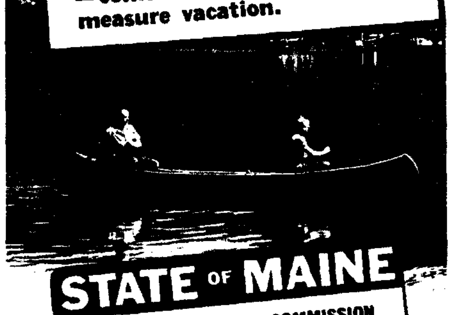

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papers had my picture on the front page, and the newspapers said it was a picture of Philip Tremaine. The people who had known Tremaine might look at it and remark on how much his appearance had changed, but after they'd looked at it a few times, they'd start remembering Tremaine as the guy who looked like the picture and not as he really looked. They wouldn't argue with a mother. Well, it still wouldn't get by the F.B.I. once I gave myself up.

That was rather messy, too. I'd have a passport violation and an illegal entry charge against me, which could add up to six years. In addition, I was guilty of impersonating another person, and I'd have a hard time explaining that the impersonation was innocent. I began to see just how right the assistant consul in Mexico City had been when he advised me to turn myself in for questioning.

THE last cobwebs of fever and morphine were leaving my mind; I was beginning to see things straight. It occurred to me with absolute conviction that neither Catherine nor her mother was going to disown me. This was a frame-up. The discovery was like a crack on the skull, but it was a blow which woke me up instead of otherwise. I'd lulled myself by visions of peace, by the belief that I could shed the past fifteen years like an old coat and sit on a hummock in a quiet valley somewhere contemplating a serene future. I'd wanted the smell of sage and pine trees because they recalled a time of embryonic innocence, and I'd thought that pattern of life could be put together again. The memory had called me back, and now life was putting the bite on me.

I remembered too late so well. Phil Temple sitting beside me on Taylor's terrace telling me about himself, and me listening with a bored ear. I remembered the casual way he'd tossed out the photographs of his mother and sister. To see if I recognized them. I didn't. Then following with the tourist permit to see if the name on it meant anything to me—testing me out. Of course it meant nothing. When this Earl Clark was bumped off, I was dodging bullets somewhere north of Barcelona and hadn't seen an American newspaper in months. I was perfect for the part. He even knew I was going to San Francisco; Paquita had told him that. Then he left his wallet with Paquita on the chance that I'd take it. How I laughed! How he must have laughed! He played it without a flaw, because he had nothing to lose if things went wrong. He could always wait for the next sucker to try again. It was all up to me. And his mother and sister could always say they'd been sincerely mistaken about my identity.

I shoved the bedclothes aside and stood up. Tremaine was going to have to think again. He shouldn't hunt bear with rat-traps. If somebody wanted to play rough, he'd picked on the right guy. Mike Finney had played rough in some pretty big leagues.

I reeled across the room to the chair and climbed into my pants, pulling off the nightgown they had on me and throwing it under the bed. I found my shoes under the chair and squirmed into my shirt. My coat wasn't around, and I didn't bother with underwear and socks. The pockets of my pants had been emptied; money, wallet, everything was gone.

I crawled back into bed, pulling the covers up to my chin. The effort of movement had been good for me—or maybe it was just anger. Anyhow my body was functioning again, morphine or not. I lay on my back with nothing but the top blanket covering my arms. For fifteen minutes I didn't move, and then a man in a white coat came in to look at me. He was a pleasant-faced man in gold-rimmed glasses.

He leaned over me with a thermometer in his hand, his face about two feet above mine. My right arm came out from under the covers and caught him in the center of his white waistcoat, and my left hand lifted the blanket and flipped it around his head, jerking him down on the bed beside me. He tried to yell, but there wasn't any wind left in his insides to yell with. I was over him now and twisted his head sideways, lifting the blanket enough to uncover the soft spot behind his left ear. I drew back and clipped him. He lay limp as a barley sack.

I stripped him out of his jacket, picked up his glasses from the floor and then rolled him onto his stomach in bed and pulled the covers up to his hairline. Then I got into the jacket myself and put on the glasses. It wasn't much of a disguise, but I didn't plan on letting anyone look twice at me.

The door of my room looked out on a ward where a few fellows lay in cots along the wall. The attendant sat at his desk not fifteen feet away, and beyond him was a heavy door of glass and steel bars locking me off from freedom. I went back to the bed and groped under the covers to see if the doctor had any keys on him. He didn't. There were none in the white jacket either. I stepped back to the doorway and waited, watching the room over the top of the glasses because everything blurred when I tried to look through them. I couldn't see any keys on the attendant's desk, but after a few seconds I heard steps coming along the outside corridor. They came closer, and then I saw a guard bringing in another sick man. He was about ten feet on the other side of the glass and steel door, walking straight toward it.

I stepped from my room and walked briskly forward without looking at the attendant. I don't know whether he glanced up or not, but if he did, all he saw was the back of my head and the rear view of a white jacket. I got to the door while the guard was still turning the lock and then stepped back politely to let him and the prisoner enter. I nodded at him as he held the door open to let me out before locking it again.

The hall outside was deserted but the elevator was at the end of it where the guard had left it. It operated by itself once I closed the door and pressed the button. It slid rapidly to the ground floor, too rapidly for me to plan what to do next. There was nothing to plan anyhow because I didn't know the layout of the place. All I could do was keep going forward as fast as possible and hope to find a way to the outside.

THE elevator came to a stop; the door rolled back. Outside, the corridor gave me a choice of two directions. To the left was a block of cells, so I knew I didn't want to go that way. I turned right. There was a steel door just beyond the elevator, but it must have been an emergency door for use in case of trouble, because it was open. I passed through it and started down the hall. It ran between two rows of offices with most of the doors closed. The door at the far end of the hall was open, and through it came the sound of voices. I moved into the room; a policeman sat at the desk and three others lounged in chairs along the edge of the room. One of them was the doorkeeper. He had a big key suspended from a chain which he swung idly to and fro while he talked. Outside the door was an alleyway leading to the street with nothing across it to bar the way. The man at the desk glanced up.

"What's the trouble, Doc?"

"I've got to make a phone call," I said. "All the upstairs phones are being used by guys arguing with their wives."

"Sure," he said, shoving the phone across to me. "Punch five for an outside line."

I punched five, picked up the phone and dialed, holding the receiver close to

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my ear so no one could hear whether I was answered or not. As a matter of fact I did get someone, a high feminine voice with a heavy Italian accent which kept repeating, "Please, I can't understand you," all the time I was talking.

"Hello, dear," I said. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting so long. I'm terribly sorry but I just couldn't get to a phone sooner. No, I can't make it for lunch. I'm going to have to stay on until late this afternoon. I'm sorry about that, too. Yes, I've got some money." The cops were all grinning now, enjoying my troubles. "No, I'd rather you didn't come here. Just stay right where you are and I'll bring it down to you. Right now, I said. I'll be there in five minutes." The Italian voice was still begging me to be more explicit. I clapped the receiver back in its cradle.

"Seems like other people have trouble with their wives, too," cracked one of the cops. I gave him a sickly grin. Among men, wife trouble is a universal point of sympathy.

"Yeah, she's been waiting in a drugstore phone booth the last twenty minutes while I tried to call her back. Can I get out this way?" I walked across to the door.

"You can after I open it for you," said the one with the key. He poked the big key into the lock and turned it. "Better be ready to duck before you walk into that drugstore."

"I'm already ducking," I said. I stepped out and trotted along the alleyway between the two wings of the building until I came to the sidewalk where I turned right and scampered a little faster. I was loose in San Francisco in broad daylight. My picture was in all the papers, and before many minutes passed, the doctor whose jacket I was wearing was going to regain consciousness and start yelling for help. At the next intersection I hit Kearny Street and crossed to Portsmouth Square. I walked diagonally across the park toward Grant Avenue and Chinatown.

I was at the other side of the square when the sirens and whistles signalizing a jail break let loose. They were less than two blocks away, piercingly loud and screaming with rage. Within a matter of seconds I heard the higher sirens of police cars.

I didn't run. Anyone running would only invite pursuit by every traffic cop and patrolman he met. I kept walking, looking for a stairway that might lead to a second-story roof or loft. The first one I spotted, I pushed through and started up. It was a long carpeted flight of stairs with no turns in it until I got to the top. Then I came up against a door with a padlock on it and a patch of neat lettering saying it was the entrance to the Peking Club. I plastered my ear close against the wooden panel and listened. I could hear the sound of steam in the pipes, but nothing which sounded like people on the other side of the door.

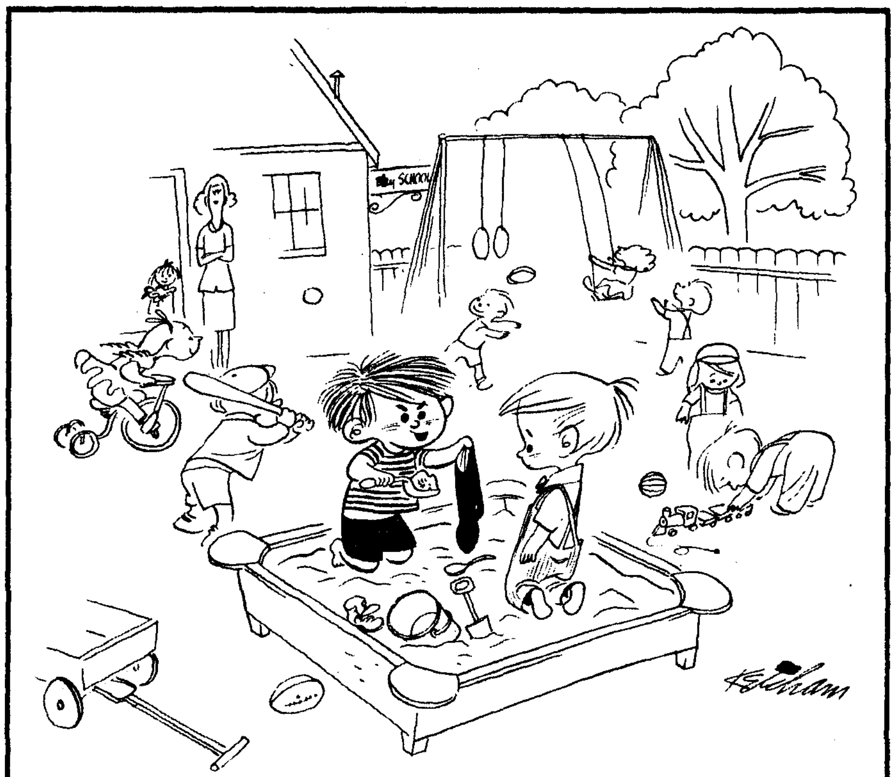
A CLOSED transom overhead had a glass pane. I grabbed the ledge just beneath it and chinned myself so I could look inside. It was an ordinary night club except for the Chinese trimmings. There was a bar, a small dance floor, a raised platform which would hold four or five musicians, and a bunch of tables. Everything was neat and orderly, awaiting opening time.

I braced my legs against the side of the door and worked at the transom with one hand. It gave enough that I was able to squeeze my hand through and get my fingers on the bar which operated it on the other side. It gave another half inch and I got my whole arm through, opening it as wide as it would go. The squeeze was narrow, but I wriggled through headfirst and got to the floor on the other side with only a few scrapes and slivers. Then I closed the transom again.

On the left of the bar was a door which looked as if it might lead to the kitchen. It was locked by a night latch, but the latch was on my side so all I had to do was turn it. I opened it slowly and carefully because there was just a chance that the cook or some of the vegetable boys might be on duty already. It was the kitchen all right, and it was empty. I set the night latch so it wouldn't lock behind me and went on in.

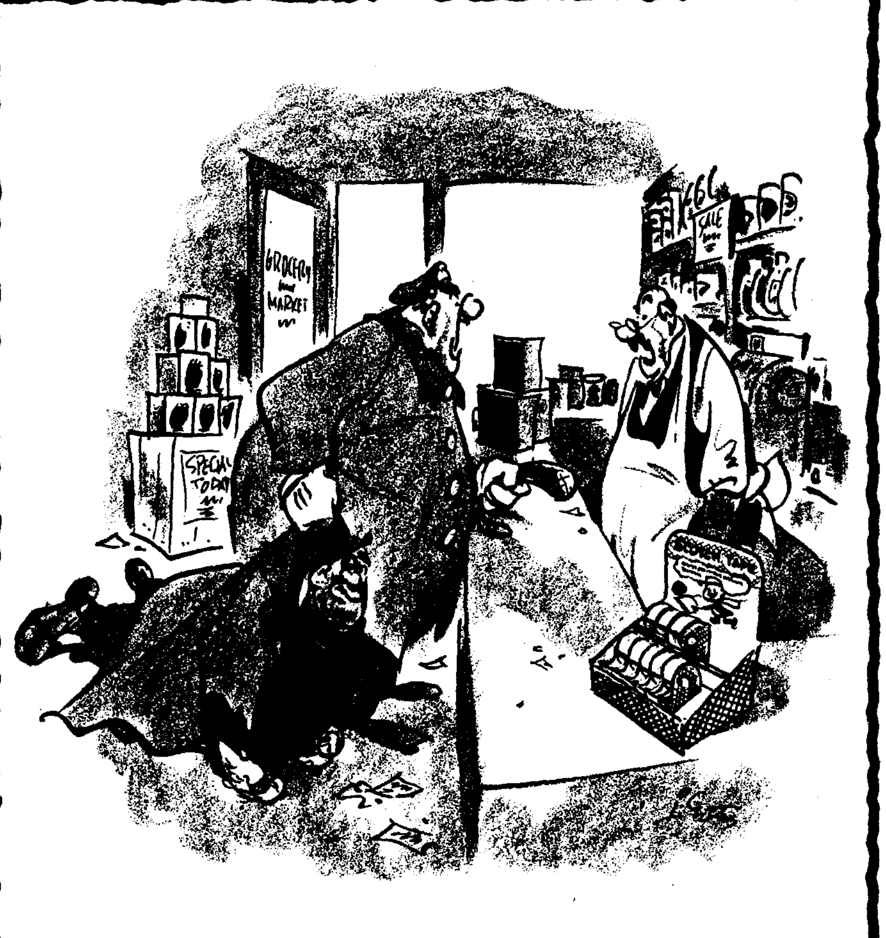
The place was all in order for the coming night's work. I took in the pots, the range, the refrigerator, and also located the back door. Daylight came through its window, which meant that it was reached by a stairway from the alley. A chart on the post by the stove showed the times when members of the kitchen crew were to report for duty. The head cook was due at noon. The clock on the wall said I had about an hour before he should arrive.

I walked over to the back door to look out. I had no intention of leaving the place just yet, but I wanted to know the lay of the land in case I had to leave in a



"You fill your sock with sand, like this, see? And then— WHAM!!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



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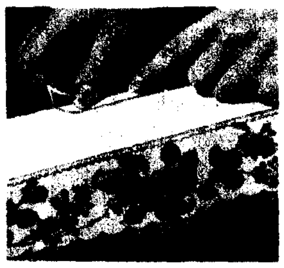
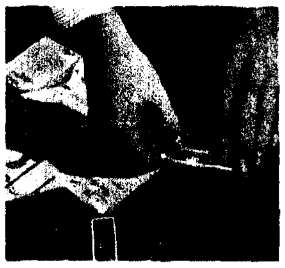


DRESS up cupboards with fancy shelf paper held with "Scotch" Tape.



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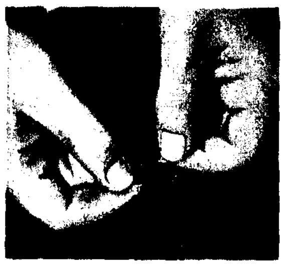
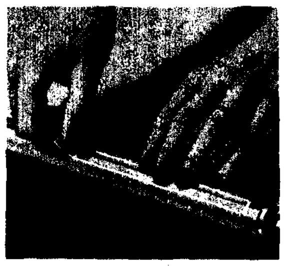
RECORD PARTY? Your name taped to your records simplifies sorting afterwards.



TAPE frayed end of shoelace with a strip of transparent "Scotch" Tape when metal tip comes off.



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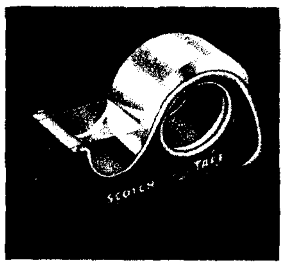

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hurry. I looked through the window—into the eyes of a policeman who stood on the wooden platform just outside the door. He'd apparently just reached the top of the stairs while making a routine check of the alley. His eyes bugged out and he let loose with an instinctive scream of surprise. Then he grabbed at the door. It was locked, but by the way it shook when he heaved on it, I knew the bolt wouldn't last long. I turned and ran, ducking low and diving for the entrance to the dining room as a bullet crashed through the glass. As far as the cop knew, I was an escaped murderer who had beat up one of the jail personnel, and the orders were probably to shoot on sight if I didn't voluntarily surrender.

HE DIDN'T have time to aim again before I was through the door and had it slammed behind me. I reached up and pulled the catch on the night latch. Another shot sounded behind me. I ran for the front exit and jerked the transom down. There was no time to try going through it or to attempt breaking the padlock which I knew was on the other side. All I could do was give the appearance of escape by way of the transom and hope for the best.

I ran back across the dance floor to the raised platform where the piano rested. The platform sat flush against the wall and stuck out in a semicircle toward the dance floor. I got my fingers into the crack at the back and pulled. It squeaked slowly forward a foot or so. The side next to the wall wasn't boarded up. It was enough room for my purpose. I squeezed in and under, rose to my hands and knees so that my back was against the platform floor and heaved and pushed with every ounce of strength until the thing was flush against the wall again. Then I lay flat on my stomach. I was beginning to shiver again.

The cop was shaking the door from the kitchen now. His whistle was sounding off like a runaway fire engine. He shook the door just long enough to make sure it was locked and then started blasting away with his gun again. His third shot knocked the tongue off the night latch.

"Come out of there!" he shouted. "Come out with your hands up or I'll blast your head off!" His voice quavered with apprehension. I lay quiet in the dark under the platform and waited.

"Come out!" he shouted again. "You haven't a chance!" Then I heard more steps banging up the stairway from the alley. All the doors were open between me and them so I could hear plainly. Another voice sounded:

"What's up, Steve?"

"It's Tremaine," answered the first cop. "He's in here somewhere. Take it easy. He may have a gun."

"He didn't have one when he left the jail—the doc didn't have one on him. How do you know he's here?"

"Because I saw the rat not a foot away through the back window. I may of got him with my first shot, but he ran like a rabbit."

"You're seeing things."

"The hell I am!"

"Hold on now. Have you tried the front door over there?"

Their footsteps moved across the dance floor.

"Locked on the outside," said the second cop. "He didn't go through there."

"Somebody went through the transom. Look at that white thread hanging from the sliver up there."

"By God, you're right. Shall I blast this door too?"

"You didn't stop on the others."

There was another series of shots.

"Shoot into the hinge from this side and maybe you can knock it out," advised the second cop. There were two more shots and the door gave. I held my breath, fearing they'd meet someone on the other side who'd be able to report that he hadn't met me as he came up the stairs. But the stairway was apparently empty because the cop named Steve suddenly exclaimed.

"This is the way he went all right. Here's a brass button from the doc's jacket!" I moved my fingers along the front of the jacket I was wearing and found a button missing. It must have come off when I squeezed through the transom.

"Then I guess it was Tremaine you saw."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"And this is the way he went. He must have come in through the back door with a pass key." The two of them thundered down the stairway toward the street.

I stayed where I was. Someone was certain to return before long. Within five minutes the two cops were back with a third who must have been a sergeant or a captain because he made them take him step by step through the whole episode. The first two tried convincing him that their theory of my entrance through the back door and out the transom was the right one. He listened for a while and then coldly pointed out that I had to be in the dining room first in order to open the door into the kitchen. That silenced the other two.

"What he probably did," said the sergeant, "was come in through the transom and start out the back way where you saw him. Then he hid in this room somewhere while you two thimble-wits went out the front way leaving all the doors in the place open and unguarded. It's a cinch he hasn't stayed around waiting for you to come back. Take a look in those other rooms just to make sure."

The footsteps plodded across the floor within a few feet of where I lay. They went into both washrooms and tried the locked door of the office.

"Who runs the joint?" asked the sergeant.

"Johnny Lo," said the first cop.

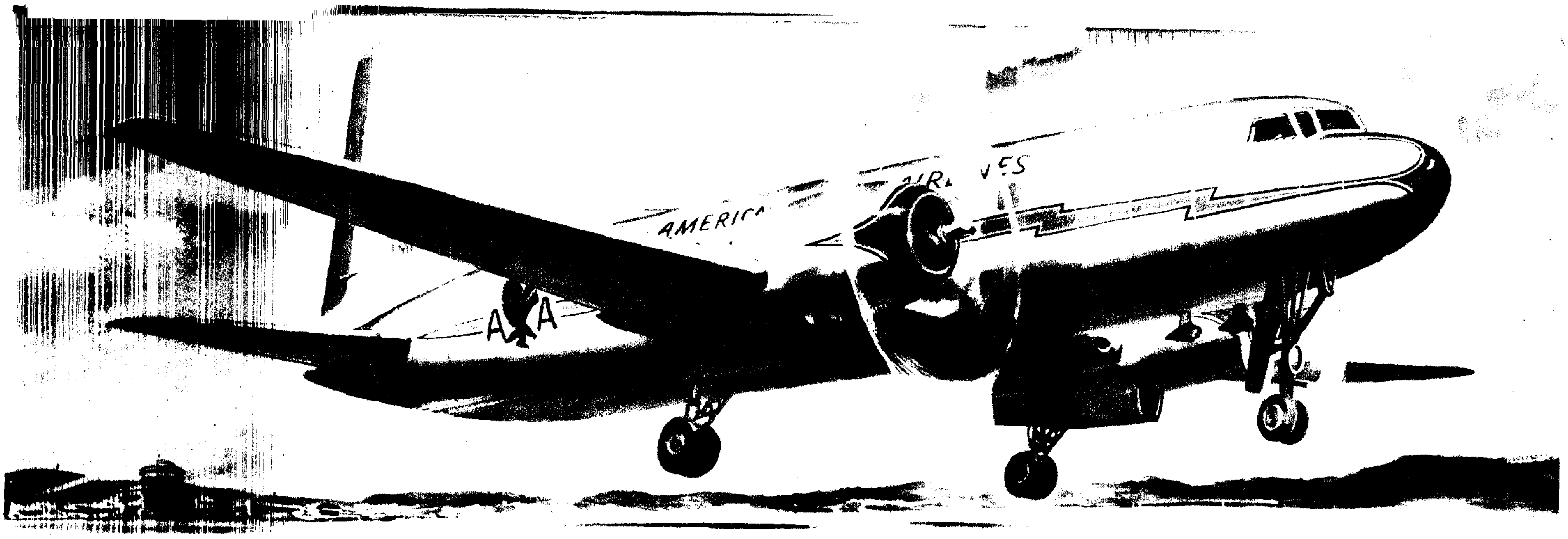
"Get hold of him and stick around until he comes so you can explain how the place got messed up. And don't take it too hard that the guy got away. You flushed him anyhow, and now that he's on the run, we'll nab him."

The sergeant and the second cop left. The one named Steve found a telephone and talked to the manager of the place.

Lo must have lived close by, because he arrived within ten minutes. During that time the cop sat in a chair about six feet from the orchestra platform. Lo was a soft-spoken man with just a trace of Chinese accent. The cop told him to compute damages and send in a bill. Lo laughed and said he wouldn't think of doing such a thing, that it was all good publicity. He mixed the cop a drink and told him to run along.

I LAY under the platform all afternoon. People came in and out but I couldn't see them. I heard the locksmith come and work on the doors, then go away again. The floor got harder and harder and I had the shakes all over again. I was glad there was nothing under the platform which would rattle. When the shakes were over, I lay and sweated. The perspiration didn't last long; my body was getting pretty dry. My lips were like wrinkled sandpaper and my tongue was like a bell clapper waggling around in my mouth. For a while I must have dozed or passed out again, because suddenly there were lots of people in the place. The piano, two trumpets and a set of drums started playing right over my head, with the piano player's heel beating a tattoo and the dust sifting through the cracks until I nearly suffocated.

The music finally stopped and the musicians left the platform. The voices and laughter died down and I heard the new locks being snapped on the doors. Johnny Lo and what seemed to be some personal friends had a few drinks at the bar and left. There was absolute silence



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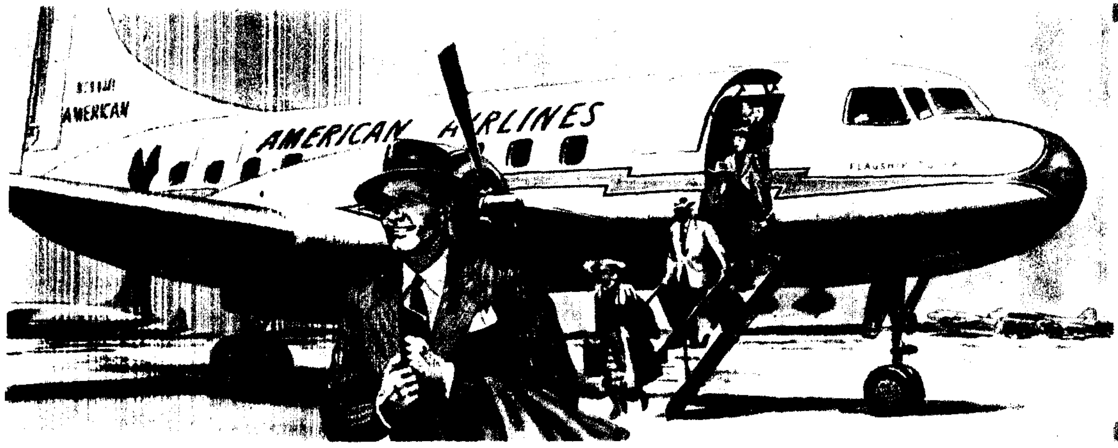

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except for an occasional automobile horn out on Grant Avenue. I let the silence last a good thirty minutes before I moved. I was a lot weaker than when I'd crawled into the place, partly due to thirst and partly because I hadn't eaten anything since Catherine Tremaine had fed me the skimpy steak a day and a half before. I was crusted with dust and dying for a drink of water. Luckily, moving the platform out was easier than moving it back. I got my back against the wall, my feet against one of the platform braces and shoved. It rolled enough for me to poke my head out.

A night light burned in the ceiling but the place was empty. I crawled out and staggered to my feet. The first thing I did was take off the jacket, which was black by now, and chuck it under the platform. Then I headed for the bar, where I got a tumbler and had about four glasses of water. Then I went into the kitchen; I didn't turn on any lights.

I groped my way to the refrigerator and got it open. My hands found a big roast of something that turned out to be pork, damned good pork. I cut off some thick slices and slapped them between some hunks of French bread I found in the pantry. After eating that, I dipped heavily into a bowl of chow mein and finished off with a dish of egg rolls. I closed the icebox and went back to the bar for another glass of water and a shot of whisky. Then I went to the coat room.

There were two topcoats that someone had forgotten to check out, and a choice of three hats. One coat was much too small for me but the other was about right. It was a tan sport model which probably belonged to someone about twenty-five. The only hat which fitted didn't match the coat, but that seemed a small matter. The coat had a handkerchief in the pocket, but no money, not even a streetcar token. I carried the clothing to the washroom where I cleaned up my face and hands and ran my fingers through my hair trying to straighten it. It wouldn't straighten but the hat hid it all right. And the overcoat hid the fact that all I was wearing beneath it was shirt and pants. I walked across the dance floor for the last time, and tried the front door.

Johnny Lo had improved things with his new lock. This one had no padlock on the outside. It was a night latch on the inside, so all I had to do was turn the handle and walk out. I left the door slightly ajar in case I had to beat a retreat at the last minute, but it was unnecessary. When I stepped through the ground-floor door onto the sidewalk, I was met by the blessed San Francisco fog, wet and cold, blowing low along the street. I pulled my head deep into my coat collar and pulled my hat low over my eyes. I turned left.

I was out of jail and abroad in San Francisco, but escaping into San Francisco is just a process of enlarging the size of your cell. It doesn't mean freedom. The exits from the peninsula are few to start with, and they dwindle fast when you have no money. You can't even walk across the Golden Gate Bridge for free, and you can't walk across the Bay Bridge at all. Southward the peninsula widens out, but it's forty miles before you get clear of the southern arm of the bay and can head for the mainland. I was in no position to walk forty miles in a stolen overcoat with my picture splattered over all the newspapers. I had to have money. And there was one place where those who had it dare not refuse me.

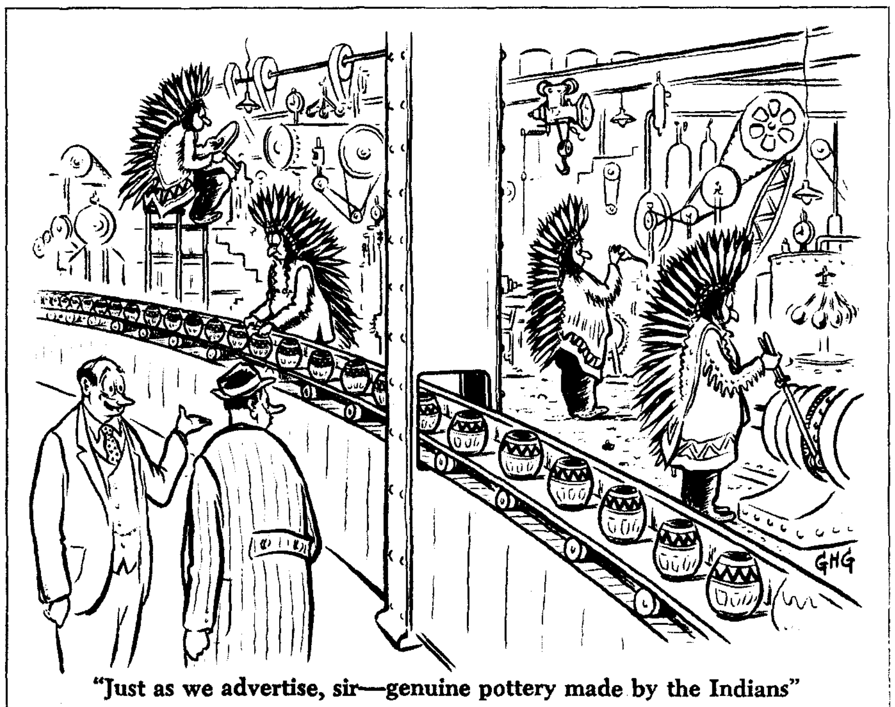
I hit Market Street and turned right. There were still enough people on the sidewalk so that I didn't feel conspicuous by my solitude. I kept my collar up, my hat down, and walked along briskly.

At Seventeenth Street I turned right again and kept looking for landmarks. There weren't any that I remembered, but as I got higher into the hills with the city spread out below me, I could judge my approximate position by what I could see. It would have been fairly simple to find Humboldt Terrace, except that I didn't dare approach the house from the front. I took every turn which would carry me higher into the hills until I finally hit a paved boulevard that swept in a long curve around the side of the hill.

AFTER a mile of it, I saw the big beer sign glowing at me out of the mist. The girl with the beer bottle was still leering. I left the street and started working my way down the side of the hill. The house should be right in front of me somewhere. There weren't many houses in this part of town.

I made it out finally, identifying it by the low sun porch in back. I crawled on until the brush came to a stop at the edge of the unkempt lawn. The house wasn't more than twenty paces away, and the sun-porch floor was no more than eight feet from the ground, an easy jump providing no one was watching. There was a garage with a rear driveway on the kitchen side of the house.

I curled up in my overcoat and waited about fifteen minutes. During that time a cop came by twice. He was patrolling the rear of the house, but he kept wandering around to the side where he talked with another officer, who was patrolling the front. I gave the cop time to make another stroll across the back lawn and rejoin his companion. Then I got up and



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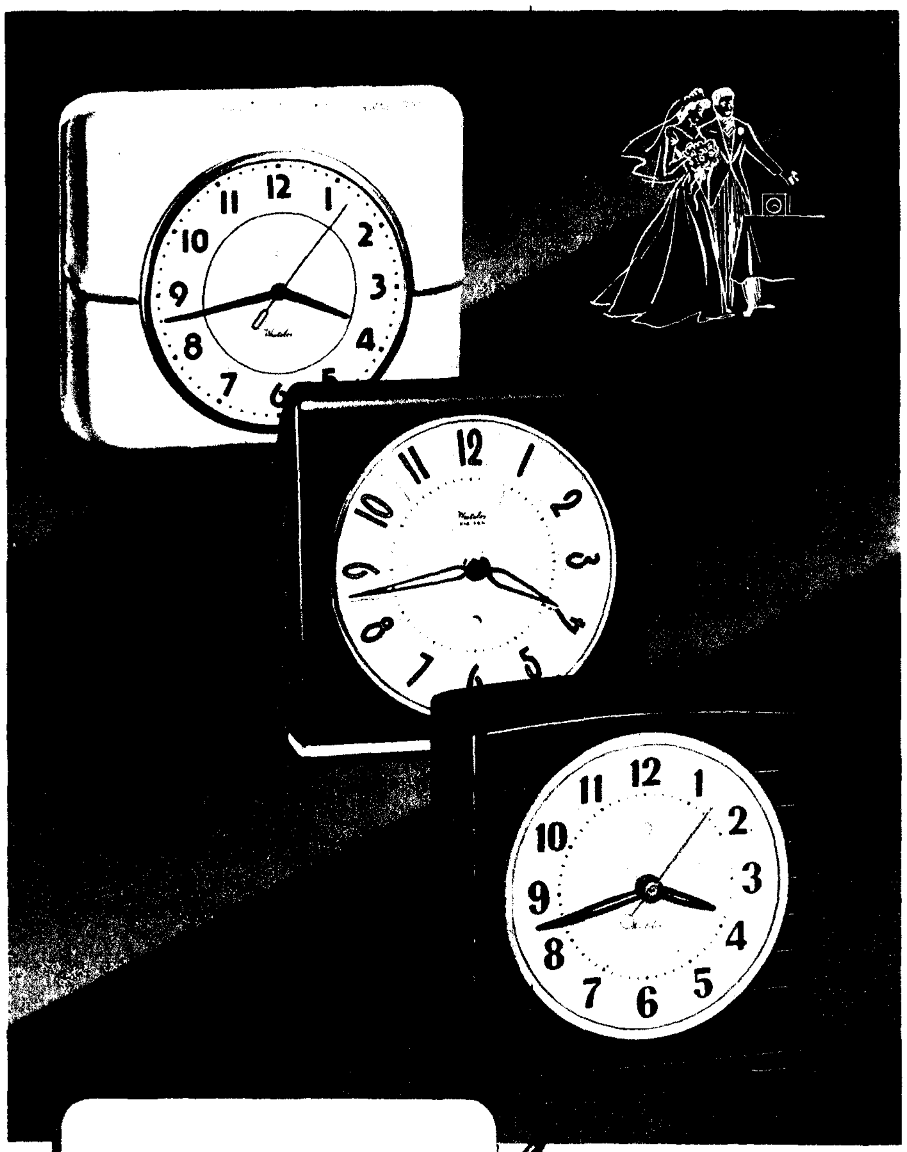

WESTCLOX
Electrics
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN
Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

Three new electrics

(Top) BELFAST Wall Clock, a dependable kitchen helper. In white, red, green or ivory finish, $4.95. (Center) BIG BEN Electric Alarm has a clear-toned gong alarm that adjusts to loud or soft. In rich brown with gold color trim, $8.95. (Bottom) BARRY Electric has a cheerful bell alarm, a handsome black plastic case, at only $4.95.

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IMPORTED BRIAR
with "LOCKMOUNT"

Famous Milano pipe with added feature ...*Lockmount* Hesson Guard. It *screws* into bowl for tighter, firmer fit. Stops goo! Mister, if you want a pipe that always stays clean and dry, get a Milano!

STOP GOO

"LOCKMOUNT" GUARANTEES TIGHT FIT
NO GOO CAN PASS LIFETIME HESSON GUARD
PERMANENT CORK SEAL KEEPS VITAL SHANK CLEAN

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Enjoy Kool-Aid Home-Made Refreshers!

The BUDGET BEVERAGE! Less Than 1¢ A GLASS!

REFRESH your family with Kool-Aid. Take a 5¢ package of Kool-Aid; make a two-quart pitcher of delicious, full-flavored beverage. Keep it handy in the refrigerator. Serve Kool-Aid whenever thirst calls.

TASTY RECIPES on Every Package

KOOL-AID FROZEN DESSERTS

(1) Dissolve 1 pkg. Kool-Aid (any flavor) and 1 cup sugar in 2 cups milk; turn into freezing tray and freeze ¾ to 1 hour (until slushy). (2) Whip 1 cup heavy cream (well chilled) until stiff. (3) Add partly frozen Kool-Aid mixture to whipped cream and whip just enough to mix well, but keep as cold as possible. (4) Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. Requires no more stirring. When frozen, set control back to normal. Makes over one quart. If desired lighter, beat 2 egg whites fluffy with 2 tablespoons sugar and fold into above mixture before final freezing.

5¢ 6 TEMPTING *Flavors* AT GROCERS

sprinted across the grass to the back wall. The balcony had a wooden balustrade on it, but about three inches of floor made a ledge outside the railing all the way around. I jumped and caught the ledge, hanging there just an instant to make certain the impact wasn't going to make the boards squeak. They held firm. I lifted myself straight up until I could get one elbow propped on the flooring, and then I caught the top of the balustrade with my free hand. It squeaked, but only once before I was over it and flat on my belly on the other side.

The mumble of voices at the side of the house stopped and then one of the cops muttered, "What was that?"

"What was what?" asked the other. They were silent a moment.

"Thought I heard something."

"Maybe inside the house. The girl's still got her light on."

"I'll take a look anyway."

THE rear patrolman came by again. He turned on a flash, swept the rear of the house with it, then ran the light across the sun porch. Its beam lit up the wall above my head and then went away again. I heard him go into the garage.

I squirmed over to the door and rolled to my back. The door hadn't been locked since the last time I used it. I turned the knob without getting up. Inside, the hallway was dark, so I pushed it on open, crawled through into the darkness, stood up and closed the door. All was dead silent, so I started down the hall.

The first door on my right was the one to my former bedroom. Farther along was the door to Mrs. Tremaine's room. The others I didn't know about, but I could hear music coming from somewhere. There was a sliver of light under the door at the end of the hall. I moved toward it. At Mrs. Tremaine's room I paused and listened but heard nothing inside. I pushed the door open enough to see that the room was dark, then went in. The faint light from the window was enough to tell me the bed was empty. I went back to the hallway and felt my way along until I was against the door with the light beyond it. The music was on the other side. It sounded like a radio turned very low, giving out dance music from some all-night record program. I took a firm grip on the doorknob and twisted it slowly as far as it would go, then leaned my head against the wall and pulled the door open until I had a crack wide enough to peer through.

The room was an upstairs parlor, or maybe it would be called a sitting room. The blinds were down and were surrounded by frilly lace curtains. The chairs I could see were all plump feminine things done in flowered chintz. The radio was over to my left, and in a chair directly in front of it sat Catherine Tremaine, turned three-quarters away from the door. She was wearing a light blue dressing robe that came up high around her throat like a Russian collar. Under it was a nightgown of lighter blue. Her hair had been combed out for the night and hung around her shoulders. Under the folds of blue a crossed leg swung slowly back and forth with a slippered toe flickering in and out of view. She had a magazine in her lap but she wasn't reading it. None of her movements were normal to a person in the company of others. I widened the crack another sixteenth of an inch to increase the scope of my vision. About three strides from the radio was a low oval table with an embroidered scarf running lengthwise along it. On the scarf was a pistol. She was closer to it than I was. In a race she'd probably win. And even if she didn't win, she'd probably scream at my sudden entrance. That would be instinctive no matter who I was.

I closed the door as softly as I'd opened it and stood in the dark hallway a moment. Then I rapped on the door. The raps weren't hard but in the silent house they seemed to shake the walls. For a few seconds no sound came from within the room. Then her voice, nervous but by no means frightened:

"Who is it?"

This wasn't what I wanted. I rapped again and listened. I heard the rustle of silk and the soft tread of her feet approaching. I flattened myself against the wall. The doorknob turned, and the door was given a hard shove from within so that it swung back quickly. She stood just inside the room out of my sight but I could see the muzzle of the revolver threatening the empty hallway. It wasn't wavering any. Neither did my hand waver as it shot out from beside the doorway and seized her wrist. I jerked her into the hallway beside me so that I could clap my other hand over her mouth.

"Easy," I said. "It's only your brother." I held her head down against my breast and pulled the hand holding the gun away from her side, working my fingers down until they closed over hers. Then I squeezed slowly until the gun dropped to the carpet. She sagged against me so limply that for a moment I thought she'd fainted. I uncovered her mouth and held her by the shoulders to steady her. She staggered forward a step, then turned toward me. Her hands flew to her mouth and she gasped. The dark sullen eyes suddenly became luminous—almost soft. Then they closed. The hands dropped to her sides and she stood leaning against the doorway.

"What do you want?" she murmured.

"In there." I touched her arm and motioned to the sitting room. She moved into it like an automaton. I picked up the revolver and followed.

"You may as well sit down," I said. She sat down. Her face was suffused with a curious glow, almost a blush, which made her quite unlike the pale, tense person I remembered. She sat on the edge of her chair, and if she saw anything, it had to be the wall in front of her. Under different circumstances and in a different place, I might have thought she was praying. Perhaps she was, but I could detect no evidence of fear.

IN CATHERINE'S acceptance of my presence I somehow saw myself as I really was—nothing but a man who, by virtue of extreme recklessness and good fortune, had managed to escape from jail. The illusion of being ruthless and determined departed—because the girl who should have been pale and weeping at the sight of me wasn't even looking at me. I felt suddenly tired.

I pulled a chair close to hers and sat down facing her.

"Then you really escaped?" she said. She said it to the wall.

"As you see."

"I've been sitting here for hours." The faint glow was still on her face and the mouth had a peaceful repose to it, a smile that wasn't a smile. "I've had the radio on, listening."

"What have you heard?"

"Just that you'd escaped. Nothing more. It's all I wanted to hear. But I've listened . . . afraid that you might be taken again."

I started to reply bitterly, but stopped. That wasn't why I had come. I dropped the revolver into my overcoat pocket.

"I haven't escaped yet," I reminded her. "I'm at liberty, but it may be temporary."

"But why did you come here? The police—" She turned to face me.

"—Are right outside. If you scream they'll come in. Don't scream. Don't talk any louder than you are right now. We aren't playing brother and sister any longer."

"No, you aren't my brother," she said.

"I was never your brother. You never thought I was. Your mother never thought I was her son. Where is she?"

"She's gone back to Palo Alto."

"Her heart is better, I trust?"

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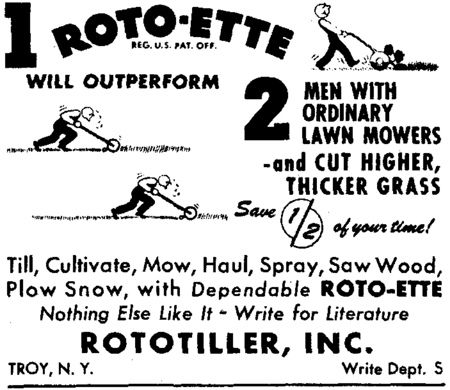

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They really work.
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"I don't think I'll ever see her again."

"That's up to you. Now listen. Do you know who I am?"

She looked at me curiously, then shook her head. "No."

"If you don't know, what made you think I'd stand trial as your brother rather than give my own name?"

"But I never thought that at all."

"What, then?"

"I don't know," she said.

"You'd better tell me."

She shook her head desperately. "Oh, no. I can't."

"I've met your brother," I said.

"I don't want to hear."

"I don't like him."

"Please. What is it you want?"

"I want to know if you know who I am?"

"No. I told you that. I don't want to know."

As long as she denied it, there was no way I could prove she wasn't telling the truth. Since I had no intention of telling her who I was, I got up.

"Then there are only two things I want. The first is money. I left what little I had at the jail."

"Yes," she said quietly. "You had a billfold. You had my picture in it. Where did you get my picture?"

"I stole it, but it had nothing to do with liking the picture. I stole the billfold, too, along with what papers it contained. I keep reminding myself of the error."

"Why did you do it?"

"I'm not interested in justifying my stupidity. I stole it for reasons which seemed sufficient at the time. Now I need money. You can call this stealing, too, but I'm not going to get out of town without it. It will pay you to help me. If I'm taken, I'll prove I'm not Philip Tremaine and I'll point out that two women tried to line me up with a murder charge."

She shook her head. "Mother would just say that you were an impostor and she really thought you were her son."

"The money."

"There's very little. My purse is on the lounge." She pointed to it. I moved over and picked it up. It was a brown suède leather purse, badly worn. It was soft and smelled of perfume. I pulled the zipper and dug my hand inside after the coin purse. When I pulled it out, two snapshots were stuck in the clasp. Both of them were of me. In one I was standing near the beach at Calisto with a scattering of palms beside me and in the background the thatched roofs of the village. It was completely unposed. I was smoking a cigarette and watching the waves. In the other picture I was sitting on the terrace of Jim Taylor's hotel drinking a beer. It was like something out of another world, another life. I carried the pictures to my chair.

"Where did you get these?"

"They came by mail. A week ago."

"That's how you were able to recognize me at the station?"

"Yes."

"Where were they mailed from?"

"Somewhere in Mexico, I think. They were addressed to Mother."

"Accompanied by a letter?"

"I think so. I didn't see it. She gave me the pictures."

"Who sent them?"

SHE paused several seconds. "It must have been my brother." It was pleasant to hear her say something which I knew had to be the truth.

"Have you got any pictures of your brother handy?"

"There aren't any. After he—well, after he went away, Mother burned all the pictures to keep them out of the newspapers. There are none at all. I doubt if I'd recognize him if we met. You could have been my brother. I—I tried to pretend you were."

"A pretty thorough job of pretending. He wanted someone to die for him."

Her face paled a little. "I know that now. But you didn't die. You're free. And now you have to escape completely." She came to her feet and snatched the coin purse from my hands. "You must go quickly!" She had a roll of bills in her hand shoving them at me. "It isn't much. About fifty dollars, but it will help. It's all I have. Take it."

I took it and put it in my pocket along with the two pictures. "One more thing," I said. "If you have them, I want them. Otherwise I'll do the best I can. I need clothes." She looked me over.

"Yes, you need them badly. You'd never get out of the city dressed that way. There's an old trunk of Philip's in the attic. I'll show you." She started for the door, then paused, an expression of sudden apprehension crossing her face.

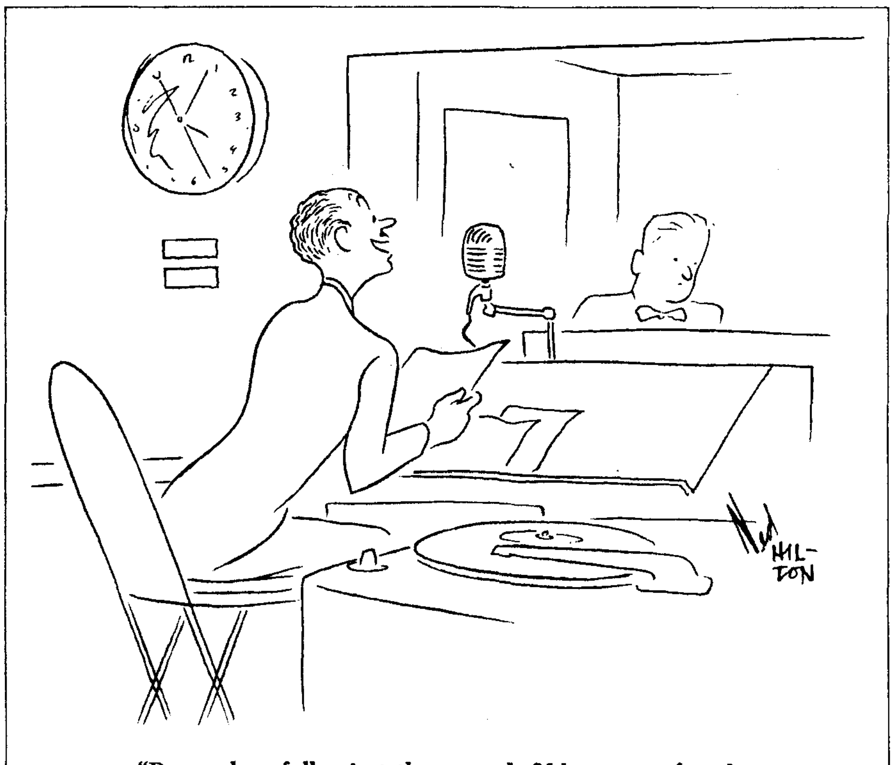
"Why didn't you tell them at the jail who you were?"

"They never asked me," I said.

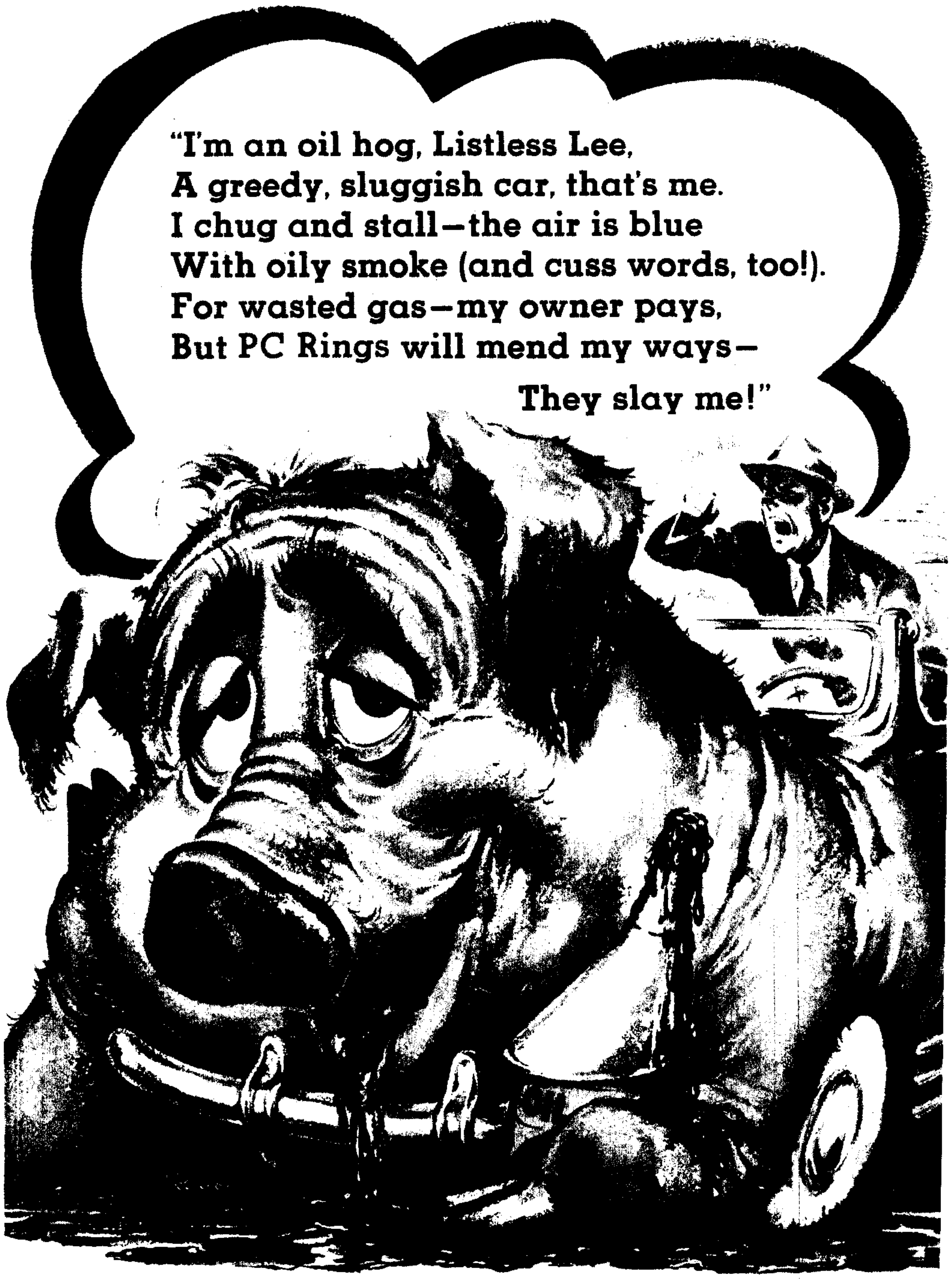
"But you could have told them there was a mistake."

"Look, I didn't steal your brother's papers for the fun of it."

"You mean," she said, "that you could



COLLIER'S "Remember, folks, just the second, fifth, twenty-fourth and fifteenth letters of the alphabet. B-e-x-o, Bexo!" NED HILTON


"I'm an oil hog, Listless Lee,
A greedy, sluggish car, that's me.
I chug and stall—the air is blue
With oily smoke (and cuss words, too!).
For wasted gas—my owner pays,
But PC Rings will mend my ways—
They slay me!"

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Yes, your Doctor of Motors, your expert mechanic, knows that Perfect Circle makes a set of piston rings for every engine condition. With *steel* oil rings for the worst or badly worn oil pumpers . . . with less severe oil rings for slightly worn or rebuilt engines.

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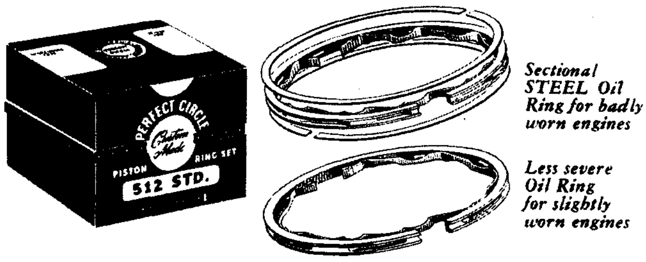
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DOCTOR OF MOTORS

We've solved the laxative problem for good!

No more harsh laxatives for us! We'd known for a long time that such laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. Yet we seemed to need *something*—and we didn't know of anything better. *Now we do!*

Lemon in water first thing daily

Yes, just the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—that's all! If you take it each morning the very first thing when you get up, you're pretty sure to find your laxative worries are over. Lemon in water is all that most folks need.

—it's healthful!

Lemon in water is *good* for you. Instead of being upsetting and irritating, it helps your system *regulate itself*. It's not too sharp or sour, either—just tangy enough to be refreshing. Clears your mouth and wakes you up. You'll like it!

TRY THIS HEALTHFUL WAY TO KEEP REGULAR

Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize, aid digestion. And lemon in water, when taken daily first thing on arising, is all that most people need for prompt, *normal* elimination. Try it! Give it time to establish regularity for you.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON — IN A GLASS OF WATER — FIRST THING ON ARISING

LEMON in WATER first thing on arising

CALIFORNIA Sunkist LEMONS

not tell them who you were?" Her eyes got wider.

"Let's get the clothes."

"You told me you'd killed someone."

I laughed at her. "There are several hundred thousand men in this country who have probably killed someone."

"Oh," she said, relieved, "you mean the war?"

"What did you think? No, I'm not a murderer. I'm not a thief by profession or a blackmailer or an embezzler. I'm not even an escaped convict."

"Then why do you run?"

"Does it matter?" I said. "When the hounds are after you, it doesn't matter whether they chase you for exercise or because they're hungry. They have the same teeth in either case. Let's get the clothes."

"But if you aren't—"

"The clothes," I said. "A few days ago it would have been easy to tell the police who I am. It gets harder every minute. Let's go."

SHE preceded me down the hallway, her robe flowing behind her. She stopped at a door opposite the one to my former room and opened it. A plain wooden stairway led upward.

"I'll go first," she said. "If the police see me, it won't matter because they know I'm here. I'll close the shutters." She ascended into the darkness while I waited below, wondering. A few minutes later a light came on from above and I saw her face peering down over the stair rail. "All right," she whispered. I ran up the steps to her side. "There." She pointed to a trunk under the garret window. "I'll wait downstairs."

"No," I said. "Wait here. Face away from me."

I pulled the trunk away from the window and flipped up the lid. The tray was full of shirts, socks, underwear and toilet articles. In the main section underneath were suits, sweaters, topcoats and spare trousers. It looked like a collection of everything Philip Tremaine had left behind him. The whole works was permeated with the odor of moth balls.

I took the money, pictures and gun from my pockets and put them carefully on the tray, then stripped and dressed from the contents of the trunk. Most of the suits were pretty flashy, but I finally found a conservatively cut gray one which shouldn't be conspicuous. I was glad that men's styles changed so little. The shirts were a bit tight in the collar. I found a plain wallet, a pocket comb, handkerchiefs and a safety razor, which I dropped into my coat pocket.

Catherine's back seemed stiffly alert. Her curious mood of what might be described as remote exaltation was gone.

"Where did your brother get his income?" I asked.

"Mother sent it. Mother always sent him money when she could afford it." And she added, "She always managed to afford it."

"Why shouldn't she afford it?"

"All she has is an annuity that Father left her."

"You got the rest of it?"

Her laugh was short and bitter. "Why do you think there was anything else?"

"I've read the newspaper and I've got eyes. This house—"

"This house has been closed ever since Father died. Under the will we can't sell it, and we can't afford to live in it. It just sits here. The money's tied up."

"And what about you?"

"I was fifteen when Father died. I had a mother to take care of me. Why should I need anything else?" Again the bitterness was there.

"Who was to gain by putting me in jail, and how?"

"No one," she said. "You're not in jail now."

"But I was in jail."

"I thought it would clear the Tremaine name. I was wrong. Please don't make me talk about it. How do you plan on getting away from the house?"

"The way I came, if possible."

We were talking just above a whisper. It reminded me of the way we'd talked in the taxi right after we first met at the station. There was an intimacy about it, a feeling that in spite of the mystery which shrouded her actions and in spite of the curiosity with which she must be regarding me, we knew each other. I was afraid of the feeling. It was the type of thing which could make my hand slip.

"What was the crime you committed?" she asked.

"Did I say there was a crime? It's nothing I'd hang for. I'm not proud of my crimes, but I'm not ashamed of them either. Except for the last ones."

"The last ones?"

"Quite recently I assaulted a police surgeon and broke jail. Now I've forced entrance into a private home, and if you care to make the accusation, I've robbed you of fifty dollars, which is grand larceny. Those are all crimes and I don't like any of them. Neither will the police."

"I'm not going to accuse you of robbery."

"You don't know what you're going to do. When the time comes, you'll do what you have to do to save yourself."

"Oh, no," she whispered. "Not now."

"You mean that since the plan you had regarding me has gone wrong, you've given it up? You feel that way right now. You're in danger, and while you're in danger, you'll say anything to get out of it. You'll even believe it while you say it. I had plans, too. Beautiful ones. Right now I'd give them up forever if I could be standing right where I stood when your brother snapped that photograph of me."

"What plans?" Her question was almost inaudible. Why should I be interested in answering?

Answer to Transposagram on page 50

●

OUR GOOD COIN REAPS TURMOIL

MORE PRODUCTION IS OUR GOAL

OUTSIDE the house the police were patrolling; throughout the city other police were on the watch. If I ran when they cried halt, they'd shoot. And I was going to run. That's what I should have been worrying about.

"Sure," I said to the girl; "I'll tell you. I'll tell you so you can see how little it means. There are places where the snow falls. A month from now it will start falling. Sometimes it falls for days and days and when it stops, the earth is glistening white for as far as you can see. The branches of the evergreens are weighted down with it. There's not a sound, not a sign of a breeze, not a twig or a blade of grass stirring. There's not another human anywhere. You're all alone in a white silent world. Do you know what that is? It's the beginning of things. It's something you remember. There are no marks on the snow, no paths cut through. Everything is wiped out that was there before, and you start all over again with new paths. Does that make sense? I was going back there."

She didn't say anything for several seconds. I buttoned my tight collar and jerked a necktie into place. I was going to look silly in my fine clothes with a three-day beard bristling out of my face.

"Then why did you come here?" It was another whispered question.

"If I remember right, you brought me the first time. I didn't come."

"But I mean why did you come to San Francisco at all?"

"Because it's on the way. I lived here a long time ago and it was the natural place to come. It's a fine city and I wanted a job. Or if you want a metaphor, it's the place where the paths come out from under the snow."

"My brother knew you would come here. Why did you ever become involved with him?"

"I told you it was my error. I still want to know what he and you and your mother thought would be gained by putting me in jail. Maybe you thought I'd rather stand trial in his name than mention my own. If so, you're wrong."

"Please don't talk about it," she said.

"If I don't it's because I haven't the time." I put my money into my new wallet and the gun in my pocket. The pictures I tore into small pieces and dropped into the trunk. I put my discarded clothing on top of the pieces, replaced the tray and closed the lid. Catherine still stood with her back toward me. I saw a piece of sash cord tied around an ancient cedar chest that had sprung its hinges. I untied the knot and pulled it free, then coiled it over my arm.

"All right," I said. "I'm going to have to tie you up."

She turned and looked at me. The glow in her eyes might have been caused by tears. I didn't like it. It was going to make my task more difficult.

"You need a shave," she said. "Aside from that you look all right."

"It's my problem. Let's go. We'll go down together."

"You mean you don't trust me."

"Do you think I should?"

"No," she said. "You have no reason to." I took her arm and led her to the stairs. It was a mistake to touch her. Under the silken robe the arm was round and firm.

"People respected my father," she said. "Since he died, people have been able to believe anything about the Tremaines."

"I could believe almost anything myself." I pulled an overhead cord and put out the light. We started down the narrow stairs together. She stumbled once and I caught her beneath the arms. She pulled away from me.

"Why did you come with me at the bus station?" she asked. "Why did you do it?"

"I think you know."

"I don't know," she said. "I was told you'd come and that's all. And now all I know is that there's nothing after this—ever."

"What do you mean?"

"For me. It has nothing to do with you. You must escape. It's too late for me to escape."

"It's never too late," I said, and wondered why I said it when I didn't even know what she was talking about. We reached the bottom of the stairs.

"I'll take you back where I found you," I said.

THE line of light still showed under the door ahead. This was the hardest part. I had the clothes and the money. The two police outside shouldn't be too hard to avoid. It was only a matter of minutes now, and the proximity of escape made me nervous. I wanted to drop her arm and go right then, but I had to play it safe. One mistake would be too many. In spite of her statements, I had to tie her up. I had to leave her powerless to put anyone after me for a couple of hours. We came to the door and stopped.

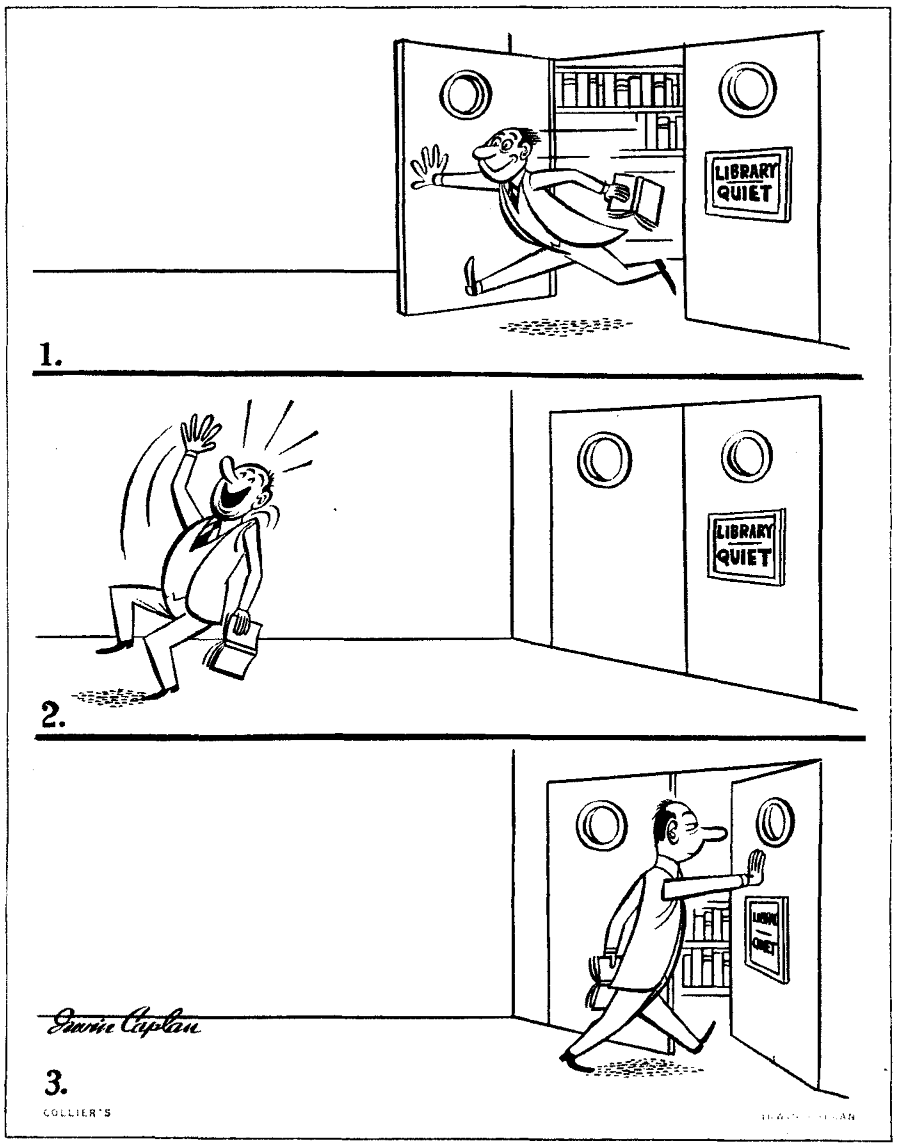
"Go on in." She pulled the door open and stepped into the parlor with me behind her. Then she stopped suddenly and her hand came back in a warning gesture. The warning—if that's what it was—didn't do any good because it came too late. Across the room beside the table stood a tall, hard-looking man who was looking at me with fascinated disapproval. Catherine stepped toward him quickly.

"Mr. Wickersham," she said. "This is my brother."

Her brother!

"Yes," drawled the tall man. "So I see."

(To be continued next week)



How to make a hit with your best girl's father

Remember... you may think of your girl like this, but her dad still thinks of her like this ...and he probably thinks of *you* like this. So your job is to convince him you're a solid-type citizen like this. Promise to bring her home at a *definite* time—and *do* it! But if something goes wrong, be sure to phone *no matter how late.* Let him know your driving is careful, *not* like this. And that in case of flat tires you have a flashlight handy ...might as well tell him the flashlight's powered with "EVEREADY" BATTERIES—because they outlast all other brands*........................And take it easy!

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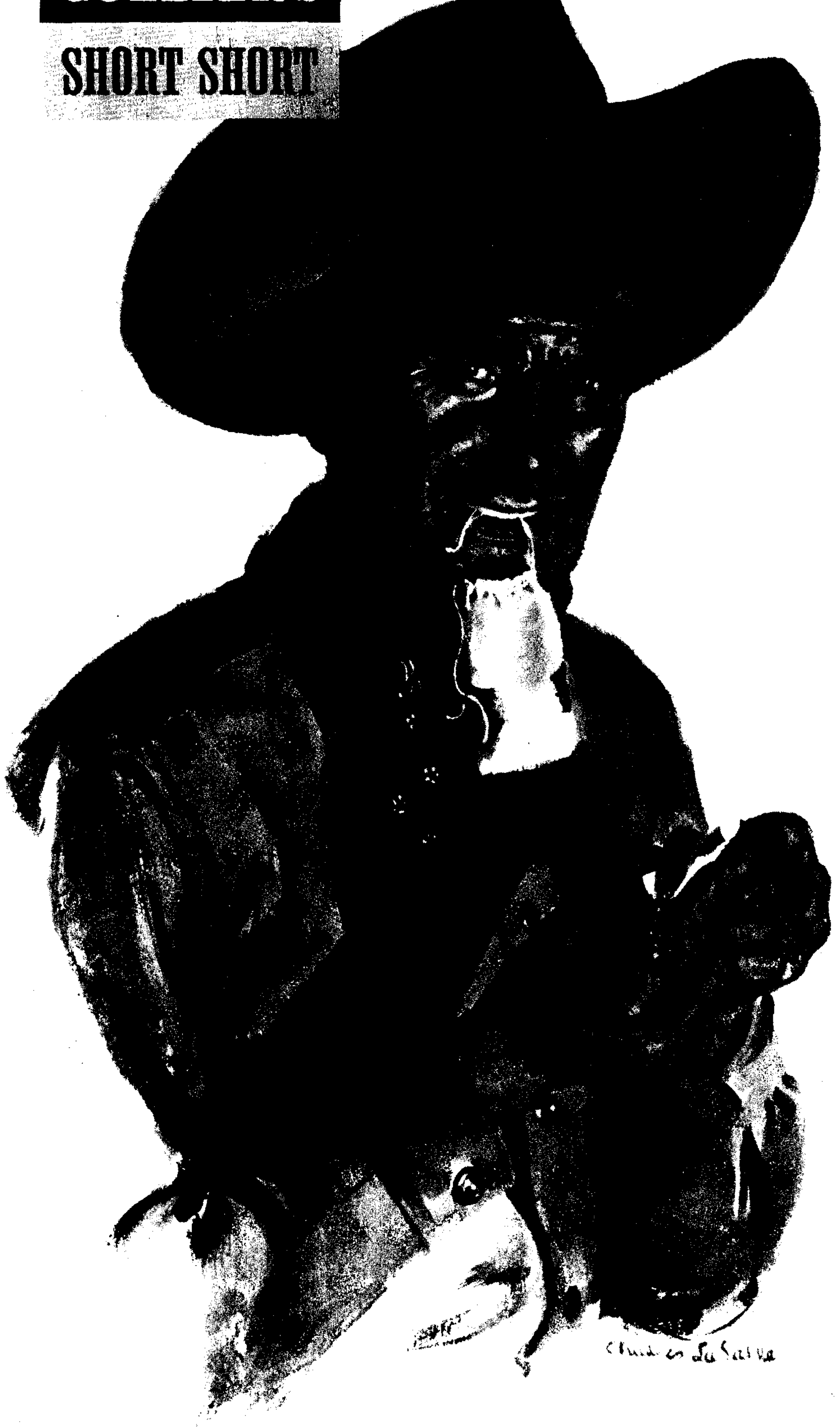

"Mind if I keep this?" Brokaw said. "I had to light out of that store so fast I didn't even have time to lay my hands on tobacco"

THE MAKINGS

BY NORMAN A. FOX

THEY had a fire going behind the bluff overlooking Hibbs' place when Fremont came quartering up. He saw the shapes of men and rifles black against it, and there was something else that interested him, too, something intangible in the starlight. There had to be a name for it. Coming down from his horse, he kept his head below the level of the bluff; this was instinct, but it gave him the word he sought: Fear.

He stood, a tall, saddle-gaunted man grown gray at the temples. He said, "They told me in town."

Fitch Littlefield stirred among the assembled dozen. "So that's where you were! We combed the Rocking Chair fine for you."

It was there again, in Littlefield's voice, the fear.

Fremont touched his thumb to the circle of pasteboard dangling from his shirt pocket. "I run out of tobacco, Sheriff. It was closer to the crossroads than to the bunkhouse."

Barney Sands moved up. To his dim bulk Fremont gave a nod that held as much deference as a cow-country employer demanded: "You've got him cornered, Barney?"

"He's holding down Hibbs' shack. Alone."

Fremont looked around. "Ain't there enough of you?"

"More dead men won't bring the Dutchman back to life," Littlefield said. "What kind of a man is Brokaw? Will he crumble if we rush him?"

"Barney could have told you," Fremont said. "We both went to work for Barney the same day."

"I never really knew him," Barney Sands said. "Maybe he was just hungry and edgy and the store looked soft to him, and the Dutchman made the wrong move. Maybe he's turned into a .45-caliber badman. He had the makings."

"To hell he did," somebody said and giggled. "I knew Curly when he rode this range. All his money went to poker and girls. Never met him but what the first thing he did was borrow my tobacco and papers."

Littlefield said, "What are we up against, Fremont?"

FREMONT shook his head. Funny that when you hadn't seen a man for so long you'd forgot his face, you could still remember his smile. Funny it was always the little things that stuck. He said, "Curly and me lit out of Texas ten-twelve years ago. We trailed north. We had a lot of fun together. We went to work for Barney, but Brokaw didn't stick. He was fiddle-footed."

"But you knew him," Littlefield persisted. "You got him out of a few scrapes in those days. Will he crumble?"

"I don't think so. Let me go talk to him."

Sands said, "I don't want to lose a good man."

Fremont's voice turned cold. "He should have a chance to speak his piece."

Sands shrugged. "You always was a damn' fool as far as he was concerned."

"We had a lot of fun together," Fremont said.

Littlefield scowled. "If there's trouble, crack a cap."

Fremont said, "He'll listen to me, Sheriff. Isn't that what you were thinking when you combed Rocking Chair fine?" He gave his gun belt a hitch and crawled to the crest of the bluff and cupped his hands to his mouth. He called, "Curly! It's me, Steve Fremont. I'm coming down there, Curly."

Below him lay the shack, tar paper silvered by starshine, this bleak homestead breaking an immensity of space. Fremont walked down the slant without haste, keeping his hands hanging straight down. He came to the fence, and his shirt was sticking under the arms, and he wondered then what counted with men, the things they did together at twenty, or what they had become at thirty. He thought: Why did he have to come back to this range? The yard was hard packed and gray with the emptying of much dishwater. The shack's door opened slightly, and Curly Brokaw said, "I don't like this, Fremont!"

Fremont said, "Let me in, Curly," making it friendly.

The one room was cluttered and odoriferous, and starlight came through the window. Brokaw said, when the door was closed, "There's a slew of them out there, eh?" and all the fear wasn't on the other side of the bluff.

Fremont said, "Too many for you, Curly. Will you walk back with me?"

The years had leaned down Brokaw, but they were still of a build. The floor creaked with the uneasy movement of Brokaw's body. He said, "You here as a friend, Steve?"

Fremont said, "The Dutchman wasn't much to me. But he had no harm in him. There don't need to be any more dead men."

"I didn't mean to shoot him." Brokaw's voice trembled. "I only wanted to fill a tow sack full of grub. Why did he crowd me?" He paused, and Fremont could feel the fear rising till it swirled in the darkness. "They'll hang me, Steve!"

"They let me come because they know we was friends," Fremont said. "I'm trying to make it easy for you."

Brokaw drew in a hard breath. "I should have known you came to help me. All you've got to do is stay here, partner. I'll walk out. They'll hold their fire, not being sure."

Fremont shook his head.

Brokaw smiled, and Fremont saw the smile in the starlight; it was the old smile, even with the fear in it. "You wouldn't want to be the one who leads me to the rope," Brokaw said. "Not after the times we had together. On a stack of Bibles, I never meant that store man harm. All I want is the chance to get through that door."

"To hit another store on another range?"

"I'll get me a new name and a job. So help me!"

There was the echo of Barney Sands' voice in this room saying, "You always was a damn' fool as far as he was concerned."

"I've been ten years on this range," Fremont said slowly. "I won't have a friend."

"Ten years of being somebody's faithful dog. Ten years of growing on people. I can guess how you've stacked up, Steve. They'll forgive you a heap. They'd do the same if they'd been as close as you and me."

There was an inevitability here that was too great for Fremont, and he wondered if this was what had brought him here, really. He said wearily, "I never was able to hold out against you. I'll give you your start. But you're a fool unless you keep that gun cased. A shot will fetch them running."

Brokaw let out a long-drawn sigh. "Another hour and I'd have busted down and took my chance. It's been plain hell, Steve. Not even a smoke. Have you got the makings?"

Fremont took out the new tobacco sack and tossed it to a table. Brokaw reached for it and made a cigarette, stepping beyond the window to light it. His face, stark in the matchlight, had grown more gaunt, but the old recklessness was there. He said, "Thanks. Mind if I keep this? You can get more. I had to light out of that store so fast I didn't even have time to lay my hands on tobacco." And he pocketed the sack and turned toward the door.

THERE was no thought in Fremont, only a stirring in his stomach. He said, "I've changed my mind, Curly. I'm not letting you go."

A hard sucking at the cigarette revealed Brokaw. His face was an animal's. He said, "I was afraid of that."

Fremont tried for his gun then, but Brokaw was faster. He'd always been faster. Sound filled the shack, and fire was in it, and pain, and Fremont went to the floor, numbed and voiceless, his right arm of no use to him. He went down with the sound of the door slamming; he heard the beat of boots across the yard and the shouts and the rifle fire and the thud of a tall man falling.

He lay there waiting for them to come to him, and he was remembering the man who had made a joke about the makings. Funny how it was always the little things that stuck. Yet it was true: Brokaw had never had the price of tobacco. Some men worked for their needings, and some men leaned on the ones who worked, and in a little thing like that you could see the pattern of a man's living. And the way Curly's pattern ran, sooner or later there'd be another dead man on another range. So———. But Fremont was still remembering Curly's smile, and he was very sick. . . . ★★★

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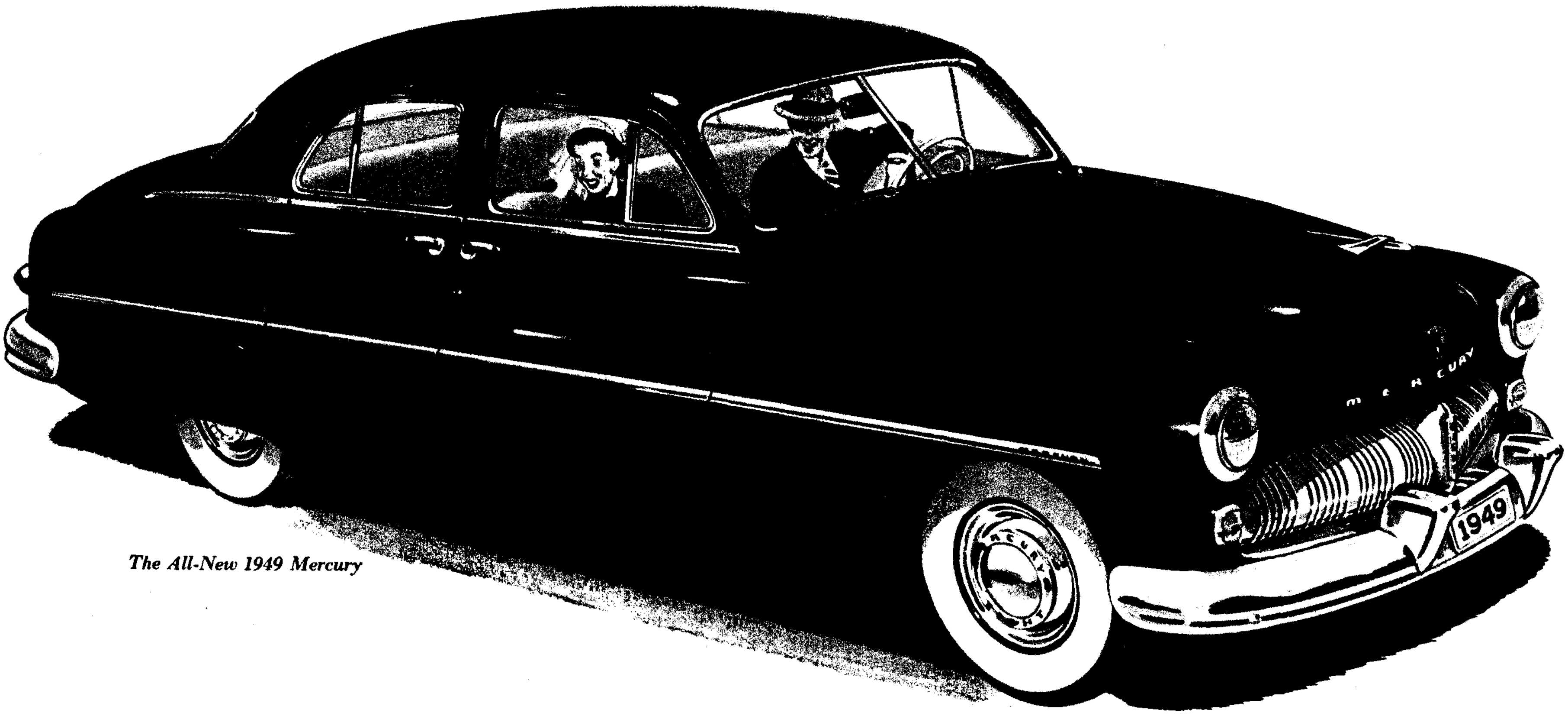

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 23

three ranking American officers in London, Admiral Ghormley, General James E. Chaney and General Raymond E. Lee.

In the background of this meeting was serious disagreement, albeit at long range, between the American and British Chiefs of Staff as to the defensibility of Britain itself and the wisdom of continuing to attempt to hold the Middle East.

It was questionable, the Americans felt, whether the British should be diverting substantial numbers of men and quantities of supplies to the Middle East when all of them might be needed for the desperate defense of the United Kingdom.

After the Prime Minister had opened the meeting Hopkins immediately got down to the root of the matter. He stated the American attitude bluntly, saying:

Insofar as I am concerned, I am absolutely convinced that if it is decided to continue the campaign in the Middle East, the United States has got to send supplies there. . . . Our Chiefs of Staff—the men who make the big decisions on all matters relating to defense—believe that the British Empire is making too many sacrifices in trying to maintain an indefensible position in the Middle East. . . . Now the President has a somewhat different attitude. He shares the belief that British chances in the Middle East are not too good. But he realizes that the British have got to fight the enemy wherever they find him. He is, therefore, more inclined to support continuing the campaign in the Middle East.

I know perfectly well that all of you here in Britain are determined to go on fighting to hold the Middle East at all costs and that it's difficult for you to understand the American attitude. But—you have got to remember that we in the United States just simply do not understand your problems in the Middle East. . . .

Hopkins added:

So far as I know we have no plans to provide naval escorts for our ships going to the Middle East. They will have to take their own chances of getting through.

Japan's Motives Analyzed

Churchill then said that he felt conditions were improving in the Battle of the Atlantic and would improve still further in view of the increased activities of the U.S. Navy as they had been outlined to him by Hopkins. He was convinced that the Japanese would not enter the war until they were certain that the British Empire was beaten. He was convinced that the Japanese did not want to fight the United States and the British Empire together. (This conviction, shared by Roosevelt, was of enormous importance in the formulation of policy prior to Pearl Harbor.)

Churchill said that, in the event of a Japanese attack on British possessions in the Far East, Singapore of course would hold out, but the Japanese navy would constitute a very grave threat to the whole traffic along the Eastern trade routes and might well offer serious threats to Australia and New Zealand. Needless to say, the situation would be entirely different if the United States were to enter the war in the Pacific after Japan had attacked Britain.

Hopkins realized all too clearly that, in one vitally important respect, the discussions at the Atlantic Conference would be held in a vacuum without some real knowledge of the situation and the prospects on the Russian front. Since all deliberation on all phases of the war at that time, including American production and Lend-Lease, depended on the question of how long Russia could hold out, Hopkins decided that he should make a quick trip to Moscow and try to get an answer to that question from Stalin himself.

He asked Churchill whether it would be possible to fly to Moscow and return within a week. Churchill informed him that the R.A.F. Coastal Command had recently opened up a new air route for PBY (Catalina) flying boats from Invergordon in Scotland around the North Cape of Norway to Archangel; a few flights had already been made on this extremely difficult route. Churchill was not enthusiastic about the idea of Hopkins taking so long and hazardous a trip.

Seeking F.D.R.'s Approval

However, Hopkins was excited at the thought of it and on Friday evening, July 25th, he and Winant drafted the following cable to Roosevelt:

For the President only: I am wondering whether you would think it important and useful for me to go to Moscow? Air transportation good and can reach there in twenty-four hours. I have a feeling that everything possible should be done to make certain the Russians maintain a permanent front even though they be defeated in this immediate battle.

If Stalin could in any way be influenced at a critical time I think it would be worth doing by direct communication from you through a personal envoy. I think the stakes are so great that it should be done. Stalin would then know in an unmistakable way that we mean business on a long-term supply job. . . . Everybody here in good spirits but realize that the Russian business gives them only a temporary breather. Everyone here asks about you and are delighted to know that you are in good health. HARRY

It was late Saturday evening when he received Roosevelt's reply:

Welles and I highly approve Moscow trip and assume you would go in a few days. I will send you tonight a message for Stalin.

All well here. Tell Former Naval Person (Churchill) our concurrent action in regard to Japan is, I think, bearing fruit. I hear their government much upset and no conclusive future policy has been determined on. Tell him also in great confidence that I have suggested to Nomura that Indo-China be neutralized by Britain, Dutch, Chinese, Japan and ourselves placing Indo-China somewhat in status of Switzerland. Japan to get rice and fertilizer but all on condition that Japan withdraw armed forces from Indo-China in toto. I have had no answer yet. When it comes it will probably be unfavorable but we have at least made one more effort to avoid Japanese expansion to South Pacific.

The first, short paragraph in that cable provided Presidential authorization for one of the most extraordinarily important and valuable missions of the whole war. Within twenty-four hours of its arrival, Hopkins was on his way.

Before Hopkins left Chequers, where he was spending the week end, Churchill told him in minutest detail of the efforts that Britain was making and planned to make to bring aid to Russia. He talked with his usual vigor and eloquence of the importance of Russia in the battle against Hitler.

Hopkins asked if he could repeat any of this to Stalin.

"Tell him, tell him," Churchill said. "Tell him that Britain has but one ambition today, but one desire—to crush Hitler. Tell him that he can depend upon us. . . . Goodby—God bless you, Harry."

Hopkins then drove with Harriman and his daughter, Kathleen, to London, where he was to take the train for Invergordon, Scotland. He had no time to go back to his hotel. (Hopkins did not pay his hotel bill until six weeks later.) As the train was pulling out, Winant ran up and, through the car window, handed Hopkins his passport, containing Maisky's handwritten visa—which proved to be a total waste of time and effort since no one in Russia ever looked at the passport.

The only authority that Hopkins carried with him on this strange, sudden journey, aside from the passport, was a cable which had arrived that day from Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State:

The President asks that you give Stalin in the President's name this message:

"Mr. Hopkins is going to Moscow at my request to discuss with you personally, and with such other officials as you may designate, a question of vital importance—how to make available most expeditiously and effectively the assistance that the United States of America is able to render your country in the magnificent resistance which it is making against the treacherous aggression of Hitlerite Germany . . .

"Mr. Hopkins will communicate your views to me directly, including what you consider the most pressing individual problems involving American assistance. I ask you to treat him with the identical confidence you would feel if you were talking directly to me.

"In conclusion may I express the great admiration which we in the United States feel for the superb bravery of the Russian people in their fight for the independence of Russia and in the defense of their liberty." . . .

It may be recalled as Hopkins took off on this long (twenty and a half hours) and dangerous flight that once he had refused to get into an airplane with Rex Tugwell for a brief sight-seeing flight over Boulder Dam, saying, "No—goddamit—I'm *scared!*" But then he had a home and family and powerful personal ambition to live for, whereas now he considered himself expendable.

A New "High" in Handshaking

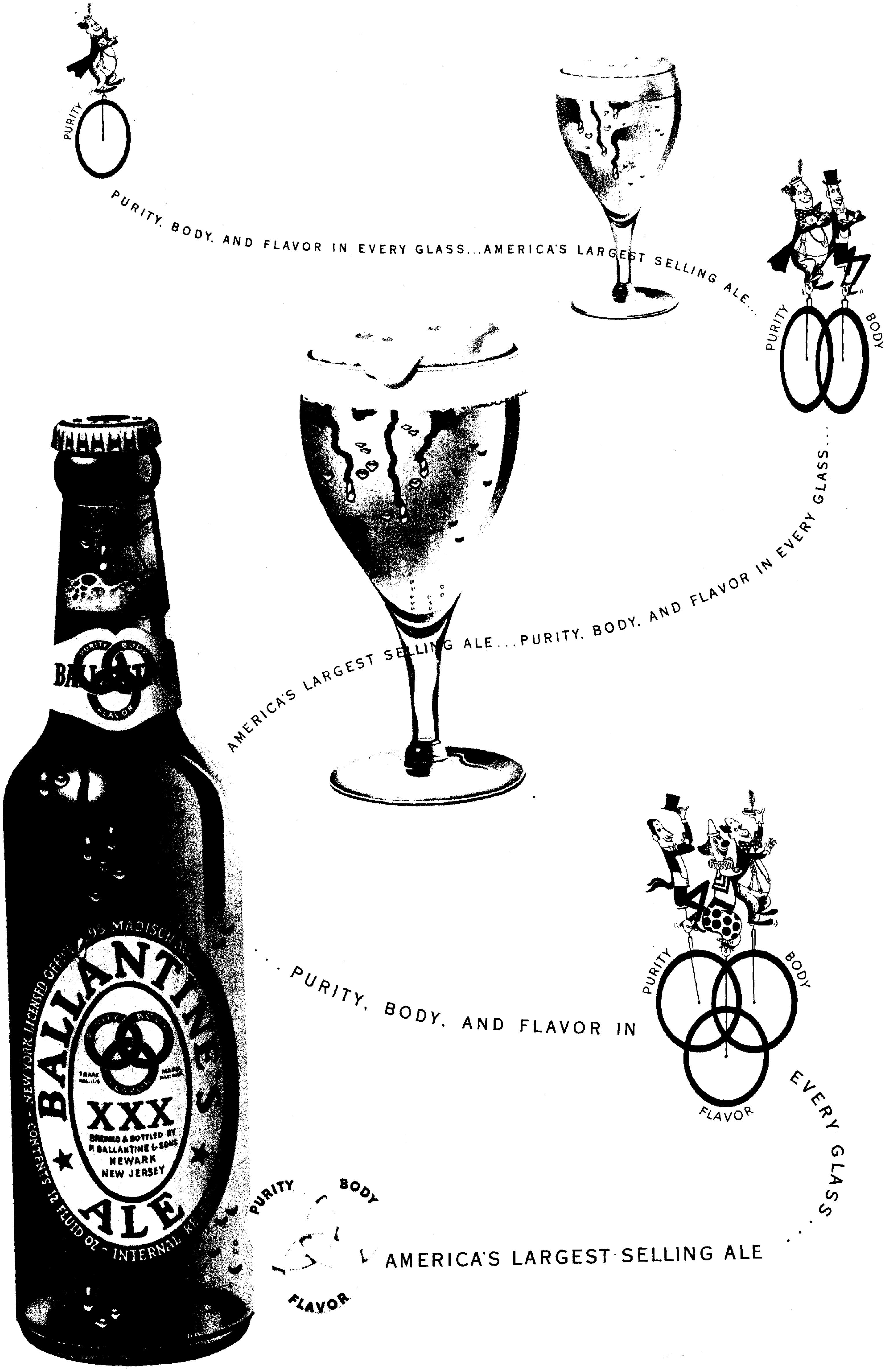
At the airport in Moscow, Hopkins was met by the American ambassador, Laurence A. Steinhardt, and a large reception committee. He wrote, "In Russia I shook hands as I have never shaken hands before."

The next day at 6:30 P.M., Steinhardt took him to the Kremlin to meet Stalin. Hopkins' report to the President of that meeting follows:

I told Mr. Stalin that I came as personal representative of the President. The President considered Hitler the enemy of mankind and that he therefore wished to aid the Soviet Union in its fight against Germany.

I told him that my mission was not a diplomatic one in the sense that I did not propose any formal understanding of any kind or character . . .

Describing Hitler and Germany, Mr. Stalin spoke of the necessity of there being a minimum moral standard between all nations and without such a minimum moral standard nations could not coexist. He stated that the present leaders of Germany knew no such minimum moral standard and that, therefore, they represented an antisocial force in the present world. The Germans were a people, he said, who without a second's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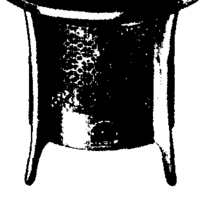

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thought would sign a treaty today, break it tomorrow and sign a second one the following day. Nations must fulfill their treaty obligations, he said, or international society could not exist.

When he completed his general summary of the Soviet Union's attitude toward Germany he said, "Therefore, our views coincide."

I told Mr. Stalin that the question of aid to the Soviet Union was divided into two parts. *First, what would Russia* most require that the United States could deliver immediately and, second, what would be Russia's requirements on the basis of a long war?

Stalin listed in the first category the immediate need of, first, antiaircraft guns of medium caliber of from 20 to 37 mm., together with ammunition. . . .

Second, he asked for large-size machine guns for the defense of his cities.

Third, he said he heard there were many rifles available in the United States and he believed their caliber corresponded to the caliber used in his army. He stated that he needed one million or more such rifles. I asked Mr. Stalin if he needed ammunition for these rifles and he replied that if the caliber was the same as the one used by the Red Army, "We have plenty."

In the second category, namely, the supplies needed for a long-range war, he mentioned, first, high-octane aviation gasoline, second, aluminum for the construction of airplanes and third, the other items already mentioned in the list presented to our government in Washington.

At this point in the conversation Mr. Stalin suddenly made the remark, "Give us antiaircraft guns and the aluminum and we can fight for three or four years . . ."

Mr. Stalin stated that he would be glad if we would send any technicians that we could to the Soviet Union to help train his own airmen in the use of these planes. He stated that his own airmen would show us everything about the Russian equipment, which he stated we would find very interesting. . . .

I told Mr. Stalin that my stay in Moscow must be brief . . . Mr. Stalin replied, "You are our guest; you have but to command." He told me he would be at my disposal every day from six to seven. It was then agreed that I confer with representatives of the Red Army at ten o'clock that night.

Later that evening Hopkins engaged in technical discussion with General Yakoklev, an artilleryman, of the Red Army, General McNarney and Major Yeaton. Most of the discussion was of the items previously mentioned by Stalin.

Puzzled by Red Army General

Hopkins asked Yakoklev if he couldn't think of other items that the Army might need and Yakoklev—doubtless with the utmost reluctance—said that he could think of nothing else, that the most important items had been covered. In the minutes of this meeting appears the following revealing passage:

Mr. Hopkins stated that he was surprised that General Yakoklev did not mention tanks and antitank guns. General Yakoklev replied, I think we have enough. Mr. Hopkins remarked that many tanks were necessary when fighting this particular enemy. General Yakoklev agreed. When asked the weight of Russia's heaviest tank, General Yakoklev replied, it is a good tank. . . . He went on further to say, I am not empowered to say whether we do or do not need tanks or antitank guns.

The United States and Britain eventually sent to the Soviet Union many tanks and antitank guns, but General Yakoklev was "not empowered" at that perilous moment to say whether they needed any.

On Hopkins' second day in Moscow, July 31, 1941, he and Ambassador Steinhardt called upon Foreign Commissar Molotov in the Kremlin.

The main topic was the situation in the Far East and the growing menace of Japan.

In his report to the President on this conversation Hopkins did not record what he himself said in introducing the subject, since this would have no news value for Roosevelt. However, Steinhardt *summarized it in a cable to the* State Department, the first part of which follows:

Hopkins . . . made it clear that in the *event of continued Japanese aggression* the temper of the American public and the disposition of the President are to make no threat which would not be followed by action if necessary.

He stressed the fact that the long-standing amicable relations between the United States and Russia, which the American public has come to accept as assuring stability in the North Pacific, would be jeopardized by a Japanese venture in Siberia and said that the United States could not look with complacency on the occupation of any part of that area by Japan.

In this connection he stated that he had reason to believe that the Japanese government is awaiting the outcome of the great battle now in progress on the Soviet western frontier and that it might take action against the Soviet Union should the outcome of this battle be unfavorable to the Soviet Union. Molotov stated that he understood and appreciated the President's point of view.

Molotov's Suspicions of Japan

At this point Steinhardt's message joins up with Hopkins' report:

Mr. Molotov stated that while the Soviet-Japanese relations presumably had been fixed by, first, the conversations with Matsuoka and, secondly, the neutrality pact signed between the two countries nevertheless, the attitude of the new Japanese government toward the Soviet Union is uncertain and, since the Soviet government is by no means clear as to the policy which the Japanese government intends to pursue, it is watching the situation with the utmost care.

He stated that the one thing he thought would keep Japan from making an aggressive move would be for the President to find some appropriate means of giving Japan what Mr. Molotov described as a "warning."

While Mr. Molotov did not use the exact words, it was perfectly clear that the implication of his statement was that the warning would include a statement that the United States would come to the *assistance* of the Soviet Union in the event of its being attacked by Japan.

Mr. Molotov did not express any immediate concern that Japan was going to attack Russia, and on Russia's part Mr. Molotov stated repeatedly that Russia did not wish any difficulties with Japan.

It is interesting to note that Molotov expressed much the same point of view that Churchill had expressed previously and expressed again at the Atlantic Conference: that the United States should adopt a tough attitude toward Japan as a means of preventing further extension of the war in Asia.

When Hopkins returned to the Kremlin at 6:30 that evening for a three-hour meeting with Stalin he was unaccompanied by Steinhardt or anyone else. The interpreter was Maxim Litvinov, who had been the Soviet foreign commissar in the days of Geneva and "collective security" and then had disappeared into the vast silences after the Nazi-Soviet pact in August, 1939. Now, Hopkins said later, he seemed like a cutaway coat which had been laid in moth balls when Russia re-

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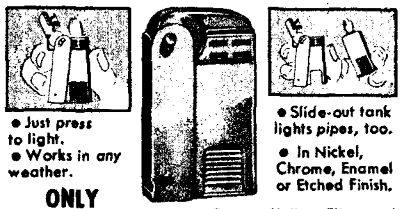

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treated into isolation from the West but which had now been brought out, dusted off and aired as a symbol of completely changed conditions.

Hopkins divided his report of this long meeting with Stalin into three parts. The first follows:

PART I

I told Mr. Stalin that the President was anxious to have his, Stalin's, appreciation and analysis of the war between Germany and Russia. Mr. Stalin outlined the situation as follows: He stated that in his opinion the German army had 175 divisions on Russia's western front at the outbreak of the war, and that since the outbreak of the war, this has been increased to 232 divisions; he believes that Germany can mobilize 300 divisions.

He stated that Russia had 180 divisions at the outbreak of the war but many of these were well back of the line of combat, and could not be quickly mobilized so that when the Germans struck it was impossible to offer adequate resistance. . . . At the present time he believes that Russia has a few more divisions than Germany, and places the number of Russian divisions at 240 in the front, with 20 in reserve. . . .

He is anxious to have as many of his divisions as possible in contact with the enemy because then the troops learn that Germans can be killed and are not supermen. This gives his divisions the same kind of confidence that a pilot gets after his first combat in the air. Stalin said that "nothing in warfare can take the place of actual combat," and he wants to have as many seasoned troops as possible for the great campaign which will come next spring. He stated that the German troops seemed to be tired, and the officers and men that they had captured had indicated they are "sick of war.". . .

He believes that the Germans underestimated the strength of the Russian army, and have not now enough troops on the whole front to carry on a successful offensive war and at the same time guard their extended lines of communications. . . .

Mr. Stalin stated that in his opinion Hitler fears that he has too many men on the Russian front, which may account for their preparing some defensive positions so that some of their divisions might be returned to the German western areas of actual or potential operation. . . . Stalin stated that the war has already shown that infantry divisions must include a larger number of mechanized units. While Russia had a large number of tank and motorized divisions—none of them were a match for the German Panzer division, but were far stronger than other German divisions. Hence the great pressure on the German infantry divisions, which caused the diversion of German armored equipment all along the line.

Stalin believes that Germany had 30,000 tanks at the outbreak of the Russian war. Russia herself had 24,000 tanks and 60 tank divisions with about 350 to 400 tanks in each division. They have always had about 50 tanks in each infantry division. . . .

Stalin says that even though the war has been going on only six weeks, his troops are meeting brand-new divisions at the front, and some of the original divisions seem to have been withdrawn. He believes that the morale of his own troops is extremely high and realizes that this is partly due to the fact that they are fighting for their homes and in familiar territory. He said that Germany has already found that "moving mechanized forces through Russia was very different from moving them over the boulevards of Belgium and France . . ."

He believes that his largest tanks are better than the other German tanks, and that they have repeatedly shown their superiority in the war to date. . . . He stated their present production of tanks was 1,000 per month. He stated they would be short of steel for tank manufacture and urged that orders for this steel be placed at once. He later said it would be much better if his tanks could be manufactured in the United States. He also wished to purchase as many of our tanks as possible to be ready for the spring campaign.

Stalin said the all-important thing was the production of tanks during the winter—the tank losses on both sides were very great but that Germany could produce more tanks per month this winter than Russia. Hence the aid of the United States in supplying steel and tanks is essential. He would like to send a tank expert to the United States. He stated that he would give the United States his tank designs. . . .

I asked Mr. Stalin about the location of his munitions plants. He did not reply to this in detail but indicated that about 75 per cent of the sum total of his munitions plants, the percentage varying depending on the type of plant, were in the general areas of which Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev were the centers.

I gained the impression from him that if the German army could move some 150 miles east of each of these centers, they would destroy almost 75 per cent of Russia's industrial capacity.

Stalin said they had dispersed a good many of their larger factories and were moving many machine tools eastward to escape the bombing attacks.

Stalin repeatedly stated that he did not underrate the German army. He stated that their organization was of the very best and that he believed that they had large reserves of food, men, supplies and fuel. He thinks that we may be underestimating Germany's oil supplies, and he bases this on the fact that under the two-year agreement they had with Germany the Germans asked for less fuel than the agreement provided for during the year 1940-41. He thought one weakness the British had was underrating their enemy; he did not propose to do this. . . . He thinks that one of the great advantages the Russian army has at the moment is that the Germans "are tired" and have no stomach for an offensive. . . .

He expressed an urgent desire that the British send large planes as soon as possible to bomb the Rumanian oil fields, and made a point of urging that pilots and crews be sent with the planes. . . . Mr. Stalin expressed repeatedly his confidence that the Russian lines would hold within 100 kilometers of their present position.

No information given above was confirmed by any other source.

Contempt for Fascist Troops

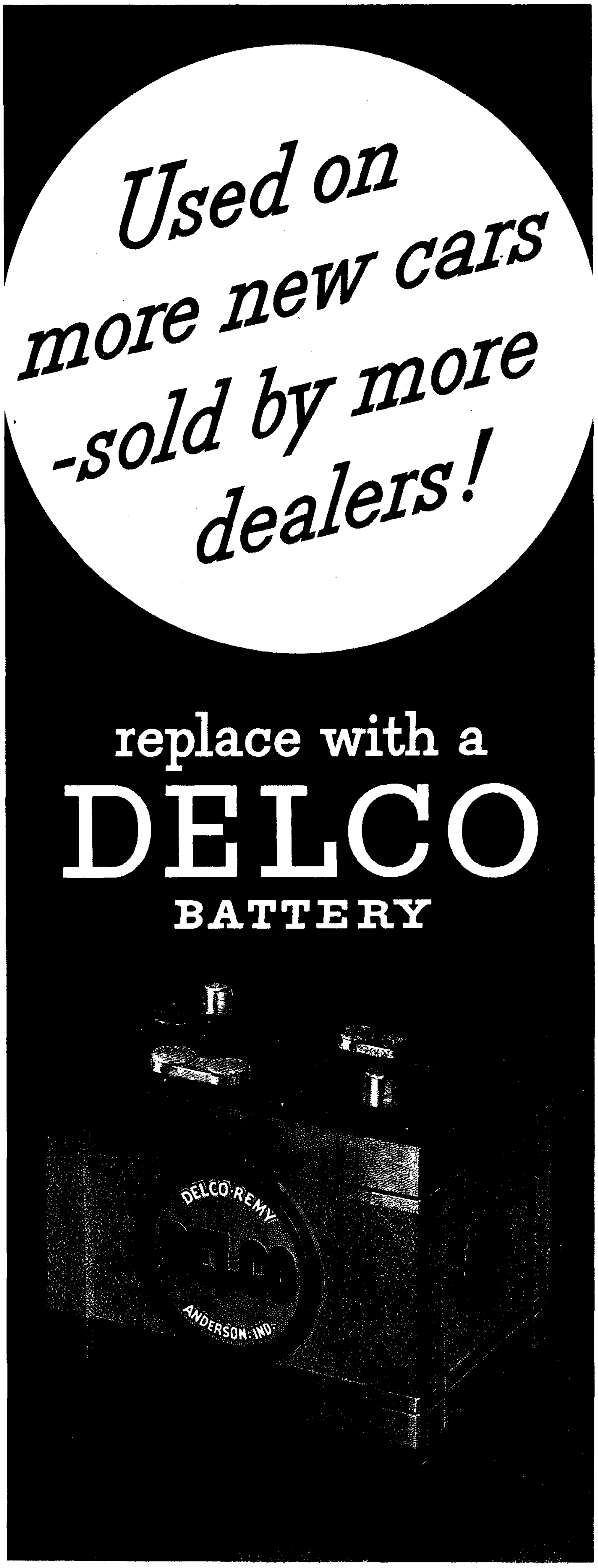
It was during this conversation that Stalin wrote down in pencil on a small pad the four basic Russian requirements and handed the sheet to Hopkins. There was another passage, not recorded in the above report, which Hopkins noted later:

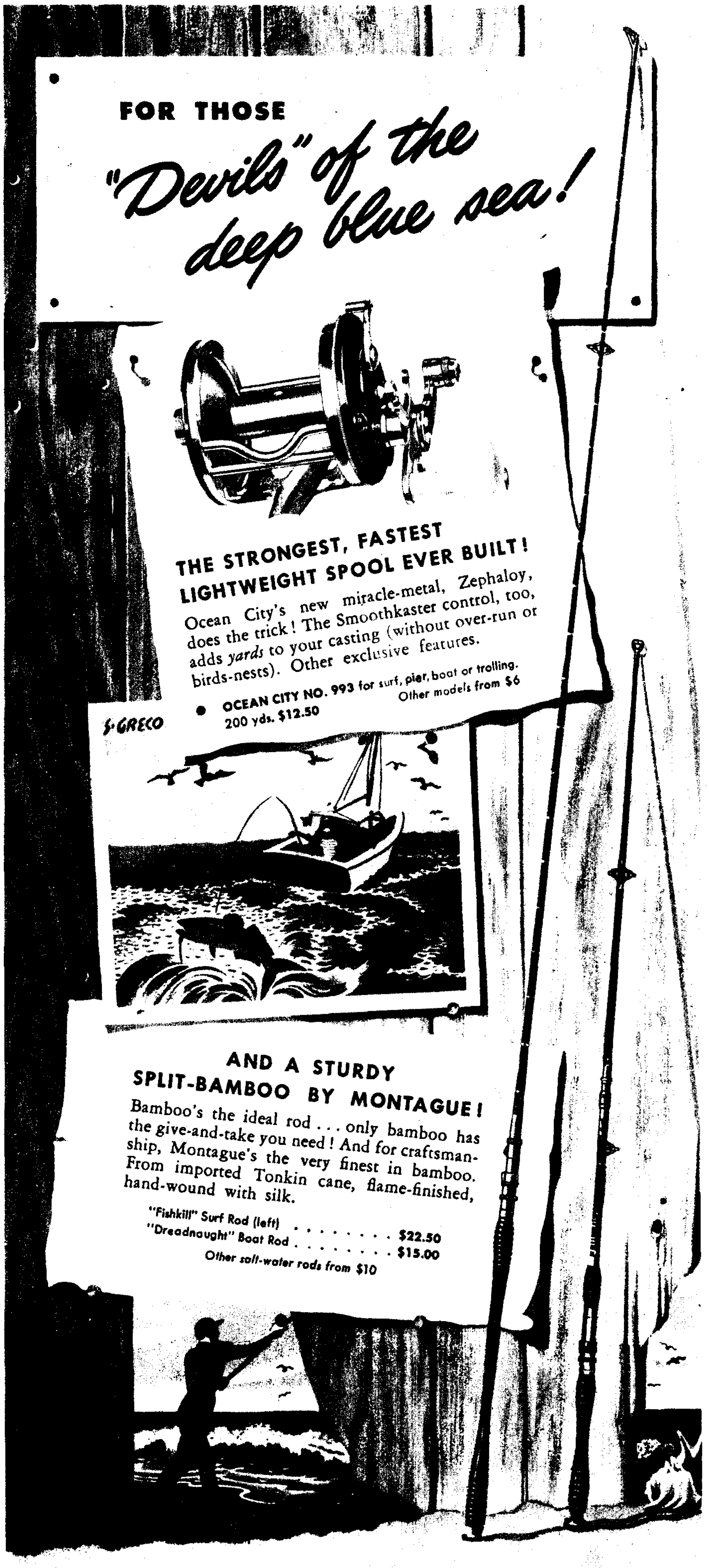
I asked Mr. Stalin whether he had seen any of the Italian divisions on his front, or Franco's volunteers, which had been announced in the papers.

Stalin laughed at this and said there was nothing his men would like better than to see either the Italians or the Spaniards on their front.

He said that the Soviet army discounted all divisions other than the Germans. Neither the Finns, Rumanians, Italians nor Spaniards count, and he was quite sure that neither the Italians nor the Franco troops would ever appear on his front. He stated that he thought Hitler had even more contempt for them than he had.

(Next Week: Pressure for War)





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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

old. The story I'm writing is not so very good but It is true it is about my Great, Great Uncle and Grandpa.

ROVING INDIANS

My Grandpa and Uncle were out in a cabin in the woods living there when one of them went out and came back saying to get out of there some Indians had learned where there cabin was and were going to come and scalp them so they went out but! the Indians were coming so fast Grandpa and Uncle run oh! boy they seen that they seen them boy oh boy did my a hollow log in they went the Indians hot on their trail but where had the white men gone Oh over there was a log they thought they would rest boy was they tired Well where have them devils gone said one They must have been spirits said the other we will never catch spirits boy My Uncle had to sneeze what could he do he held his nose or something but he finally got free of the sneeze finally the Indians left said they were going home (Never find Spirits)

LAURA L. BENTLEY, Olinda, Cal.

THE MRS. WALKER BRAT

SIR: My request is small—your May 1st edition contained a story of The Walker Brat, by Ted Shane. Give that brat, Nancy Walker, my proposal of marriage, and wipe the smile off your face before you do.

CPL. EARL D. RADINZEL,
Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Tex.

ONE OUT!

EDITOR COLLIER'S: So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith (Apr. 24th), tells of a waitress who obtained an invitation to the President's reception, and was gently escorted to the door.

Since when is a waitress not a citizen? Andy Jackson would probably have made her guest of honor.

PAUL H. COCHRAN, Meadville, Pa.

FAT MAN BLUES

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Russell Maloney's article The Fat of the Land (Apr. 10th) was rather interesting, but too comprehensive.

About ten years ago I was working for the gas company, swinging a pick and shoveling dirt while the thermometer hung between 90 and 100. I weighed around 190 pounds. Because of my tendency toward obesity, I used to eat one sandwich and drink my coffee (one teaspoon sugar per cup) and watch a short, wiry chap devour three Dagwoods, a couple of bananas, a half a pie. Well, I got to know Lyle. He thought nothing of eating chops for breakfast, and, in addition, he drank a case of beer a week, yet always remained uniformly skinny.

I don't like to be a wet blanket, but there are millions of people who will become fat on a diet that would almost starve another person.

R. L. BODE, Long Beach, Cal.

YOUDONO IDAHO

GENTLEMEN: Frank Gervasi's Low Man on the Wallace Poll (May 8th) on Glen Taylor of Idaho was enlightening and refreshingly fair. However, Gervasi doesn't know Idaho, and he certainly doesn't know horses. In Idaho to have been a sheepherder is no disgrace. Sheep and cattle and potatoes keep the state going in spite of its politicians, and keep it going very nicely.

When Gervasi puts Glen on a horse all in a row with "a couple of brothers and sisters behind him," and sends him off to school that way, I stand amazed and spellbound at the thought. I was once a teacher in an outlying Idaho district and got used to seeing two or three kids come riding in on one horse—but five! I don't think that it can be done.

PHYLLIS M. SHARP, Pocatello, Ida.

PUT A HEAD ON IT!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: What's Wrong With Veterans' Schools? (May 1st) states the author made "a careful survey of bars from coast to coast," and that "most bartenders learn their gracious art by experimenting on their customers."

It is apparent that Mr. Maisel never visited a school such as the Maryland School of Mixology. The teaching staff consists of men who have had college educations. Sanitation is taught by a practicing physician and bacteriologist. Legal Regulations and Law Enforcement are taught by a member of the Maryland bar of long standing.

Other subjects are Merchandising, Dispensing, the study of Malt and Brewed Beverages and Wine Study.

Where else can a man with eight weeks' or 200 hours' training go out and earn from $50 to $65 per week or better, tending bar? If bartending isn't a lifetime profession, what is?

J. L. SILVER, Maryland School
of Mixology, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Albert Q. Maisel is a clutterbrained, flabbergasted nincompute, who wanders around gathering the gripes and dissatisfactions of the squacking element of the nation. J. GABATHULER, Davenport, Ia.

. . . As long as Maisel insists on going through my pockets and telling me how to spend my money, I demand the right to go through his pockets and tell him how to spend his money.

DALE C. BELLWOOD, Vet., U.S. Navy,
Redondo Beach, Cal.

ORREGOWON, I WANNA GO BACK TO OREGON!

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoyed Jim Marshall's Out Where the West Ends (Apr. 24th). As to odd names, the author neglected Jump Off Joe, in Josephine County. As a child it greatly intrigued me. One legend says that some Joe was driving a school bus, an accident occurred, Joe managed to get the children safely out, but remained on his seat to quiet the horses. The children yelled at him, repeatedly, "Jump off, Joe!" Henceforth the vicinity was known as Jump Off Joe.

UNSIGNED, Spokane, Wash.

Marshall regretfully also failed to mention Boring, Cornucopia, Scappoose, Wonder, Zigzag, and what we consider the world's most perfect name for a town: Sweet Home, Oregon. We are also thinking of naming a serial heroine after an Oregon town and county: Nyssa Malheur! What a beautiful name!

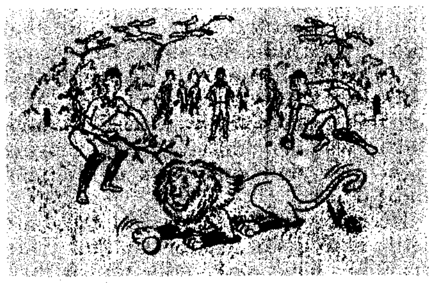
BLIMEY, BUB!

GAD SIR: Why no pads on the lion (Collier's Sporting Odds, Apr. 3d)? Please, sir, batsmen and wicket keepers only, or include the lion and make a thorough mockery of our national game.

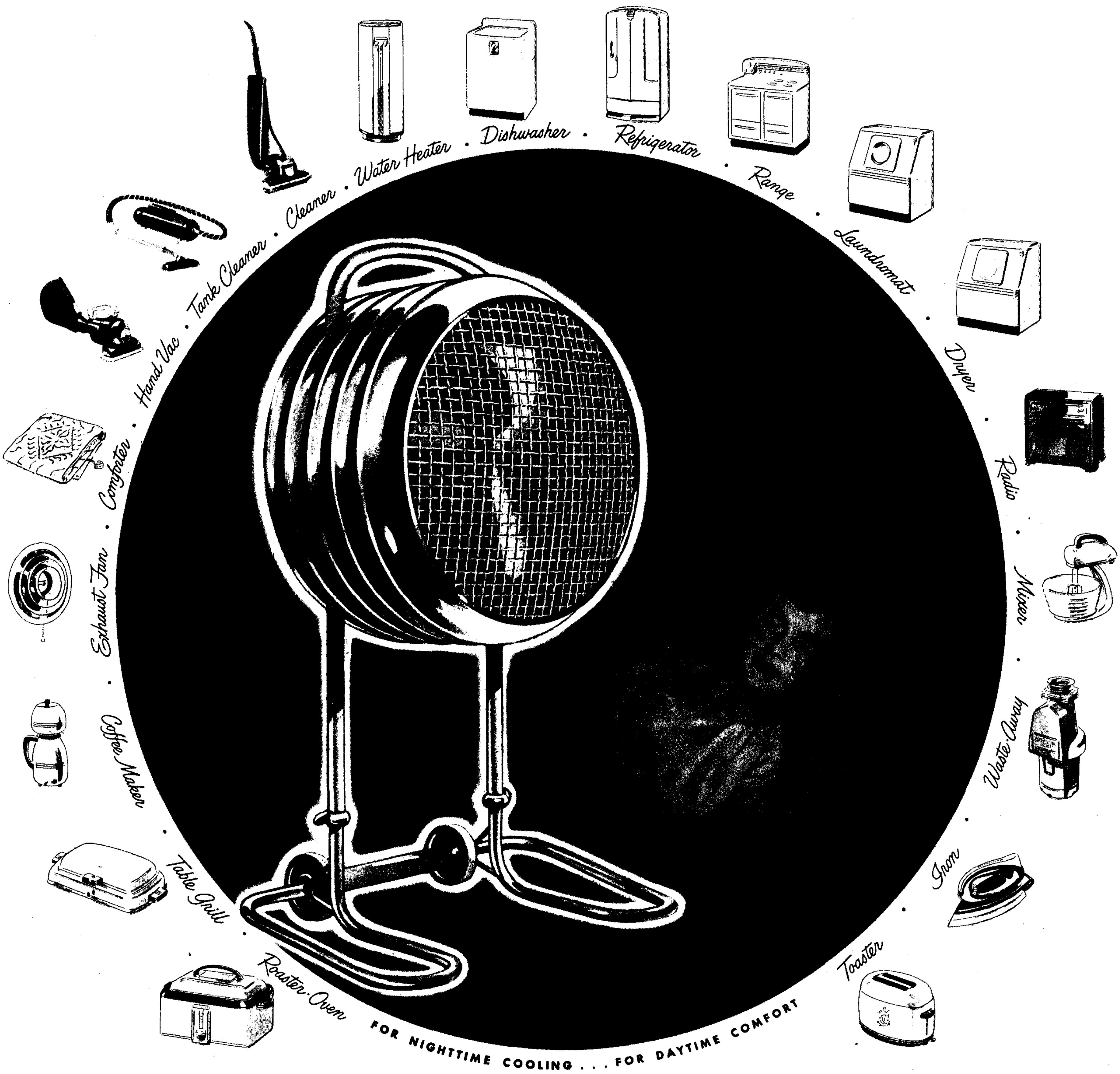
May I say how much I enjoy the cartoons in your magazine? Please congratulate Foster Humfreville on his "Alfred."

DONALD W. SEAGER, Manchester, England.

We've padded the bally old lion, old pip, and we hope England is jolly well appeased —thenk you!



If they all have whips?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TUNE IN *TED MALONE*
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
ABC NETWORK

THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Back in the brawling days of the timber boom, nobody in northern Michigan worried about shortages. But as soon as the grab bag was empty, sober planners went to work. Now this tourist wonderland of cool breezes and sparkling waters is gradually returning to nature

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VIII

IT DOES beat all, says Broncho Bill Breauceau of Alpena, what the clean, pollen-free, fresh air of north Michigan will do for your appetite. Last fall, Bill tells you, he came back from a day's hunt with a 300-pound buck slung over his shoulders and a bear under each arm. It was suppertime when he got home, and when he smelled the pheasant his wife had roasted, he just dropped the bears on the floor and pitched in.

He hadn't any more than finished the first dozen birds and reached for another full platter when his wife really lit into him: "Bill, what kind of manners is that, anyways, settin' down to table without takin' off the deer?" Bill swears he was so hungry he hadn't even noticed it.

For the region's bracing effect on man or beast, you don't have to take Broncho Bill's word alone. A glance at the fish and game survey will tell you more about the place than tall tales or a ton of chamber of commerce literature. Last year 1,046,839 hunters and 1,060,313 anglers bagged 109,375 deer, 904,367 cock ring-necked pheasant, and more Mackinaw, brook and rainbow trout than all the ones which got away.

Directly or indirectly, most of the people up here make their living in the tourist trade—a business asset second only to the state's automobile industry.

Unlike California and Florida, nobody tries very hard to sell you on the country. Their quiet pride is pretty well reflected in the reaction of football fans this year when Michigan went to the Rose Bowl and beat Southern California 49–0. In the first Rose Bowl game in 1902, Michigan beat Stanford by exactly the same score—49–0. Back home the fans cracked: "We haven't improved a bit."

At first blush, you might get the impression this was raw, new territory where things were just beginning to open up. You soon find out it's very old country. The region's history goes back 314 years to the spring of 1634, when a young French explorer named Jean Nicolet set out from Quebec in a birchbark canoe manned by six Huron braves, paddled through the Strait of Mackinac to the Wisconsin shore, where he was sure he'd find Peking, China—and had to apologize some months later in Quebec that all he'd discovered was another great lake.

The history of most of what's happening here now begins with the disastrous "cut-over times," no further back than that first Rose Bowl tournament. Driving along the forest highways, it's hard to realize that only 40 years ago you'd have seen a wasteland as completely gutted and burnt out as any country in Europe today.

In the big industrial surge after the Civil War, we needed minerals to feed our new factories, and timber to build cities around them. Michigan had both in enormous quantities—on the Upper Peninsula, rich iron deposits and mountains of pure copper; and covering half the state a virgin stand of hardwood and white pine.

It was "come and get it, there's more where this came from." With labor imported from Europe, enterprising operators stripped the mines, cut over the best of the forests, and left the rest to burn—at the rate of up to 2,000,000 acres a year.

There was money in this madness: in lumber alone, three times the pay dirt of California's gold mines. But it couldn't last forever.

At the turn of the century, the great Michigan grab bag was torn and almost empty. Whole communities pulled up stakes and left to try for a living in the city slums their forests had built. Those who stayed behind ripped out the charred stumps to make farms, and wasted a generation trying to make the land do something which most of it could not do—raise crops.

But there was still life in the land, still hope in the people who stayed with it. For years writers like Harold Titus and James Oliver Curwood, businessmen and sportsmen like William H. Loutit, P. S. Lovejoy and Harry Whitely had been hammering in the simple common sense of reforestation.

Restoring the Forests

The battle was won in 1926, when Fred W. Green became governor. A nonpartisan seven-man commission holding six-year terms on a staggered basis has been running the show ever since. The state and federal governments joined forces to help the land do what it could do best, replant its hardwoods and pine, replenish its streams and lakes, and revive its wild life. Now America is gradually getting back one of her lost natural wonders, the Great Michigan Forest.

A lot of the punch and personality you'll find here today comes from the boozing, brawling days of the timber boom. Nobody realized then that they were creating an American legend—least of all ex-lumberjack Bill Coon, who ran the first moving-picture show up in Saint Ignace. Bill used to sit on an open platform in back of the darkened room, cranking his carbon arc projector and explaining the plot as it unreeled.

Since Bill always interpreted the movie in terms of local personalities, usually present in the audience, nobody paid much attention to the titles. If a couple of noisy jacks came in from the next-door saloon and interrupted his commentary, Bill climbed down, put them to sleep by knocking their heads together, then started up again where he'd left off.

Drunk or sober, though, the jacks were men of chivalry, and when the movie villain started getting the upper hand they were apt to uproot chairs and charge the screen. To save wear and tear on property and emotions, Bill used to reassure his customers in advance: "All right, boys, just hang on to your seats now and remember this here is just a picture show."

One evening as a thriller was approaching its climax, Bill got word his help was needed down the street. "Intermission," yelled Coon, and made for the State Street saloon, where a giant logger named Wild Bill Soucie had overturned the bar, kicked out the lights and started heaving bottles through the plate-glass window. Coon made a flying tackle for the troublemaker, locked his neck in an elbow vise and dragged him out to Chet Wing's taxi—which served as hearse, fire engine and Black Maria.

On the way to the jail, Coon still held him by the neck, relaxing his grip whenever Soucie turned blue, tightening it again when he started to swear. Almost sober by the time they reached the jail, Soucie made the sheriff a sporting proposition: Lock him up with Coon and let them fight it out fair and square with no holds barred.

After a full half hour of slugging, biting, kicking and eye gouging, Coon left Soucie bleeding peacefully in the cell and returned to his waiting audience. "All right, boys," he said, starting up the picture where the hero starts slugging it out with the villain, "just remember this here is only a movin' picture with no coincidence to real life."

You don't have to be very old to remember Al, King of the Swedes. Chester Wing, for instance, is in his late fifties, designer of the U.S. Army and Navy's air-propelled "aero sleigh," which he originally designed to hunt prairie wolves on the frozen straits. The first time Chet saw "The King" was when the blond giant drove up to the Wing garage in an early-model open Reo, his shoulders towering above the windshield. Al wanted to borrow a vise. "She vent to kick," he said, holding out a crank that was twisted in knots, ". . . and I hold on."

The garage on State Street was located between two saloons, and Al used to drop in often after that. Flats were common in those days, but they didn't bother Al. Once Wing discovered him kneeling down in the road, the front axle resting on his left knee while he changed the right front tire.

A gallant man, drunk or sober, Al insisted on strict decorum and any male passer-by who failed to lift his hat to a lady was lifted off the duckboard sidewalk and tossed as far as Al could throw him into the mud of State Street. At the sight of The King, fellow jacks removed their caps with a jerk that often upset their balance.

The Jack Wasn't That Tough

But in a fighting mood, a jack would challenge anything that moved, including an automobile. Wing remembers driving Al down State Street when the way was blocked by a jack who spread out his legs, stuck out his chest and defied them to pass. "Run over him," commanded the King of the Swedes. So Wing ran over the man "as lightly as possible," running the front tire over his boots and hitting his shins with the hubcaps. When Al got out at a near-by saloon, he looked back and saw the jack still in the middle of the street, waving his fists and swearing. "You tink he still mad?" asked Al. Wing thought most likely he was. So Al went back and beat him up for being mad because a car had run over him.

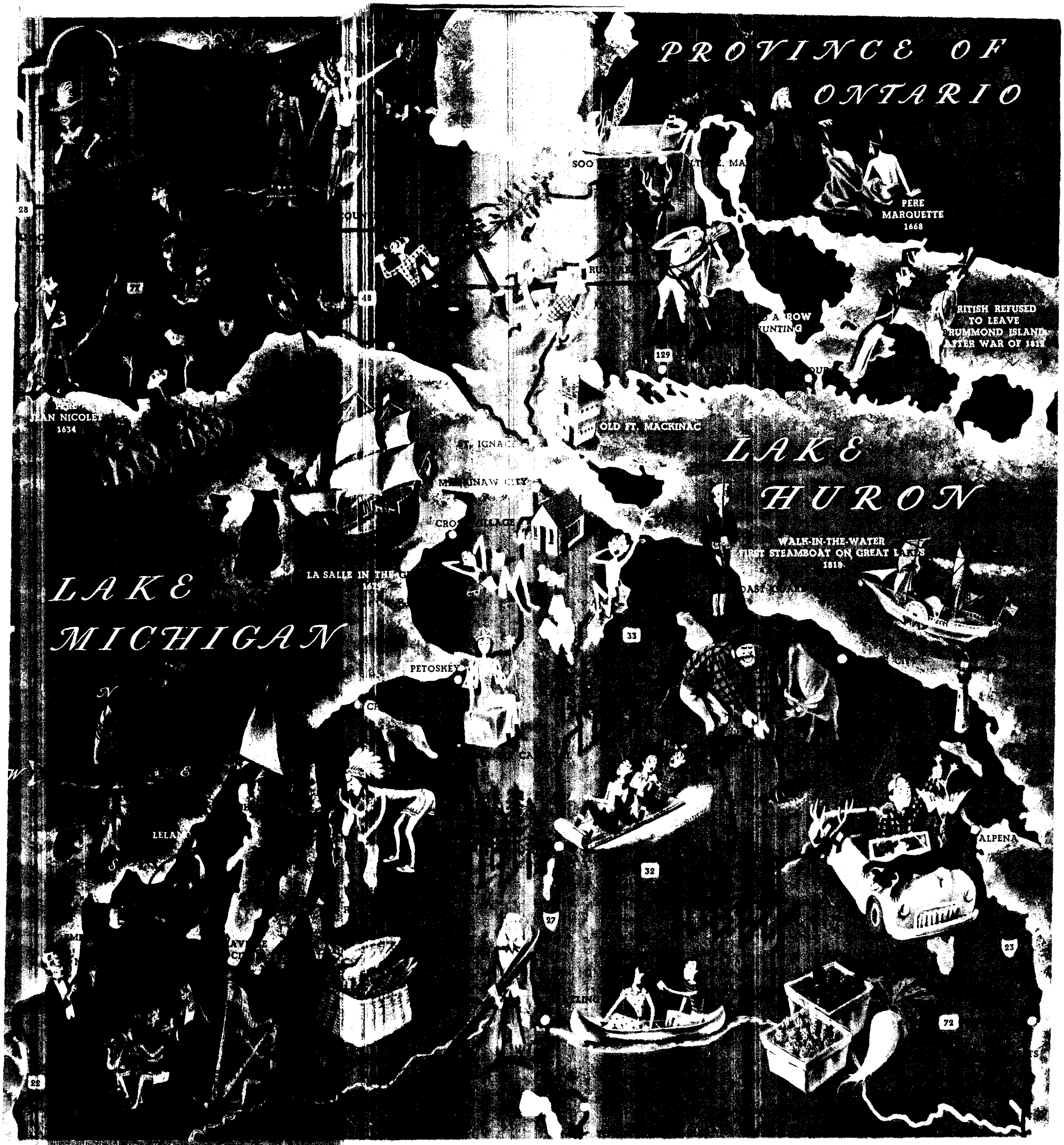
The size of most of the logging towns was measured by the number of saloons and brothels, with the ratio running about 2 to 1. Thus the Soo in the 1880s was a 50-saloon town, Saint Ignace 38, Bay City 156, Saginaw 182. Girls for the brothels flocked in from the great industrial cities like Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo. A large majority got married, a few to become leading members of the communities. "They made good citizens, too," says Al Weaver, grand old man of north Michigan journalism. "They were lots more broad-minded than most."

July 4th was the big holiday of the year and in Cheboygan, at least, the girls were always given the patriotic privilege of financing the whole celebration. With elaborate fireworks this ran into money. "How much do you need, boys?" the mayor would ask the program committee. The girls were then rounded up en masse and fined the required amount. "They were good sports about it," says Weaver. "And, of course, they got most of it back."

Saloons and brothels operated on the principle that the customer was never right. The sooner a jack passed out, the better he paid off when he was carried out back to the "snake room" and rolled.

Folklorist Richard M. Dorson, who

(Continued on page 76)


PROVINCE OF ONTARIO
SOO
PERE MARQUETTE 1668
BRITISH REFUSED TO LEAVE DRUMMOND ISLAND AFTER WAR OF 1812
129
OLD FT. MACKINAC
ST. IGNACE
MACKINAW CITY
CROSS VILLAGE
LAKE HURON
WALK-IN-THE-WATER FIRST STEAMBOAT ON GREAT LAKES 1818
JEAN NICOLET 1634
28
48
LA SALLE IN THE GRIFFON 1679
LAKE MICHIGAN
PETOSKEY
33
LELAND
ALPENA
32
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ROUTES: U.S. Highway 31, along eastern shore of Lake Michigan, from Traverse City to Mackinaw City, about [illegible] miles. U.S. Highway 23, along western shore of Lake Huron, from Harrisville to Mackinaw City, about [illegible] miles. U.S. Highway 2, from Saint Ignace to Sault Saint Marie, about [illegible] miles. Ferry service across Straits of Mackinac and to Mackinac Island; no cars may be operated on the island.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Tourist cabins and [illegible] are [illegible] on all main routes. State parks have [illegible] camping and trailer facilities, also Wilderness Areas for [illegible]. Good hotels in most towns and cities. The Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island provides rooms at $13 to $20 a day, American plan. Other hotels on the island and rooms in private homes start at $2.50 European.

FOOD: Fresh vegetables, fruit and berries in season; lake fish and game. Cooking and hospitality largely Midwestern.

CLIMATE: Northern Michigan has year-round attractions, but it is at its best in the summer months. Weather is comfortably cool: mean July temperature about 65 degrees.

WHAT TO WEAR: Woolen sport jacket and slacks, heavy brogue shoes, lightweight hat. A poplin or leather jacket, wool shirt and fishing and hunting clothes should be included.

WHAT TO DO: Excellent swimming, with miles of sandy beaches, also many inland lakes. All outdoor sports including golf and hunting. Sight-seeing throughout the region.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write to the Information Office, Michigan Tourist Council, State Capitol Building, Lansing 1, Michigan.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

ON THIS THEY ALL AGREE "MAKE IT WITH HIRAM WALKER'S"

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Imperial. "9 out of 10 buy Imperial again!" Yes, it's good to know Imperial is made by Hiram Walker.

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Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin. First thought for *fine* gin drinks... it's made with *Imported Botanicals.*

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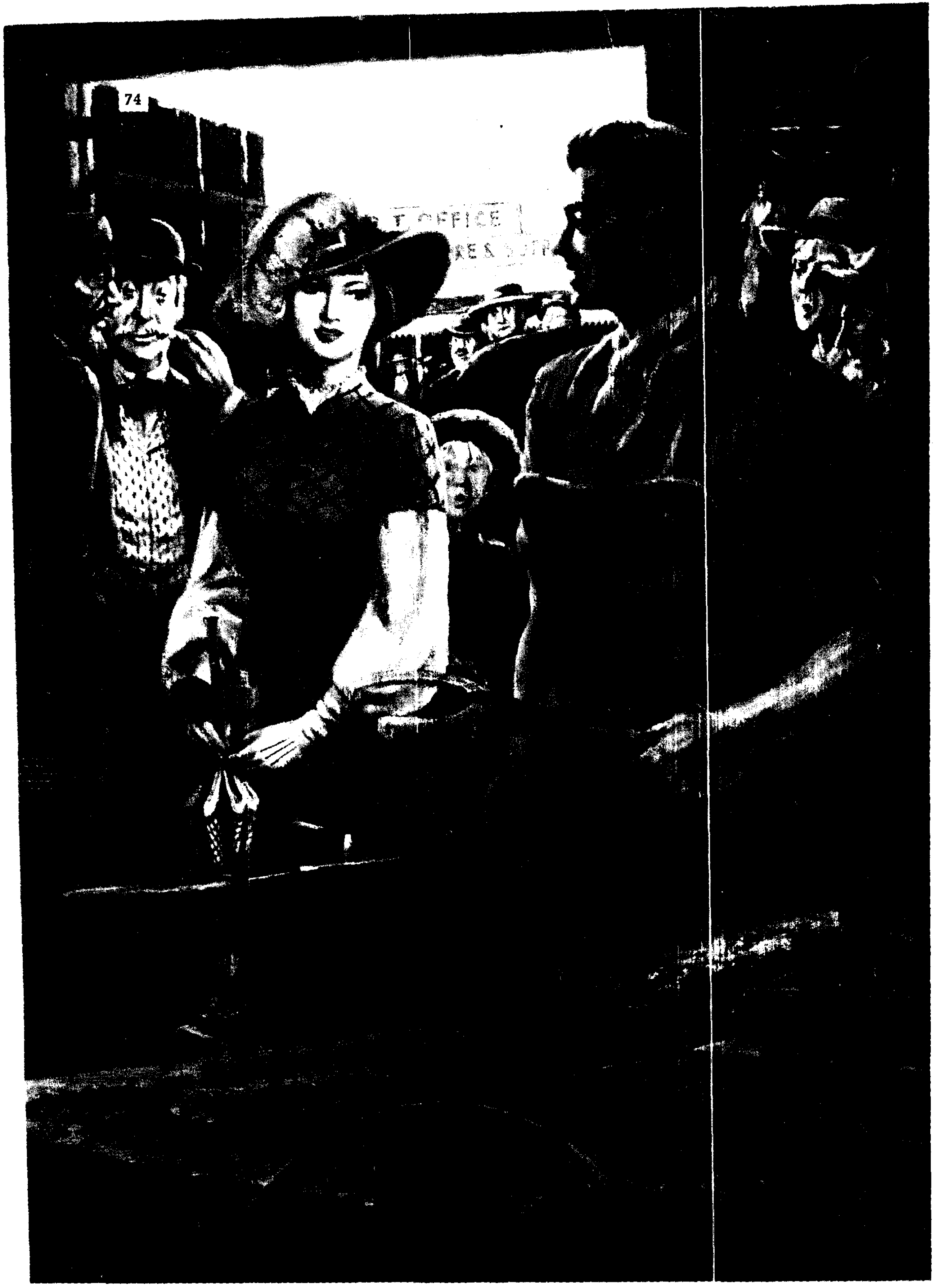

"I am not keeping company," she said. Tim grinned. "It'll be easier to keep your mind on your work"

HANNIGAN

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

Woman's work is never done—
especially when she goes away

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

THE village carpenter came down the ladder with a pail of roof cement and a putty knife in one hand and a smear of asphalt on his chin. "I found your leak, I hope, I hope."

"Is it fixed?"

"Well, I did you a Hannigan."

The expression was not new. The boy at the gas station had put a Hannigan patch on our spare tire. The plumber described his furnace repairs by the same term. The town board, someone said, had voted to build a Hannigan bridge across Stony Creek. And while the workmanship was all right, it was nothing special. Some of it had been slipshod. And it was irritating to hear how proudly the villagers said they had done a Hannigan.

"Just what is a Hannigan?"

"I keep forgetting you're new here."

There was no point in resenting the carpenter's remark. After only seventeen years in Pine Plains, we are reconciled to our status as aliens.

"Tim Hannigan was a fellow who could do anything and do it better than the next man." . . .

The carpenter's grandfather had seen Hannigan's arrival in the village.

It was a bitter-cold, late-November day. The valley road was hub-deep in freezing mud that clung to the spokes until it seemed as if all vehicles had solid wheels. When the stage from Wellsport creaked to a halt in front of the tavern, all four horses were steaming from their pull across the flats.

The stage itself was a light, three-seated lumber wagon fitted up with a tarred canvas top, side curtains and a projecting boot behind, where freight was carried.

The sole passenger swung off and, after a glance around, walked into the tavern office which was also the bar.

This stranger was a tall, broad-shouldered man in his late twenties, with straight black hair and heavy eyebrows above black eyes. He was wearing a well-preserved blue Army overcoat which was unbuttoned, as if he were contemptuous of the raw wind. He wore no mittens on his strong, callused hands.

He was not, the carpenter's grandfather decided, the type of man one would wake up to ask the time of day.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a firmly courteous voice, "is the proprietor here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tobias Drake. "I'm him."

"I'm looking for room and board."

"I kin accommodate you."

"Good." He glanced around the room. "Would a couple of you gentlemen be kind enough to give me a hand with my chest?"

THREE nodded and followed him out to the stage. They were Hiram Staats, Alonzo Tyler and Phineas Mead. They were veterans themselves and volunteered because of the Army overcoat he wore. He led them to a huge pine chest which was roped on the stage boot. "You," he said, "take that end and I'll handle this."

"No! No!" Staats spoke up quickly. He fancied himself as a willing lifter.

"Do as I tell you," said the stranger. "Now."

The first time they lifted, the three men on the near end of the chest did not budge it, while the man in the blue greatcoat lifted his end free. They took hold again. This time they managed to clear the wagon and staggered to the tavern porch. The owner of the chest had no apparent difficulty.

"What's in there?" Staats wheezed. "Anvils?"

"Yeah. A couple of anvils and my hammers."

"You must be the new blacksmith."

"I expect I be. My name's Hannigan. Tim Hannigan. Let's step inside and have something."

Mead, Tyler and Staats swore that there wasn't another man in the state who could have carried one end of that tool chest without help. Hannigan hadn't been in the village for five minutes before his reputation was made.

He bought the corner shop from Dave Hughett's widow for four hundred dollars, cash down, and, inside of a month, he had more work than he could do.

His forge became a sort of clinic where horsemen brought their problem cases. He cold-fitted shoes to wild-eyed kicking mares, that, in the tactful phrase of horse dealers, were "a trifle light behind." He shod driving horses that interfered, designing shoes to correct their faults.

All the stallions in the district were his regular customers, since he feared nothing that walked on four legs. Tim had no trouble with the ugly beasts. He talked them into docile behavior.

It was more fun than a circus to hear Tim Hannigan gossip with Arch Logan's White Dan, a man-killing stallion with a reputation so evil that he was accepted in no other blacksmith shop.

Tim would begin by standing at the animal's head and offering a carrot or an apple or some other delicacy. Then, the carpenter's grandfather explained, he would begin his talk, for all the world like a barber flattering a rural Don Juan. "I hear you're doing all right for yourself. The talk gets around, you know." His hand would slide gently down the stallion's near foreleg. "Lift up. Yes, sir. Lift up, if you please. I hear you've been cutting up with Bill Kemp's Susie mare. Hold it. Just like that. And I don't blame you a bit. No, sir. Susie's neater than a Quaker bonnet. Yes, sir, she certainly is. A pretty mane. There's a nice curl to it. A natural wave. You can pick them, sir. You certainly can."

There must have been a magical formula to his talk, for he and the vicious stallion always parted friends. White Dan would look back and whinny to the blacksmith as he was led away.

For more than forty years, *(Continued on page 83)*

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THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

Continued from page 70

teaches history at Michigan State College, recently spent 6 months collecting firsthand material for a forthcoming—and very forthright—book on the folkways of the Upper Peninsula. One of the old jacks he met boasted he'd learned to keep his fist tightly locked around his roll, even when carried out stiff. Then he showed Dorson his right hand with the index finger missing. "They had to cut it off with a pocketknife to get at the roll," he explained proudly. "And I didn't miss either one of 'em till next morning."

For all his amazing stamina, the lumberjack is supposed to have drunk no milk, eaten no butter, eggs or green vegetables, swallowed no vitamin pills. There wasn't much variety in his beef, potato, bean and bread diet, but he made up for it by "eating big," a habit that stayed with most jacks the rest of their lives. Just a few years ago, an ex-jack named Rupe Eastman departed this life at eighty-three after consuming three pounds of salted peanuts and a quart of whisky while waiting for a snowbound bus near Gulliver on the Upper Peninsula.

Unlike New England and the South, you won't find a distinct regional speech, though it's probably developing in the interchange of expressions among the various ethnic groups. As Chandelle Paquin of Saint Ignace puts it, this is one of those things that "always happen when you lease suspec' the mos'." The French Canadians are responsible for the interrogative "eh" at the end of a sentence: "Let's do that, eh?" Pronouns are often used in the same way: "Who's he going to vote for, him?" Entering Sault Saint Marie, you'll see a big sign put up by the chamber of commerce, reading: "Welcome, You!" Along the streets you may still hear an occasional "Bo-jou" for *"Bon jour."*

Words from Many Sources

Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Welsh, Dutch and Swedes still preserve the flavor of their mother tongues; and as for the Irish, you can still hear Gaelic spoken familiarly on Beaver Island. On the Upper Peninsula the Cornish miners, known locally as Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jennies, introduced such familiar Americanisms as "leery," which originally meant "empty," "scram" to designate the reworking of an old mine, and "lode" for a rich vein of ore. They also contributed the pasty (pronounced pass-tee), a spicy meat and vegetable pie that is taking the place of hot dogs on the roadside stands.

When somebody says, "I'm all dreened out," he means he's exhausted. The choppin's refers to cut-over timberland. Coyotes is always pronounced cai-yute.

The accent is Middle West. But the outlook is increasingly north woods. Up on Drummond Island, old-timer Warren Bailey put it this way. After suffering a stroke which paralyzed his right hand, he told a friend who came to cheer him up: "What's the use of living when you can't hold a rod, a gun or a glass?"

Even in the towns, residents can walk out after supper on a summer night and cast for brown trout on drake and May fly hatches. In the fall they like to run their setters on alder swales and poplar thickets; come deer season they've long since picked the 10-point buck they're gunning for. In most of their garages there's a canoe racked up on the wall, and their houses are littered with guns, decoys, tackle and flies they prefer to tie themselves.

Ernest Hemingway wrote some of the best accounts of north Michigan hunting and fishing in his early short stories. Over around Boyne City and Horton Bay they remember him not as a famous literary figure but as a boy in hardpan shoes and Bear brand stockings who used to spend the summer months with his family at Wesley Dilworth's Hotel on the lake. "I knew that boy had talent, though," says Volley Fox of Boyne City, "from the day I watched him land a seven-pound brook trout from a one-man canoe."

North Michigan children sometimes have unusual pets. Over in Oscoda on the Lake Huron shore, James MacGillivray, the naturalist and founder of the Michigan Forest Scouts, once took his children, James, five, Jean, six, and Margaret, seven, on a hike through the woods and brought back two bald eaglets which they named Molly and Pete.

Red Ribbons for Pet Eagles

The eaglets grew up in the MacGillivray home to huge black birds with six-foot wingspreads and had the run of the whole town. To make them safe from hunters, the children tied bright red ribbons around their necks. Molly never liked her finery and always managed to untie the knot or bite it off. But Pete was proud of his and acquired a great fondness for any brightly colored fabric. In the wintertime he used to pluck red flannels off family clotheslines. In warm weather he cruised over the dunes and regularly brought home one-piece bathing suits.

Pete was finally shot by a hunter, and hundreds of the townfolk attended his burial on the dunes. Molly, disconsolate, stayed away for weeks at a time, finally reappeared for the last time in the MacGillivray back yard with a handsome young male eagle. But every Fourth of July for years afterward, they'll tell you in Oscoda, Molly came back to soar around the American flag above the school.

Last winter when the S.S. William C. Warren, carrying 88,000 bushels of wheat, foundered in the shallows off Presque Isle, it was front-page news everywhere. But Pat and Emmett Richards, young veterans who run the Alpena News, turned up with a startling sequel: "The wreck," in Pat Richards' sprightly prose, "touched off a mass binge among the hitherto sober duck population." Thousands of black duck and mallard, feasting on the mounds of fermented wheat, beat their wings in a vain attempt to fly, wobbled unsteadily on the beach, and in some cases flopped down on the sands to sleep it off.

One amateur naturalist who hurried to the scene decided the ducks had merely overeaten. Over a bottle brought along to mitigate the effects of the cold lake wind, he argued the point at length with several members of the salvage crew who stuck to the binge theory. "I'd just about brought 'em around," he reported later, "when damned if those ducks didn't start in on Sweet Adeline."

Most of the bragging you'll hear about hunting and fishing in this region takes the form of the tall story, brought to perfection by such masters as Broncho Bill Breauceau of Alpena.

Consider Alice, the bird dog Bill trained for a wealthy Chicago sportsman. The first time Bill tried her out on a real hunt, Alice froze to a point in a thicket a few yards ahead, and Bill shot the lone bird that flew up. But Alice kept right on pointing and sure enough the birds kept right on popping up one at a time with space enough in between for Bill to reload his double-barrel shotgun.

Curiosity finally got the better of him, and with the birds still coming up at regular intervals he moved up to Alice to find out what was going on. "Well, you know," says Bill, "I found that dog hold-

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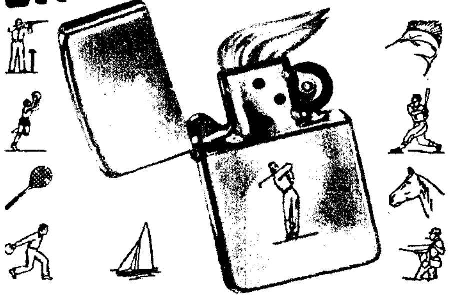

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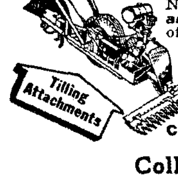

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ing her paw over an old rabbit hole where the birds had gone to hide, and she was lettin' 'em out one at a time."

In this country all roads lead to the lakes and streams. The Ojibway Indians had a word for it: Michigan, meaning big water. The shores of four of the five Great Lakes—all except Ontario—comprise three fourths of the state's boundary, and if you count some 880 island shore lines it adds up to 3,121 miles of dune, beach and rocky bluff. In addition there are 11,037 inland lakes covering 728,322 acres and 36,550 miles of streams and rivers.

On the Upper Peninsula two main highways—2 and 28—carry you through the densely wooded Hiawatha country between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. The highways which crisscross the Lower Peninsula all feed into the scenic shore road which keeps you within snapshooting distance of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron along most of the loop.

Up the whole length of the Lake Michigan shore, you're in the fruit belt which produces more cherries than any other region in the country. Along the way you'll pass a long succession of inland lakes and harbors around which the resort colonies cluster.

Out on the little resort colony of Beaver Island you'll hear the story of the rise and fall of James Jesse Strang, the red-bearded little lawyer from western New York, who proclaimed himself King of All the Earth, and ruled for six years as absolute monarch over the island. At St. James, the capital he named for himself, the Mormon usurper donned a red robe borrowed from a retired Shakespearean actor, and pledged his converts, who flocked in by the hundreds from the mainland, to obey his every word as divinely revealed law.

As a disciple of Joseph Smith back in Nauvoo, Illinois, Strang, stanch husband and father, had opposed polygamy. But a king can change his mind. Cautious at first, he persuaded a pretty eighteen-year-old schoolteacher, Elvira Field, to cut her hair, dress as a boy and live with him as his nephew, Charles J. Douglass.

As his secretary, Charlie accompanied the King everywhere, even to Washington, where Strang tried unsuccessfully to talk Congress into giving him sovereignty over all of Lake Michigan's islands. But his secretary's anatomical peculiarities escaped no one, and the King soon proclaimed plural marriage for all, setting the example by taking four more wives. At the same time he banned long skirts for all women and commanded them to wear knee-length knickers.

The more Strang's colony grew and prospered, the more bitterly it was resented on the mainland and the surrounding islands. Naval warfare, carried out in rowboats and fishing smacks, broke out between the Strangites and the Gentile (non-Mormon) fishermen. The lake sailors charged the Saints with boarding and pillaging lake steamers which used the island as a refueling station. Arrested and carried to Detroit on the federal gunboat Michigan, Strang not only acquitted himself and 12 followers of piracy charges, but returned to gain control of county politics, move the courthouse from the mainland to St. James, and get himself elected as a state representative—the only absolute monarch who ever served in a state legislature.

Strang's fatal weakness turned out to be his power. Revolting against his iron rule, a handful of his followers arranged secretly for the return of the Michigan, shot their King in the back as he stepped on the pier to answer the captain's summons.

The actual assassins got a hero's welcome aboard the gunboat and were set free on Mackinac Island. King Strang was removed, mortally wounded, to Wisconsin; but before he died a few weeks later, armed mobs from the mainland burned his home and his tabernacle, destroyed the library and printing press, and pillaged the town. The 2,600 men, women and children King Strang left behind were stripped of all possessions, loaded into a lake steamer and dumped homeless and penniless in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Today, St. James is a quiet little resort village which you can reach by car ferry from Charlevoix. Like all Michigan islands, Beaver is still pretty much a law unto itself—a fact which strikes tourists when they see license plates dating back as far as 1929 on local cars.

Oldest and mellowest of the resort spots is tiny Mackinac Island in the middle of the straits. In colonial days, possession of the straits meant control of half the continent, and Mackinac was the pivot of three empires—the French, the British and the private empire of John Jacob Astor, who made one of the first great American fortunes in furs. When Astor moved out a hundred years ago, wealthy Southerners turned it into a fashionable resort; and after the Civil War, Chicago millionaires took over.

Today, out-of-state tourists are surprised to discover that 95 per cent of the island is a state park and that the privately owned 5 per cent is democratic, with a small and a capital D. A handful of Republican votes were cast here during the election last fall, but according to the year-rounders this was only a gesture of courtesy toward Republican Governor Kim Sigler, who occupies the summer mansion on the island.

Horse-Drawn Tours of Mackinac

No automobiles are permitted to sully the breeze that blows across the straits. The only exceptions are the ambulance, the fire engine and the DDT truck. The island's 50 horse-drawn hacks are driven mostly by college boys who are encouraged to use their imagination on sightseeing tours of the island.

The Association for Ex-Mackinac Carriage Drivers, formed last winter in Detroit, includes a surprising number of politicians, the best-known of whom is Mayor James Curley of Boston.

Since there is nothing in the state constitution to ban cars altogether, motor traffic is legally permitted on Tin Pot Alley and three blocks of Market Street. When M-G-M used the island as location for the picture This Time for Keeps, with Esther Williams and Jimmy Durante, the technical staff took it for granted nobody would question their use of trucks to haul heavy equipment. They were wrong. Publicity or no publicity, the island stuck to its guns. The trucks were permitted only on condition they be drawn by horses, and that's how the equipment was carried.

As a tourist in north Michigan, you won't hear much talk of "old Middle Western hospitality." But you'll get the genuine article, which consists in the main of getting what you pay for.

"If you like it up here now," they tell you, "wait till your grandchildren see it a hundred years from now." Not so long ago, in the words of the barroom ballad, "they cut down the old pine tree"—and very nearly made a coffin of pine for half the state. Since then they've learned to count progress in tree rings, and time is all on their side.

The End

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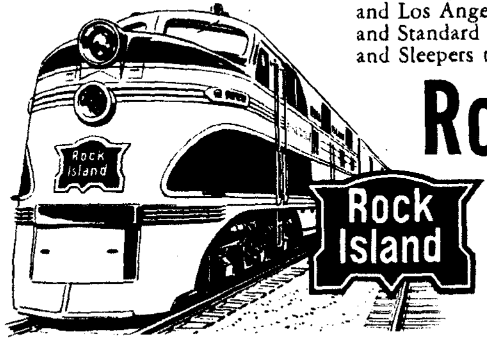

Rock Island Lines

The Road of Planned Progress

HOMEMADE BOOM IN DIXIE

Continued from page 21

them barbecue and sour-mash whisky and talked about developing their region.

The scheme started out as an advertising promotion, but under the prodding of visiting newspapermen and some college presidents, it soon snowballed into an ambitious blueprint involving the creation of a permanent regional council, or compact, in which educators, and health and agricultural experts would participate. The utility men set up a staff. Under a full-time administrator it will provide a sort of high command to co-ordinate the job of hoisting a whole region by its bootstraps.

A few brief years ago this hoisting job would have required some hefty straining to overcome the millstone of tradition and the feet-dragging by political Neanderthalers. Today, Mississippi and Arkansas are already well on their way.

Consider the Mississippi legislature. Sixty-five per cent of its members are new faces. Twenty-four House members are under thirty; another twenty-one are under forty. Recently adjourned here's what the legislature did:

Boosted common school funds 33 per cent.

Voted $5,000,000 to match local and federal funds for new hospitals.

Voted to build a $300,000 Negro junior college, the first publicly supported one in the state.

Voted $500,000 for scholarships to finance white and Negro medical students in outstate schools. (Mississippi has no medical school.)

Boosted state salaries to attract officials of higher quality.

The new blood in the legislative halls is matched in other posts of influence.

Inevitably, labor organization is catching up with Mississippi and Arkansas and contributing to deepest Dixie's New Look.

In Mississippi the C.I.O. is led by Robert Starnes, a soft-spoken Mississippi native whose father served in the legislature. Starnes' greatest coup and opening wedge was his victory in a woodworking plant at Laurel. There, white common laborers earned 60 cents an hour; Negroes, doing the same work, 58 cents.

Equal Pay for All Workers

On organizing the plant Starnes won a 13-cent hike for the white unionists and 15 cents for the Negro workers—equalizing the wage at 73 cents. This has since been boosted to 93 cents. Today every plant but one in Laurel is organized.

The question of Negro segregation in unions is a vexing one. The C.I.O. takes colored workers. Negro and white men attend the same union meetings, but are seated separately. The C.I.O. has lost many an important employee election because white workers, particularly in the textile mills, feared colored foremen would be put over them. But its membership keeps rising, and at last count the C.I.O. boasted 15,000 members out of a potential 80,000 in Mississippi. The A.F. of L. and the Railroad Brotherhoods have about 25,000 members between them. In Arkansas, the C.I.O. has recruited 20,000 members out of a potential 80,000.

And so from without, but even more from within, forces are at work to help the 47th and the 48th states catch up to the rest of the country.

THE END

BLIND-SWIMMING SUE

Continued from page 6

intercollegiate rodeo at Arizona (winner: Texas A&M). The fall hurt like the kick of a Brahman bull, because the Colorado Aggies, champs in 1946 and '47, were anticipating a third and retiring leg on the college cup.

Rodeo is a club activity on many Western campuses, but it will be a varsity sport before long. Thirty universities from Kansas to California support teams, including Wyoming, New Mexico Aggies, California Polytechnic, Kansas State and Brigham Young. When a crowd of 5,200 watched the Colorado Aggies' rodeo last month, there was some talk of awarding varsity letters to undergraduate cowpunchers. Such belated consideration probably would not impress two Arizona riders who earned their U's the hard way: A bucking horse booted them in the back of their chaps, scoring simultaneously with left and right shoes. The incident inspired a reader of the college paper to contribute the couplet:

We brand 'em
In tandem
Poet Lariat

▶ ONE-SPORT SCHOOL

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, is the nation's oldest engineering school. Athletes who can operate slide rules and pay full tuition rates may apply for admission. Only once—when Navy shipped in a carload of wartime basketball players—has Rensselaer enjoyed an undefeated sports season.

But all that was before Ned Harkness, a twenty-four-year-old Royal Air Force bombardier, came down from Canada in 1945 and turned the athletic program upside down. Handball players couldn't get near the courts last winter. The football coach had to call off spring training for the same reason: Everybody was playing lacrosse for Harkness.

The RPI varsity Harkness started as a club has won 30 of 35 matches against the nation's top college teams. Harkness doesn't play himself (he was a Canadian pro before the war), but his coaching has made All-Americans out of kids who never saw a lacrosse stick prior to meeting Ned. Best example is Damon Jordan, leading intercollegiate scorer for the last two seasons.

Jordan learned stick handling by following Harkness' mimeographed instructions: *Stand at the end of the handball court and throw the ball real hard and fast at the backboard and then run forward and catch it on your stick.*

Enthusiastic students and Troy townspeople raised $20,000 to send "The Hark's" team to London for pre-Olympic matches against Cambridge and Oxford. (Lacrosse is not on the Olympic program.) Knowing Harkness, the players are looking forward to no vacation. Ned demands perfection, particularly from star players. Once when he berated Jordan for slowness, Damon protested: "But, Coach, I made that opening goal in the first 12 seconds."

Unimpressed, Harkness barked at him, "What kept you so long?"

▶ Nobody seems to be interested in bettering the record which Andrew Cutter established at the Louisville Exposition in 1878. Andrew chinned himself six times with his little finger.

THE END

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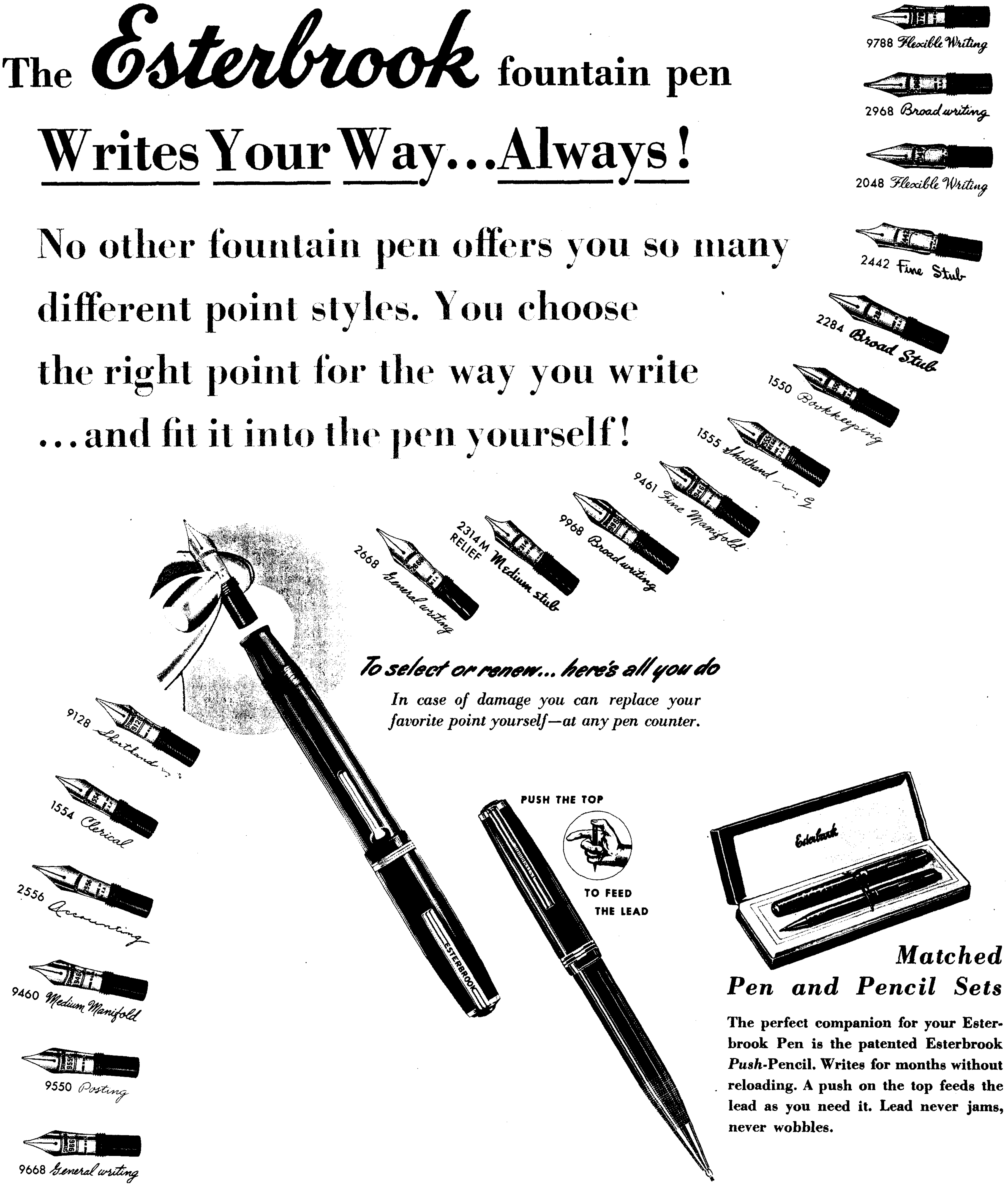
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FOUNTAIN PEN

THE TWO MR. VANDENBERGS

Continued from page 15

presumably flashed them under the noses of Premier Stalin *et al.* When Secretary of State Byrnes returned from the first Paris Peace Council, he gave most of the credit for America's strong position to The New Vandenberg. At the end of the San Francisco Conference, Senator Tom Connally declared that Vandenberg was one of the key factors in its success.

John Wurz, editor of the Grand Rapids (Michigan) Herald, remembers when Vandenberg used to wear a cutaway coat, striped pants, a wing collar and a black string tie in Grand Rapids. He enjoyed delivering orations and was inclined to use grandiloquent words.

The New Vandenberg of today is a man of impressive dignity. Today he wears conservative suits and unobtrusive bow ties. The polysyllabic words have all but disappeared from his vocabulary. The brief speeches he makes to the Senate have the effect of a surgeon's knife. During the Senate discussions on the European Recovery Plan, for instance, Senator Joseph H. Ball and a small group of "revisionists" threw a monkey wrench into the works by coming up with an amendment to create a new vetoless organization to replace the United Nations. Vandenberg squelched this revolt with a few well-chosen words—mostly of one or two syllables.

The same thing happened during the long-drawn-out fight against the confirmation of David Lilienthal to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Until Vandenberg got up to speak on April 3, 1947, Lilienthal seemed to be a dead duck. Then, in thirty minutes, Vandenberg changed the minds of six senators.

Biography in Ringing Phrases

Perhaps the most graphic illustration of the difference between The Old Vandenberg and The New Vandenberg is a book which he wrote in 1921 entitled Alexander Hamilton, the Greatest American. In this book, he declaimed, "I nominate (for the Greatest American) the Master Builder of indissoluble union, the Founder of American Public Credit, the Architect of Policies and Institutions, the inspired Oracle of sound American Purpose and Necessity, the Intrepid Soldier, the Great Economist, the Most Brilliant Author, the most Fascinating Orator and the Most Formidable Legal Luminary of his time."

Today, The New Vandenberg puts it differently. "The Greatest American," he said quietly when he received the Collier's award for distinguished Congressional service in 1946, "is a type, not a person. He is the American who fears God, pays his taxes, takes part in public affairs, cares for his family, and dies decent."

It is a matter of great conjecture in Washington as to what caused this major change in Vandenberg—an evolution which certainly is more fundamental than a man just switching over from isolationism to internationalism. The most widely accepted theory is that for the first part of his life he was a man with powerful ambition, a man whose friends believed he might become President of the United States. Vandenberg sometimes seemed to act the way he believed Presidential aspirants are supposed to act.

Then, according to some observers, Vandenberg realized, toward the end of 1944, that since he had missed out on the Presidential nomination in three elections, the chance probably would never come again. He made specific preparations to retire from the Senate in 1946.

In the meantime, he began examining his old concepts in the light of a man without political obligations or ambitions. The Vandenberg thinking changed. When he made his historic foreign-policy speech on January 10, 1945, he knew he was throwing away the support of Colonel Robert McCormick and perhaps thousands of Chicago Tribune readers who had been the backbone of his isolationist strength.

The curious thing is that the Vandenberg who honestly doesn't want the Presidency probably is closer to it today than the Vandenberg who was put forward as an active candidate for the nomination. In 1946, the year he wanted to retire from the Senate, he didn't even campaign—and he won in an unprecedented landslide in which he carried every Michigan county. Today more and more experts are leaning to the view that the Republican convention will become deadlocked, and that Vandenberg (over his protests) will then be drafted and will stampede the convention.

If Vandenberg's career reaches this O. Henry climax, it will be in keeping with the rest of his life. He was born in a neat, white, frame house in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on March 22, 1884, the offspring of a Dutch harness maker named Aaron Vandenberg and a Daughter of the American Revolution named Alpha Hendrick Vandenberg.

Until he was nine, young Arthur played happily about the legs of a white wooden horse in front of his father's shop on Market Avenue. Then came the panic of 1893, and the horse and the shop were gone. A short time later, his bankrupt father was gone, too. The elder Vandenberg died, cursing the Democrats for his ruination.

After what Arthur went through for the next ten years, it is small wonder that he has done a bit of Democrat-cursing himself. As he told an interviewer in 1939, "I had no youth. I went to work when I was nine, and I never got a chance to enjoy myself until I came to the Senate."

In school, according to friends in Grand Rapids, young Arthur was snubbed—or thought he was being snubbed—by some of his classmates, (a) because his father had been a harness maker and (b) because he was poor. Apparently, Vandenberg fought back against this by trying to make himself as much of a big shot as possible. The 1900 Manteion, yearbook of his class at Grand Rapids Central High School, indicates that he succeeded.

There are 6½ lines of activities under his photograph, compared with an average of 2 or 3 lines for most of the other students. In a mock U.S. government set up by the school, Vandenberg significantly enough was elected U.S. senator from Michigan. Vandenberg early developed a reputation as an orator.

After he graduated with these distinctions, Vandenberg got a job as a billing clerk in a cracker factory. One day, however, Theodore Roosevelt came to town in his campaign for the Vice-Presidency, and Arthur was so overwhelmed by the Roughrider's oratory that he took two hours for lunch instead of twenty minutes and was summarily fired. He then went to see E. D. Conger, owner of the Grand Rapids Herald, and asked for a job as a cub reporter. Conger hired him, and Vandenberg became the state editor at $6 a week. A few weeks later, he became a city hall reporter at $8 a week.

In the fall of 1901, Vandenberg entered the University of Michigan Law School and tried to get through on the $50 he had saved from his newspaper job. The effect of enforced starvation and day-and-night work made a near invalid out of the tall, frail boy after a year, and he went back to Grand Rapids and

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his old paper. He then covered city hall for five years. He is remembered by contemporaries as a youth with a prodigious memory, who could repeat verbatim the speeches of the orators he idolized on the board of aldermen.

In 1906, one of these orators, William Alden Smith, so enjoyed Vandenberg's appreciation of his grandiloquence that he made him unofficial manager of his successful campaign for Congress. On March 17, 1906, Smith bought the Grand Rapids Herald. The next day, with a magnificent burst of oratory, he bestowed on the astounded 21-year-old city hall reporter the editorship, general managership and vice-presidency of the paper. Smith became a U.S. senator, but he always remained a second father to Vandenberg and never once interfered with his running of the paper.

As editor and later publisher of the Grand Rapids Herald, Vandenberg became an influential young man. But he kept indulging in extracurricular activities. He wrote 108 short stories and sold a few of them to minor magazines. He sold a poem called Heart's Gold to Collier's, and under the pseudonym A. V. Hendrick, he wrote the lyrics of a song entitled Bebe D. (dedicated to Grand Rapids-born movie star Bebe Daniels), which ended with the line, "Bebe, Bebe, Bebe, be mine!"

Under Vandenberg's editorship, the Herald became the Republican Thunderer of western Michigan. Vandenberg wrote all of the editorials. He continually bespoke the praises of William Alden Smith, Henry Cabot Lodge, Warren G. Harding and Herbert Hoover.

Vandenberg's record in defense of civil liberties always was impeccable. On July 4, 1921, he wrote a classic editorial which began, "In Belleau Woods they were all Americans, white and black, Jew, Protestant, Catholic." For another editorial on the death in action of Theodore Roosevelt's son, Quentin, he received an Editor and Publisher award.

In 1906, he married beautiful Elizabeth Watson and they had three children, Arthur, Jr., Barbara and Elizabeth. But Mrs. Vandenberg died suddenly in 1916, leaving him with the three half-grown youngsters. In 1918, Vandenberg married Hazel Whitaker, a brilliant welfare-worker-journalist whom he had known slightly during his year at the University of Michigan.

He Didn't Want to Be Governor

By 1928, Vandenberg was neck-deep in Republican politics. Whatever Senators Lodge and Borah said against internationalism and the League of Nations, Vandenberg repeated in his editorial columns. Twice, he was proposed for the Republican nomination for governor. But on each occasion, he refused to consider it. His objective was the United States Senate.

His patience was rewarded. In 1928, Michigan Senator Woodbridge N. Ferris died, just six months before the end of his term. Republican Governor Fred Green (according to sources close to him at the time) wanted the senatorship badly himself. He had only one possible rival, Vandenberg, who had supported him in the last election. The governor then came up with what he thought was master strategy. He appointed Vandenberg, in the expectation that the long-winded editor would talk himself out of the job before he came up for re-election.

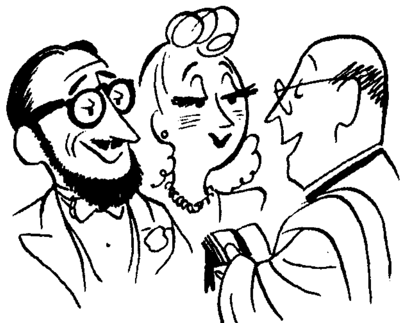
Vandenberg did not rise to the bait, however. In his brief six-month term, he tackled just one major issue—reapportionment—a sore spot in Michigan, because the state rated four extra congressmen on the basis of population rise. Reapportionment passed, and Vandenberg was in. He won easily in 1928, eked out a close victory in 1934, and had another close call in 1940. In 1946, after The New Vandenberg had emerged, he swept the state with an overwhelming 567,647-vote plurality.

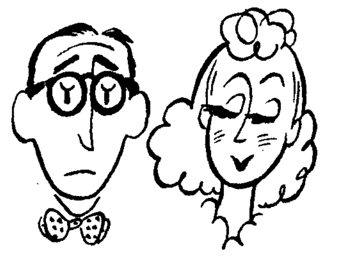
After the Roosevelt earthquake hit the Republican party in 1932 and 1934, Vandenberg was one of a handful of Republicans left in the Senate, and thus an important leader of the opposition. His role, of necessity, nearly always was negative.

Vandenberg wore out his lungs battling against the Wagner Act, the N.R.A., the AAA, the TVA, Passamaquoddy, the Florida Ship Canal, and nearly every other New Deal proposal. He was not all black or all white, however. In Detroit in 1933, he waged a monumental but hopeless struggle to keep the local banks from closing. This losing fight so impressed him with the plight of the banks' depositors that he wrote an amendment to the 1933 Banking Act setting up the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which President Roosevelt opposed at the time. New Dealer Leo T. Crowley, later head of the corporation, credited Vandenberg with being "the father of the FDIC."

Vandenberg also voted for Social Security, the SEC and the child labor amendments. All this seemed merely to confuse his friends and enemies, and led to the 1934 campaign against him based on the slogan that he was the "Yes and No Man."

When the threat of war developed in Europe in the 1930s, Vandenberg, still following in the footsteps of Borah, became the loudest of Congressional voices against preparedness and aid to the democracies. Even after the European war erupted, he steadfastly opposed such measures as Selective Service and Lend-Lease. He summed up his philosophy





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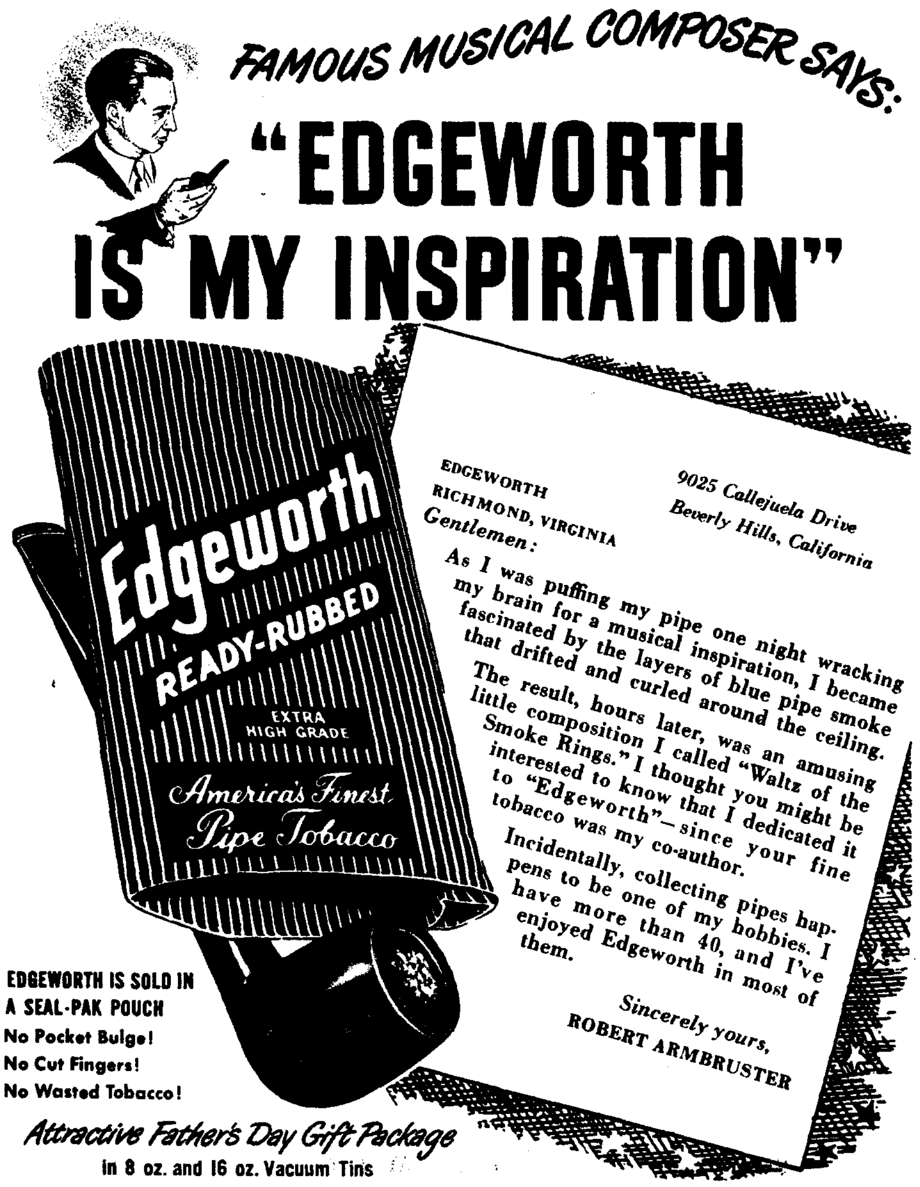

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during the Neutrality Act discussions on October 4, 1939, when he said, "It is in a humble spirit of gratitude that two great oceans still relatively insulate our shores against this curse of war." From this, he became known as The Insulationist.

Vandenberg had considerable backing for his views in those days, however, and few people realize how close he came to getting his party's top nominations. At the 1936 Republican convention in Cleveland, Vandenberg was a close rival for Landon all the way, and then in an all-night session, he actually was chosen to be the Vice-Presidential nominee. All that remained was a formal vote the following morning. But at 7 A.M. permanent chairman Bert Snell was roused out of bed by a telegram from Vandenberg which read, "I must ask that my name not be considered."

Apparently, for Vandenberg, it was the Number One spot or nothing.

Predictions Spoiled Candidacy

Before the 1940 election, Vandenberg was an odds-on choice for the Presidential nomination, when the war came along making him look foolish on many of his predictions. The Republican party then turned to internationalism.

After the 1940 election and the U.S. entry into the war, Vandenberg slipped into the background of the national scene. It was somewhere between Pearl Harbor and the end of 1944 that he changed. No one knows what went through his mind during those months, but all available evidence indicates that the final catalytic agent was Germany's robot-bomb offensive. The day after the first V-1 fell on London, he seemed to be in a daze when he said to a friend, "How can there be insulation or immunity when Man can devise weapons like that?"

A few months later—on January 10, 1945—he said the same things in the speech which Senator Warren Austin labeled "one of the most important addresses to the people of America, and a turning point in world affairs."

In this speech, Vandenberg declared, in simple language which the Senate had never heard him use, "No nation hereafter can immunize itself by its own exclusive action. . . . Our oceans have ceased to be moats which automatically protect our ramparts."

From this point on, The New Vandenberg, who thought he was nearing the end of his public service, found himself more on stage than ever before. At the San Francisco Conference, he worked with the zeal of a Salvation Army convert to help whip the United Nations Charter into shape.

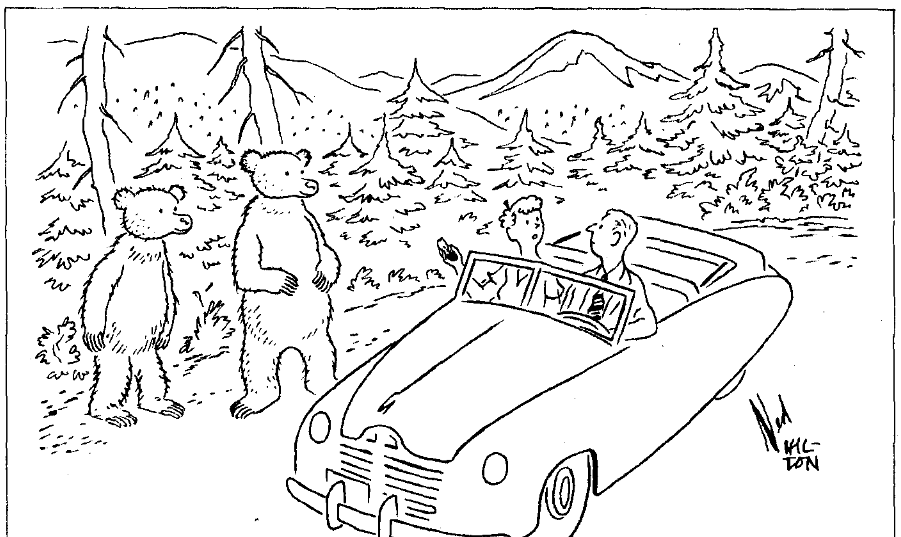
After San Francisco, Vandenberg was one of our keymen at two U.N. General Assembly meetings, and at two meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers, whose peace treaties with Italy and the satellite countries he whipped through the Senate for confirmation (by this time, he had been elevated to the exalted position of chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee). In a celebrated speech on February 27, 1946, he first called for a get-tougher policy with Russia, before Secretary of State Byrnes independently came up with the same idea. He was, of course, the playmaker in getting the Truman Doctrine and ERP through the Senate; and he is credited with making a great save at the Rio de Janeiro Conference last summer.

On that occasion, the Inter-American Defense Treaty had been completed, when on the last day, Argentina teamed up with Colombia on a proposal that would have made the treaty just a harmless scrap of paper containing pretty words. Vandenberg delivered such a scathing speech that the Argentines were grateful to accept a face-saving compromise offered by Mexico that afternoon, which left the original positions unchanged. Recently, Colombian statesman Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel indicated that Vandenberg is just about the only North American hero in Latin America today.

All this does not mean that The New Vandenberg has been a stooge for the Truman Administration. He disagreed violently with two Secretaries of State on our policy in China and Argentina, and he was not consulted about the Palestine problem, our handling of which he considers to be a classic among foul-up jobs. He was not consulted, either, on Truman's recent requests for the draft and Universal Military Training. On that day, he refused to answer a summons to the White House and stole the show from the President by making a celebrated off-the-record remark (later put on the record). "I am tired of being called in on the crash landings of our foreign policy," he said, "and never on the take-offs."

Although The New Vandenberg deliberately avoids taking an active part in domestic issues (by agreement with Senator Taft), the record indicates that his views have changed there, too. The Old Vandenberg was the Senate's most vociferous foe of the Wagner Act and most other labor legislation. In a speech to the Michigan State Republican convention on February 8, 1947, The New Vandenberg said, "It is sheer public suicide for labor and capital to be ever at each other's throats."

In this same little-publicized speech, he announced that he was against monopoly, for voluntary restraint in pricing and for a reduction in the public debt before a reduction in taxes. These, he says (de-



"These candy bars contain bran, whole powdered milk, soybean flour, dextrose, invert sugar, lecithin and resinous glaze. Is that good for bears?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

spite a party-line vote for tax reduction), still are his views.

The Old Vandenberg was one of the die-hard foes of TVA when it was first passed by the Senate. But on April 3, 1947, in the middle of the Lilienthal confirmation fight, The New Vandenberg said, "TVA is one of the most successful public institutions of its sort on earth." Moreover, Vandenberg's closest associates in the Senate today are the young Republican moderates—Irving M. Ives of New York, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts and William F. Knowland of California. Another liberal Republican, Harold Stassen, has indicated that Vandenberg is the only Republican Presidential possibility with whom he would take second place on the ticket.

Because of Mr. Stassen's kind remark, and because of the general feeling that the Republican convention could swing to Vandenberg on a switch to him by any of the major candidates, the sixty-four-year-old Michigan senator lives a fish-bowl existence. One of the great national questions has become, "What is the state of Vandenberg's health?" According to his old-time friend and personal physician, Dr. A. B. Smith of Grand Rapids, his health is as good as it was 20 years ago. "He is free," says the doctor, "from any indication of illness or organic disfunction."

Vandenberg, however, is no youngster, and he has spent only 29 days at his Grand Rapids home since Pearl Harbor. He lives at Washington's Wardman Park Hotel with Mrs. Vandenberg, and often, after the terrific pace he has set in the Senate all day, he is asleep by 9 P.M. He used to run his affairs as a one-man operation, the way he used to manage his newspaper. Today, his capable son Arthur, Jr. (who is a dead ringer for his father), has taken over most of the routine chores in Vandenberg's office. Vandenberg used to walk the two miles from the hotel to the Capitol every morning. Today he drives his own car or rides in the Vice-President's car which he inherited when his colleagues elected him President of the Senate in 1946.

Among the other things he inherited with this job was the Vice-President's office hidden away in the Capitol, which contains such interesting items as a Theodore Roosevelt crystal chandelier, John Garner's whisky cabinets, the lavatory from which all the fixtures were removed by Henry Wallace to make room for books, and Harry Truman's Vice-Presidential flag.

These knickknacks symbolize the fact that The New Vandenberg—without trying—has come much further than The Old Vandenberg ever was able to get. Without trying, The New Vandenberg might get into another office for which The Old Vandenberg never found the key.

THE END

HANNIGAN

Continued from page 74

a nose twist hung on a nail just inside the door of Tim's shop but it was never used once. "Why hurt a horse?" the blacksmith would ask. "How'd you like it if Doc Gillipin banged your crazy-bone before he took your temperature?"

In those days, Irish Catholics were not too welcome in Pine Plains. But the community made Tim an exception to the general rule. For a third of a century he was the perennial commander of the Major Amzi Steel Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and the invariable grand marshal of the parade on Fourth of July and Decoration Day. He was also justice of the peace, foreman of the Alert Hose Company and, lastly, school trustee.

It was through his school-trustee job that he quit boarding at the tavern.

The railroad was laid through the village in the early 1880s. As a result, there was a building boom and it became necessary to enlarge the schoolhouse and employ a second teacher. One day a young lady in a green silk dress with a matching hat stepped off the noon train. She made an inquiry at the post office and walked over to Tim's shop.

She stood fifteen and one-half hands tall. A sixteen-inch surcingle would have buckled around her waist. She had light chestnut hair. Her eyes were a snappy brown, and she was all business, from bangs to bustle.

"I am Miss Mary Willis," she said, "a graduate of the Rollins Female Seminary. I wish to apply for the position of teacher in your school."

Tim had a great listening face. It showed interest without taking sides. "Where's your home, Miss?" he asked.

"Parkerville."

"You've a family living there?"

"Yes, sir. Of course."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

She seemed very much surprised. "Two sisters and four brothers."

"Older or younger?"

"I'm the oldest," she said, "if it makes any difference to you."

"Yes, Miss. It makes considerable difference to me. If you were the youngest, you might be spoiled. But if you're the oldest, you know how to handle children. No only child will ever be a teacher here, while I have any say about it."

"Then, Mr. Hannigan?"

"You're hired. School starts the second Monday in September, with two weeks' vacation during potato-digging time. Done anything about a place to board?"

"Why, no, sir."

"Try Mrs. Jed Walker's. She sets a good table and she isn't nosy. And," he added, "she has a nice front parlor with a coal stove and a sofa, in case you're keeping company."

"I am not, Mr. Hannigan."

"Good," said the blacksmith. "I mean you'll find it easier to keep your mind on your work. See you in September."

"But I haven't shown you my certificate."

Tim grinned. Things were working out. "Miss Willis, I'm a judge of character, so a certificate means nothing to me. But there are those who put a heap of confidence in them. Suppose you show the certificate to the postmaster. You can do it natural when you explain about your mail. I'll guarantee that, within half a day, everybody will know you have a certificate."

THEY were married as soon as school was out, the following May. The wedding, Tim said, was a tax on horseflesh because it moved around so much. On account of his religion, they were first united by the priest in the rectory at Wellsport. Then in the afternoon, to oblige Mary's parents, they were joined in matrimony by the Baptist preacher.

Something that the second clergyman said in his long prayer made the bride mad, so she insisted that they stand up again before a justice of the peace. "I can be as contrary as anybody else," she declared.

"We were hooped up like a new cider barrel," Tim remarked. "We were the most married couple who ever went to Niagara Falls. If that Mormon missionary ever comes to Pine Plains again, we'll have him in, to make it unanimous."

They lived in a pretty white house with a picket fence around it that stood where

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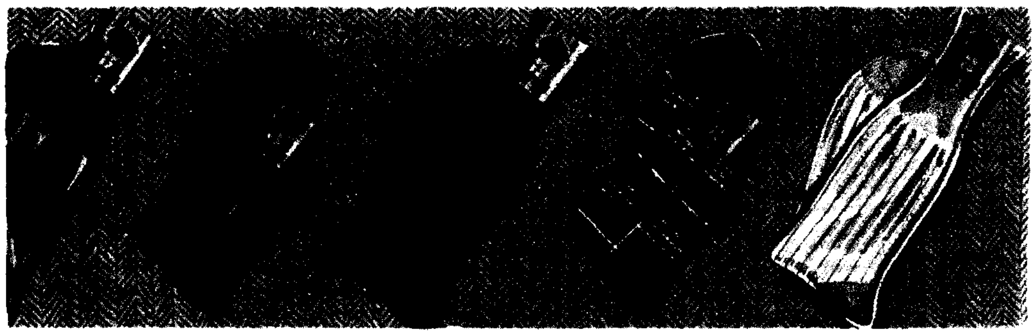
FATHER'S DAY—SUNDAY, JUNE 20th.



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KAY KYSER SAYS "MAKE DAD A SYMPHONY IN COLOR"

A SYMPHONY IN COLOR in Three Movements
GREY • BROWN • BLUE
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For every occasion in a dad's life, there's a wonderful array of Holeproof socks . . . nylons, wools, rayons, cottons and mixtures. Whether Pacer Shorts or Regulars, solid colors or pleasant patterns, ALL are destined to make him a Symphony in Color . . . for every occasion. 55c to $3.75 at all-star stores the nation over.

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WORLD FAMOUS MEN'S SOCKS ☆ WOMEN'S PROPORTIONED STOCKINGS
LUXITE UNDERTHINGS, SLEEPWEAR AND GIRDLES

THE RESULT OF A CENTURY OF PENCIL CRAFTSMANSHIP
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WITH CROSS...

CRUDE EGYPTIAN BRUSH
of Bound Reeds,
A Writing Tool of 500 B. C.

Dad's Glad . . .

TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES ago Dad would probably have done his writing the hard way . . . with a brush made of reeds folded and tied . . . so, Dad's glad he's living in 1948 to enjoy writing with the slim, trim CROSS CENTURY pencil you're going to give him.

You couldn't select a more appropriate gift. Handsomely finished in 1/10, 12 kt. gold filled at leading department, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere! Just $5.00 plus tax.

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FIFTY THREE WARREN STREET
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Pencils BY CROSS EST. 1846

AMERICA'S OLDEST PENCIL MANUFACTURER

the Pioneer gas station is now. Tim bought it from the Sy Dallman heirs.

At first, there was a little resentment because Mary had left her church to marry Tim, especially on the part of some widow ladies who had had other plans for him. But after the cloudburst undermined the foundations of the Presbyterian church in 1887 and Tim figured out a way to shore up the south sill and finished driving piles to hold a retaining wall, the talk against them quieted down, particularly as Tim wouldn't take any pay for what he'd done.

The Methodists liked him because he re-ironed the preacher's cutter free of charge and refused any money for shoeing any clergyman's horse. People said he was broad-minded.

That's the way things were in 1893 when Mary's second sister was taken sick with the typhoid fever. She was married to a railroad man and lived in Pennsylvania.

When Mary got the telegram from her brother-in-law, asking if she could come to help out, she and Tim had not been separated for longer than one day in nine years. They were the best example of married contentment for miles around.

"I must go," Mary said, "on the afternoon train. But I don't know what will become of you."

"I'll make out all right," laughed Tim. "I'll ask Mrs. Walker to come in and make your bed and wash your dishes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort."

"Why, Mr. Hannigan," she exclaimed. She'd always called him Mr. Hannigan, which tickled him. He used to tell how, one zero night, when he got into bed, she said, "Why, Mr. Hannigan, your feet are cold."

"I got along all right before I married you," Tim told her. "I calculate I can do the same again."

She scurried around, baked him six mince pies and a batch of fresh bread, packed her alligator satchel and caught the train, still worrying about Tim's comfort. The fourth day he received a letter, telling him how sick her sister was and saying that, even with the best of luck, she would have to stay a long, long time.

TIM took it all in stride. He fed his chickens and his pigs, milked his cow and pan-set the milk, skimmed the yesterday's milk and gave the cream to Mrs. Walker to make butter on shares. He got his own breakfast in the morning, ate his dinners at the tavern. Most generally he was invited out to supper Sunday.

He wrote Mary that he was doing fine. He did not tell her that his two coon dogs had taken to sleeping in the house with him. Mary had always made him keep them in the barn.

The dogs' names were Tom and Jerry. They were on the hound order, with an assortment of other bloods. Daytimes, they stayed at the shop. In the evenings they generally slept on the new walnut sofa which Mary bought for the front room with her egg-and-butter money. Tim never stretched out on it, because it wasn't comfortable. He preferred the old one with the saggy springs, but Tom and Jerry did not mind the new. They were not the breed of dogs that were careful about wiping their feet.

After Mary had been away a month or so, the neighbors began noticing little things. Jim Roffee, the undertaker, decided to speak to Tim. He led up to it, gradually. "What do you hear from your sister-in-law?"

"Had a letter from Mary last night. She says Agnes is on the mend but awful weak. Just sitting up for an hour tires her like a washday. She'll have to stay quite a spell."

"Some of the ladies were talking to my wife. They'd be glad to go over to your house and give it a good cleaning so that it will be up to snuff when Mary comes back."

Tim spat on a hot shoe that he was shaping. The spit sizzled, a sure sign that he wasn't pleased with something. "I'll take care of it."

"You're busy here, though."

"It's this way," said the blacksmith. "Mary is a very particular woman. Her house has to be just so. I'm the only person in the world who knows how she wants things. Don't you worry. I'll look after it."

Jim Roffee was going to say more. But then he remembered how Tim licked that chimney fire in the Odd Fellows Hall, when all the other firemen thought the place was a goner. If Tim said he would do a thing, it was as good as done.

"All right, Tim. If we can help, let us know."

A night or two later, when Mrs. Walker called at Tim's house with a five-pound crock of butter, she stepped into the parlor which Mary never used unless they had company. Mrs. Walker was thunderstruck at what she saw.

From the day of his marriage on, Tim Hannigan had scarcely touched a drink of anything stronger than beer, except possibly at firemen's conventions and G.A.R. encampments. But this night Mrs. Walker saw twenty empty pint whisky bottles if she saw one.

Two of Mary's best Haviland china sauce dishes, the ones with the gilt wreaths and gold bands and red rosebuds in the pattern, were on the floor to hold dog food. Tom and Jerry were sleeping on the new sofa and Tim was stretched out on the old one, which had been pulled out from the wall. Behind it was a pile of newspapers, the Union & Advertiser, which was the paper that came out from the city each afternoon on the train. It looked as if Tim had tossed each paper behind the sofa as soon as he finished with it.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Hannigan," said Mrs. Walker. "If Mary ever sees this room, you'll be in for it."

"She won't see it," said Tim, sitting up. There was liquor on his breath. "When I get the word that Mary is coming, I'll close the shop for a day and put this house in apple-pie order. She'll find it just the way she left it, except for the geraniums that died."

"That will take some doing, Mr. Hannigan."

"Mrs. Walker," he replied with a whisky confidence, "I've never yet set out to do anything that I didn't do. My wife is the finest little woman in the world and I'd rather cut off my right hand than disappoint her."

Like the undertaker, Mrs. Walker was impressed by his statement. She'd known Tim for twenty years. He told the truth.

"I'll do anything to help you, Mr. Hannigan."

"Thank you. I know you mean all right. But there isn't a thing. Not a thing in the world."

"Mary," she said doubtfully, "is terrible neat."

"No neater than I am," he replied, knocking out the ashes from his pipe and spilling most of them on the carpet. "I can go in my shop in the dark and put my hand on anything I want from a number-six nail to my sixteen-pound sledge."

"And I believe he could," said Mrs. Walker admiringly when she told it to Mrs. Roffee afterward.

THERE came a lovely summer morning when the undertaker drove his gray mare, Cassandra, to the blacksmith's shop. Cassandra was the one he always drove on his white, child's hearse. That morning, she had a loose shoe on her off front foot. Roffee had just met the doctor, who told him that the Grandjean baby was real sick with cholera infantum. The undertaker wanted his mare ready, just in case.

But Tim's shop was closed. So Roffee drove on down the street to the house.

As he stopped beside the spotless picket fence, the front screen door flew open. The coon hounds, Tom and Jerry, came out hastily, their tails between their legs.

The door slammed shut. It opened violently again. Tim Hannigan appeared, dragging his wife's new black walnut sofa after him with one hand and carrying a patent wire carpetbeater in the other. The sofa's rear casters stuck on the threshold.

Roffee noticed that the blacksmith was sweating profusely. With one terrific effort, he jerked the sofa free, cracking a rear leg as he turned it sideways on the porch. He fell to beating the upholstery, without a glance at the road. A cloud of dust and white dog hair arose.

"Say, Tim!" called the undertaker. "Aren't you going to open your shop today?"

"Nope. Nor tomorrow, neither."

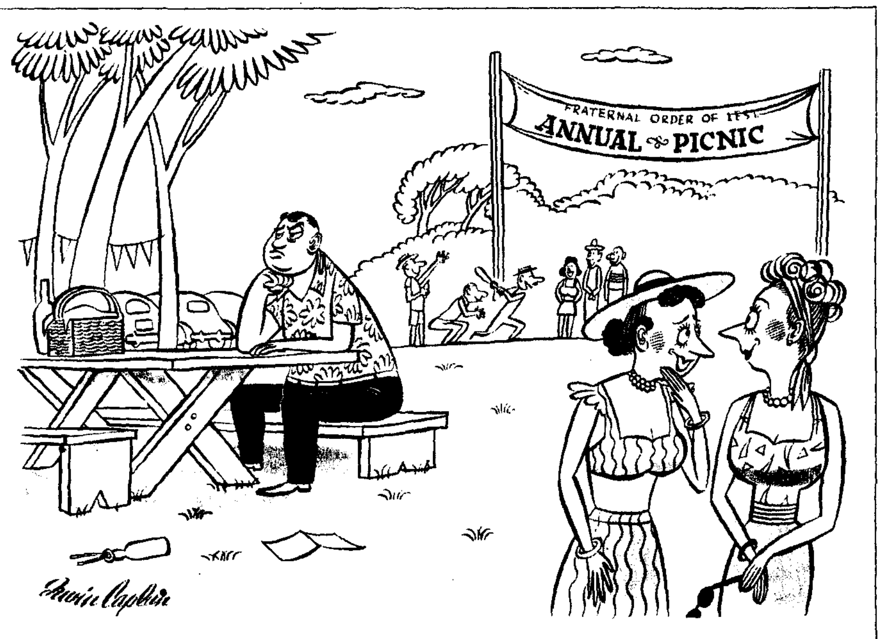
A great light dawned upon Jim Roffee. "When is Mary coming home?"

The blacksmith looked over his shoulder but his beating hand did not miss a stroke. "Coming? Hell's bells! She's here!" . . .

So that accounts for the expression which had puzzled us when we came to Pine Plains. A Hannigan is less than a lick and a promise. It means no job at all.

"It seems too bad," remarked the carpenter, "that Tim Hannigan is remembered only because of his housekeeping, which was his single failure. A first-class mechanic deserves a better memorial."

THE END



"Herbert's day is ruined. They asked him to run in the fat man's race"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

AMERICA ON GUARD

Pennsylvania City Backs Its Young Men Who Guard Nation's Future

COMMUNITY SUPPORT HELPS BUILD A STRONG AMERICA . . . HELPS KEEP THE PEACE

THIS IS PART of a 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun. Guardsmen enjoy training, earn extra pay while serving their country . . . and themselves . . . as members of the *new* National Guard. Some vacancies exist for men 17 to 34 now!

America is working to *keep* the peace! Take Allentown, Pennsylvania, as an example. This city serves as headquarters for the 51st Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade of the *new* National Guard.

Like other National Guard units throughout the nation, the 51st gets its strength from the community where its members reside and work . . . members like this 17-year-old and this combat veteran (pictured with a modern 50-caliber multiple anti-aircraft gun).

Allentown residents are well aware that only a strong America can be a peaceful America. That's why the entire community backs its young men in the *new* National Guard. Through a local organization of leading business and professional men, Allentown offers the National Guard material assistance . . . encourages young men to join.

This pattern is being repeated in hundreds of our nation's towns and cities. Remember . . . for a peaceful tomorrow, support your *new* National Guard *today*.

Here's how
the National Guard Helps You

Pay ★ Education
Fellowship ★ Training
Sports ★ Leadership

Write or visit
your community's unit of the

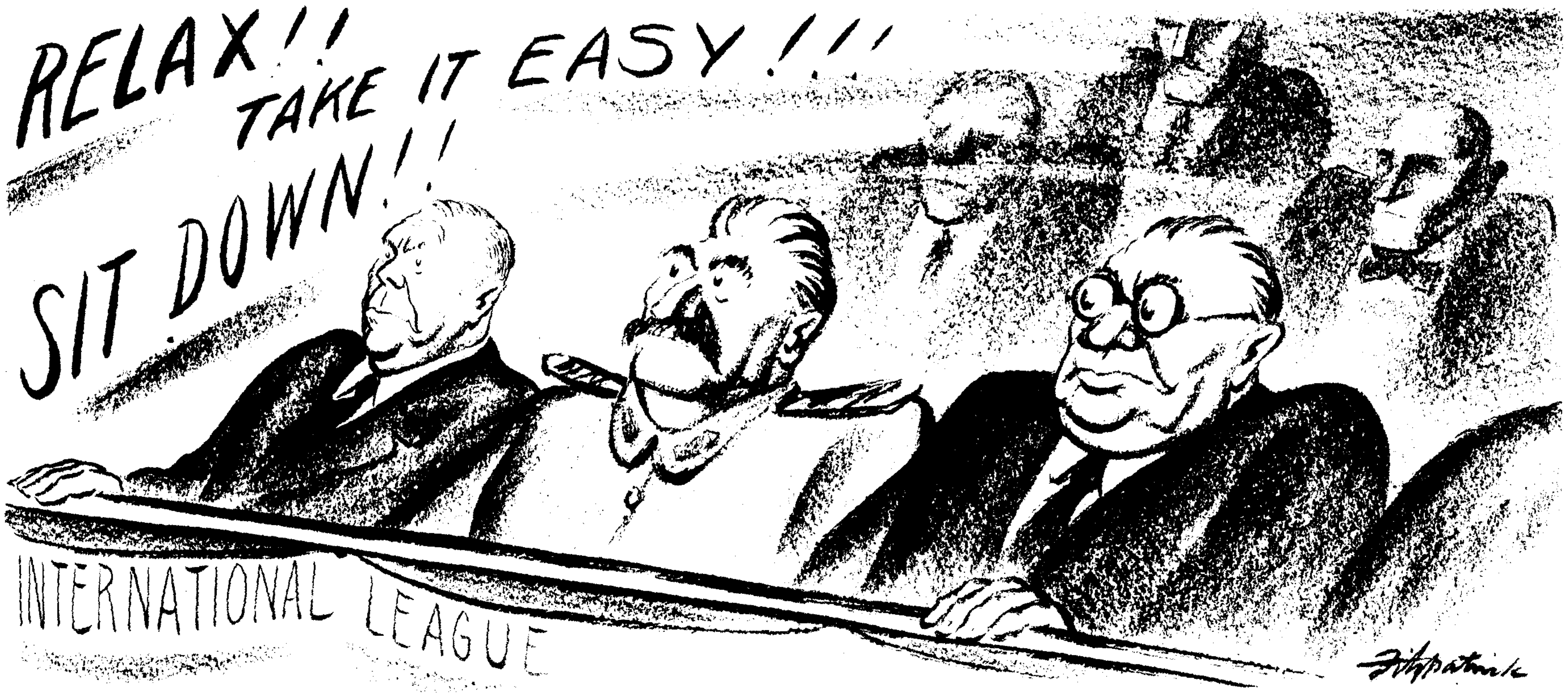
NATIONAL
GUARD
of the United States

National Guard Units
in many parts of the United States
are rapidly reaching
authorized strength!

Apply now before all vacancies are filled!

For complete information about the National Guard unit in your community, contact the officers of that unit or write to the Adjutant General of your state.

Collier's believes...


RELAX!! TAKE IT EASY!!!
SIT DOWN!!
INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

...THE RED CROSS SAID A MOUTHFUL

THE Brooklyn, N. Y., chapter of the American Red Cross came up the other day with a document which we wish could be pondered in the U.S. State Department, the British Foreign Office and the Kremlin.

As most of the civilized world is aware, the Brooklyn baseball fan is a unique character. Backing his beloved Dodger National League team (Dem Dear Bums), he can and often does rise to pitches of incredible fury, excitement, hysteria. Mayhem often results. Homicide hasn't occurred yet, but you never know.

Taking note of all this, the Brooklyn Red Cross chapter has got out a dead-pan instruction sheet entitled "Care and Protection of Dodger Fans . . . a First-Aid Manual for the 1948 Baseball Season." We quote some of the more poignant passages of this treatise:

> One thing Dodger fans should remember at all times is this rule: RELAX! TAKE IT EASY! DON'T GET EXCITED! SIT DOWN! . . .
>
> CONCUSSION: Dodger fans *have* been seen pounding each other on the head during an exciting moment. If brain concussion results, lay victim down with head level or slightly lowered. Keep him warm and call a doctor. Don't give him any stimulants. Not even soda pop! . . .
>
> BATTERY: Dodger fans *have* been known to engage in fisticuffs with Giant fans. When bloody nose results, have loser sit up with head thrown back. Loosen clothing around neck (he may have been grabbed by the cravat). Apply cold wet compresses to nose, and press bleeding nostril for 4-5 minutes. Black eyes are treated with ice or cold cloth applications. Steak is unnecessary [also too damn' expensive—Ed.].

We repeat that we'd much like to see copies of these "Relax! Take it easy!" exhortations circulated among the top echelons of our State Department, the British Foreign Office and the Kremlin. A world of good might just conceivably come of it.

●

. . . WE STILL PRODUCE HEROES: As a story in the never-say-die, don't-know-when-you're-licked American tradition, we offer the saga of Texas City, Texas.

This is the Gulf Coast town where, on April 16, 1947, a ship loaded with nitrates blew up and touched off explosions and fires which killed 462 persons and injured about 3,000, and destroyed $55,000,000 worth of property. It would have been a death blow to many a town.

A little more than a year later, the Texas City picture looks as follows: Population has jumped from 18,000 to 27,000. About 700 houses have been repaired, 500 new ones built, 900 others begun. All business establishments except one are repaired and going full blast. Large port improvements are in progress.

It is evident from this story that the United States is still producing heroes and heroines—people who can take disaster on the chin, then shake the blood out of their eyes and proceed to make that disaster work for them . . . People who simply do not admit to their minds the thought of ever letting any calamity get them down. There may be more inspiring and encouraging stories floating around just now than the story of Texas City's comeback; but if there are, we haven't heard them.

●

. . . THE KREMLIN ISN'T SUPERINTELLIGENT: A lot of people in this country believe—and the belief is of course carefully encouraged by the domestic Reds and their fellow travelers—that the 14 Kremlin Politburo members who run Russia are men of deadly intelligence, who can make stumble-bums out of virtually all the Western powers' top diplomats. We permit ourselves to doubt it.

Looking over the Kremlin's acts in the last couple of years, we get the feeling that the Politburo has its full quota of dumbness, clumsiness and blind spots.

The Kremlin wasn't smart about the recent Italian elections. The Western powers' pre-election proposal to give Trieste back to Italy caught Stalin & Company off balance, and they couldn't think of an effective comeback. They merely tripped over their own brogans by blackballing Italy for U.N. membership shortly before the Italians voted. A boner, Joe, a boner!

In Berlin, the Kremlin has been smart in small ways and foolish in big ones. Many of its pinpricks aimed at worrying Britain, France and the U.S.A. out of the German capital have been shrewdly calculated; but the whole campaign is unwise. It is unwise because the odds are 100 to 1 that there will be a first-class fight if serious bloodshed occurs in Berlin, and because Russia is now in no shape for a first-class fight.

The Czechoslovak coup was a mistake on the Kremlin's part, because it alarmed and inflamed Western public opinion against Russia as few other things could have done. Another fumble, Joe!

Of course, our own leaders and their aides are not 100 per cent geniuses. Our Central Intelligence Agency fell down badly in the matter of warning Secretary of State Marshall of what might happen at Bogotá.

But we obviously are not dealing with any supermen in the Kremlin. They make plenty of mistakes, and it is evident that they are often misled by their own spies. Why be overawed by a setup like that?

●

. . . IN SELF-HELP FOR PRESIDENTS: You probably remember Collier's recent article, So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith, ace Washington correspondent. It was about the tough lives our Presidents lead, what with endless appointments, innumerable state dinners with those crippling multiple handshakes, the duty of signing 200 or more official papers a day, and so on.

We sympathize, as most people who read the Smith article doubtless did. But we'd like to throw out a suggestion.

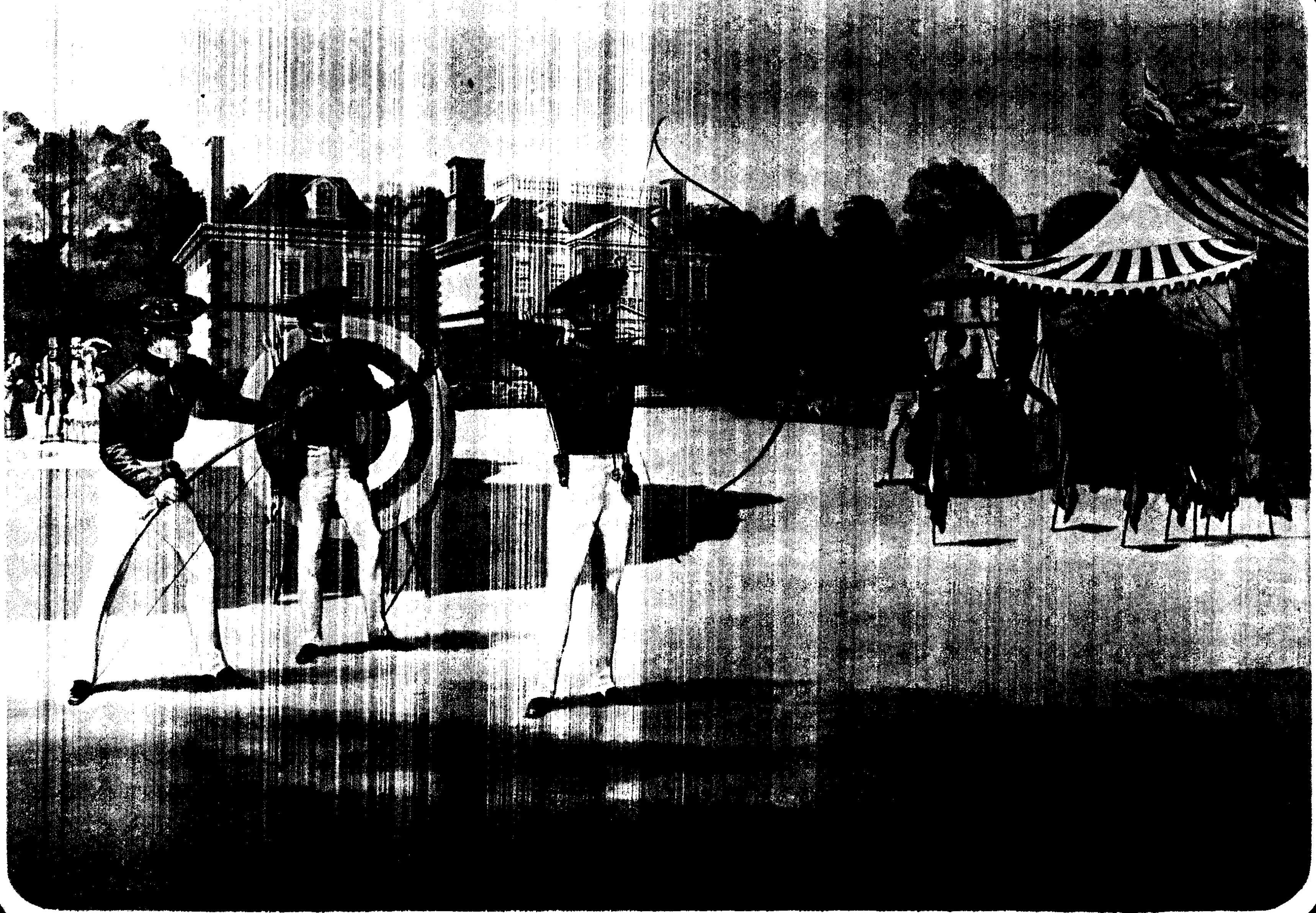
Our notion is that any President who could nerve himself to put his foot down on all unnecessary demands on his time and energy would win far more applause than disapproval.

He could simply refuse to see publicity seekers and bringers of gifts whose main object is to get their pictures taken with the President. He could decline once and for all to shake the hands of 1,000 persons—or 100—at any White House or other official function. He could demand that Congress authorize him to rubber-stamp his name on public documents of minor importance, instead of signing each and every one with his own lily-white hand. And so on.

A few politicians and a multitude of assorted phonies would of course be enraged by a President who would thus publicly shuck off some of his man-killing labors. But we think the bulk of Americans would approve.

We can't believe that they want their Chief Executive to wear himself down with useless chores. It's only common sense to want him to stay in good physical shape and have time to attend to things that matter.

Such a White House Declaration of Independence can't come too soon to suit us.



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The Heritage Whisky

FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

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GOOD TASTE THROUGH THE YEARS...

Enjoy this fine blend that depends on vast reserves for true pre-war quality.

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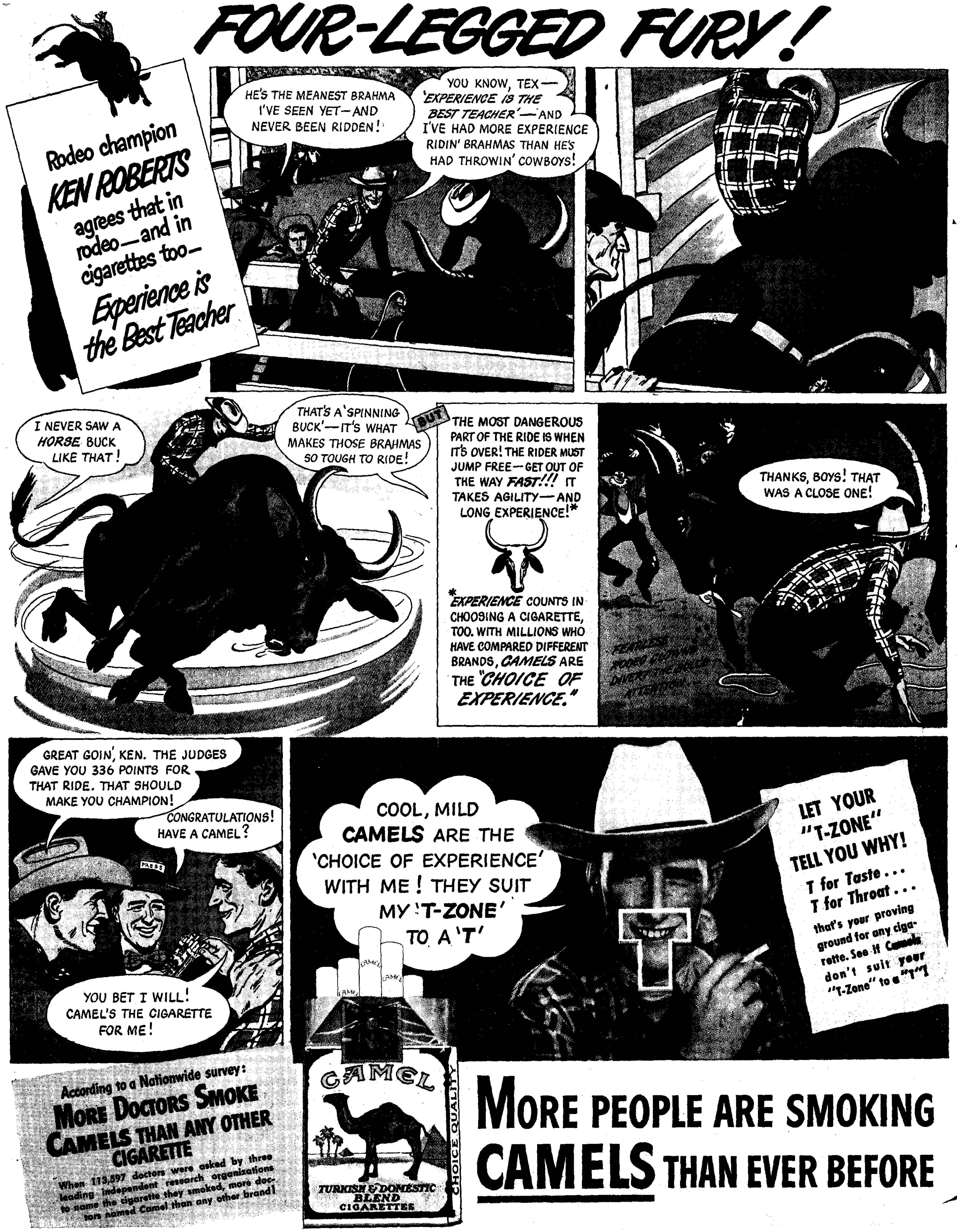
FOUR-LEGGED FURY!



HE'S THE MEANEST BRAHMA I'VE SEEN YET—AND NEVER BEEN RIDDEN!
YOU KNOW, TEX—'EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER'—AND I'VE HAD MORE EXPERIENCE RIDIN' BRAHMAS THAN HE'S HAD THROWIN' COWBOYS!
I NEVER SAW A HORSE BUCK LIKE THAT!
THAT'S A 'SPINNING BUCK'—IT'S WHAT MAKES THOSE BRAHMAS SO TOUGH TO RIDE!
BUT
THANKS, BOYS! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
FEARLESS RODEO CLOWNS DIVERT THE BULL'S ATTENTION
GREAT GOIN', KEN. THE JUDGES GAVE YOU 336 POINTS FOR THAT RIDE. THAT SHOULD MAKE YOU CHAMPION!
CONGRATULATIONS! HAVE A CAMEL?
PRESS
YOU BET I WILL! CAMEL'S THE CIGARETTE FOR ME!
COOL, MILD CAMELS ARE THE 'CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE' WITH ME! THEY SUIT MY 'T-ZONE' TO A 'T'
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Rodeo champion **KEN ROBERTS** agrees that in rodeo—and in cigarettes too—

Experience is the Best Teacher

THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF THE RIDE IS WHEN IT'S OVER! THE RIDER MUST JUMP FREE—GET OUT OF THE WAY *FAST!!!* IT TAKES AGILITY—AND LONG EXPERIENCE!*

* *EXPERIENCE* COUNTS IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE, TOO. WITH MILLIONS WHO HAVE COMPARED DIFFERENT BRANDS, *CAMELS* ARE THE *"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."*

LET YOUR "T-ZONE" TELL YOU WHY!

T for *Taste*...
T for *Throat*...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three leading independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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